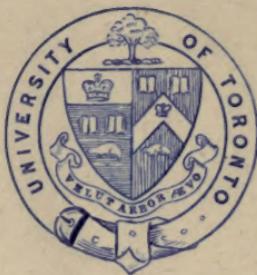


PARIS  
PAST AND  
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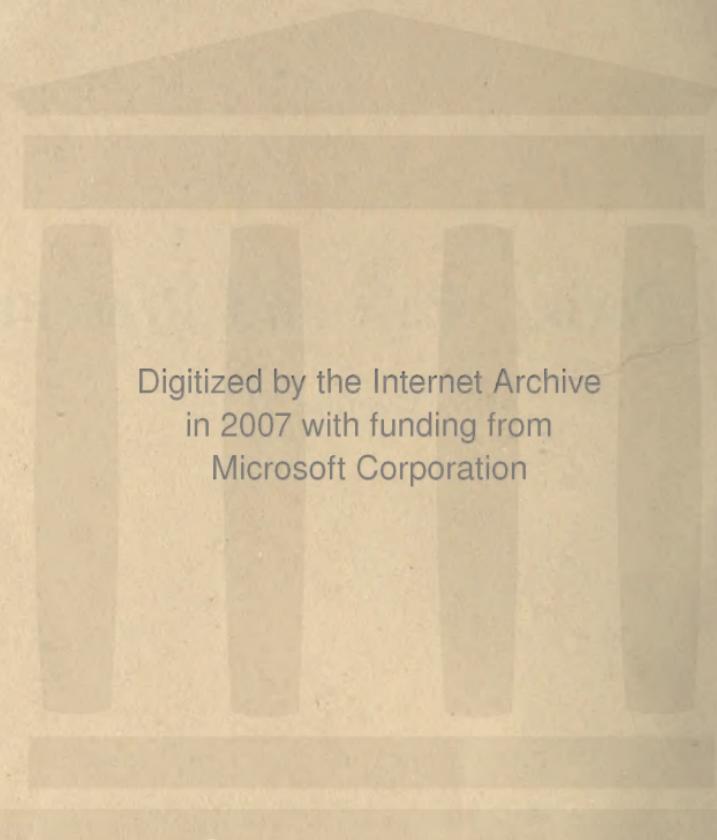
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# Paris: Past and Present

Volume II



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# P A R I S PAST & PRESENT

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By HENRY HAYNIE

*Chevalier in the French Legion of Honour*

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WITH 24 PHOTOGRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS  
AND 32 ENGRAVINGS IN HALF-TONE

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*IN TWO VOLUMES VOLUME TWO*

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## PART ONE.

“ And Statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons.”

[TENNYSON.



## VOLUME TWO.

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### CHAPTER I.

View from the Arc du Carrousel—Two pretty little gardens close to the Louvre—The Jardin des Tuilleries—Place de la Concorde—The Champs Élysées—Its origin and present appearance—Why the Cours la Reine was constructed—Modern life in the Elysian fields—A vista without a rival—Flowering plants and playing fountains—An attractive promenade on Sundays—The Wide Avenue leading up to the Arch of Triumph—A field for philosophical observation.

A FINE spot from whence to obtain a first impression of Paris, especially of the capital between the old Louvre Palace and the great Arch of Triumph, is from the top of the Napoleonic arch in the Place du Carrousel. The view seen thence, full as it is of trees and statues, of mansions, art buildings, and splashing fountains, and stretching away for a mile or more, is indeed remarkable.

The outlook begins with two pretty little gardens in a narrow open space between those wings of the Louvre that are occupied on one side by the Ministry of Finances, on the other by the National Gallery of Fine Arts. Then comes the large square of the Carrousel; next, a handsome garden which covers the ground where the Palais des Tuileries once stood; after that it is the famous Jardin des Tuileries; and thence, seen across the Place de la Concorde, through the trees and promenade of the Champs Élysées, it is an immense perspective slowly rising and gloriously terminating with the Triumphal Arch. All the details of this wonderful picture are ravishing, the ensemble being of unequalled grace and grandeur.

In a unique position, near the River Seine, between the Tuileries Garden and the shaded promenades of the Champs Élysées, with the Navy Department, the Church of the Madeleine, and one of the finest Club houses in Paris on the right, and the Chamber of Deputies and the Speaker's Mansion on its other side, though across the river, opens out that open square of the capital known as the Place de la Concorde. It is the most admirable public place in Europe, but it is almost wholly a creation of compara-



ARC DU CARROUSEL.



tively recent years. Two centuries ago in the middle of the horseshoe-shaped termination of the Tuilleries Garden there was a drawbridge, by means of which that park was placed in communication with the Cours la Reine and the Champs Élysées, and the space between this bridge and the broad avenue was a public resort for everybody. Then it was surrounded by ditches and a stone balustrade, while in the middle stood a bronze equestrian statue of Louis XV. The King was dressed in the Roman style, the figure was fifteen feet high from head to foot, that being also the length of the horse on which he was mounted. At each of the four corners of the square were two small pavilions which were intended to form pedestals for eight allegorical figures; many years afterward this project was completed by the erection of eight colossal figures, each emblematical of the larger cities of France. The equestrian statue soon disappeared, its place was taken by one of Liberty, and the latter witnessed some strange events before it too was torn down.

The Place de la Concorde was originally called the Place Louis XV, and after that the Place de la Revolution. The aim of its architects,

as it was also of the authorities who ordered its creation, was that everything should be avoided which might recall the terrible scenes of which the spot had been the theatre in past times. In its centre stands the obelisk which has already been described, midway between two very large and remarkably beautiful fountains; while at each of its four corners are two colossal figures emblematical of French cities. One of these, that of Strasbourg—for Strasbourg belonged to France when this statue was made—is always draped in mourning, and half buried under wreaths of immortelles.

In front of the obelisk, which stands where the guillotine cut off so many heads, stretches a wide piece of land, mainly a vista of trees, and which, unlike those in the Tuileries Garden, are not enclosed by thick stone walls and stout iron railings; and this vast open place, so justly called Champs Élysées, or Elysian Fields, is perhaps the one great feature to all newcomers of the splendid capital. It is not precisely a new thing in Paris, for its present form dates back several years, but it is always so fresh and genial and attractive that it seems born but yesterday. It is a large body of ground,

planted profusely with trees, shrubbery, and flowers, limited only on the south by the River Seine and the Cours la Reine, and on the north by the Avenue Gabrielle, on the other side of which are the park and mansion of the British Ambassador, the gardens and palace of the President of the Republic, and the private properties of two or three rich noblemen. To the east of it lies the Place de la Concorde; while on the west is the Rond Point, and different broad avenues.

From the Place de la Concorde and the marble horses of Marly, through the centre of these Elysian Fields runs the magnificent Avenue of the Champs Élysées, westward to the great Arc de l'Étoile. This great "Common," or public promenade and playground, was in olden times covered with vegetable gardens, meadows, rabbit warrens, and fields, with here and there a house, and thereby hangs a story.

In the year 1616, Marie de Medicis, seeking every means possible to lessen her griefs as a widow, and very fond of getting rid of the savings of Henri IV, had traced out and planted for herself and her courtiers a promenade between the river and the Champs Élysées to

which was given the name Cours la Reine that it still bears. To it the Dukes of Guise and of Nevers, the Concini, the Épernons, who not else of the aristocracy, came to surround the Regent, all of them robed in those brilliant costumes which had replaced the more sombre attire that had been *à la mode* during the preceding reign. Men wearing close-coats of satin, small clothes or trunks mostly of scarlet colour, velvet cloaks, large boots, and long spurs of gold, with their hair in rivulets, their moustaches well waxed, their felt hats shaded with fine feathers, their rich aiguillettes and their duelling swords; and women on litters in robes of silk embroidered with gold or silver, wearing large stiff collarettes, red ribbons called *assassines*, their lovely shoulders uncovered very low down, both back and front, and their pretty faces usually hidden behind black masques,—were in this aristocracy. Entrance to the Cours la Reine was forbidden to all those who wore woollen habits, or stockings of black worsted, or cloth hoods. In brief, the Regent's stroll was no place for the common people, who could “Allez vous promener” elsewhere—on the Pont Neuf, for instance. They might not enter the Jardin des Tuilleries either, for that

matter, as there was an order posted up, “*Les chiens et le peuple n'entrent pas*,” to prevent them. This garden and this *cours* was each an outdoor salon where the chosen few jested, flirted, talked of love, or gossiped the news of the fleeting hours. They criticised, disputed, and decided. They all tried to deceive each other, and in one way or another they probably had a very good time, from their point of view.

But awhile later there was no longer any need of the people confining themselves to the Pont Neuf, or elsewhere in the upper part of the city; for the Champs Élysées had been prepared for them by Louis XIV. A Cours du Peuple had come and planted itself alongside of the Cours la Reine, and it soon became a popular resort for middle-class Parisians. One was the rendezvous of the rich; the other, of the bourgeoisie and poor. One was for idlers and noblemen; the other, for workers and artisans. One harboured *grande dames*; and the other, *grisettes*, and, so far as could be seen, the only difference between these two last mentioned classes was that one kind were afoot and the other in carriages.

The Champs Élysées, like the Tuilleries

Garden, was still a part of the Crown's domain; but in 1792 it was transferred to the state, and in 1828 it was ceded to the city. Before the revolution these Elysian Fields were covered with quite a number of booths, stalls, cafés, and small public houses. Some of these stretched along the wide ditch which separated the new promenade from the *Cours la Reine*; while others stood on different *carrés* or little squares, and thence gained their names,—as, for instance, Carré des Ambassadeurs, Carré de Doyen—the Ledoyen of recent years. In the main, however, the history of the Champs Élysées hardly began before the Empire, although the famous marble horses were brought from Marly in 1794.

Napoleon I had great liking for this vast open spot as a place of show, and in 1806 he began the ornamentation of its western horizon by laying the first stone of the Arc de Triomphe. Nine years later, Cossacks bivouacked in the Champs Élysées, and their horses ruined nearly all the trees by biting them.

When the city came into possession of the grounds great changes were made in the place. From 1841 date the first concessions for the circus, the Café des Ambassadeurs, the Alcazar





d'Été (then Café Morel), the Pavillon Ledoyen, and the Pavillon de l'Horloge. That first circus of the Champs Élysées was managed by Franconi—"l'illustre Franconi"—who had been with Astley, the English showman in London.

In 1852 all the moats and ditches were filled in, and a part of the Champs Élysées was set apart for exhibitions and official purposes, the edifice known as the Palais de l'Industrie being built at that time. Then Baron Haussmann's plans were definitely adopted; the Place de la Concorde was completed as it now is, fountains were constructed at the Rond Point, and the Champs Élysées of to-day was in existence.

From the many booths, the summer circus, the theatre, the restaurants, the merry-go-rounds, the variety shows, the swings, and the arm-chairs, etc., all of which make the Elysian Fields so attractive to foreigners and Parisians alike, the city obtained an annual rental of about \$60,000 until the grounds were somewhat changed to meet the requirements of the Exposition of 1900.

To-day this vista from the Tuileries Garden through the Place de la Concorde and up the Champs Élysées is without a rival. In it,

when night comes on, one hears no cries of "On ferme," or drum's tattoo warning people that all gates ajar are to be locked tightly till the coming of another day. The grand avenue, with its wooden pavement ; the gravelled walks under chestnut trees ; the splendid banks of earth, where plants are placed and fragrant flowers bloom,—are free to all, at all hours, to the poor as well as to the rich, to the foreigner as well as to those born within the capital. No police regulation here, as in Hyde Park, London, to exclude all vehicles below a certain rank, and the dirtiest, shabbiest *fiacre* that was ever drawn by an equine skeleton, and guided by the most brutal of men, may roll through the Champs Élysées as freely as does the carriage of a royal personage or the chariot of some great ambassador.

Early in spring the Champs Élysées begins to show its gay attire. From early forenoon until the going down of the sun it is crowded with people from many lands. The chestnuts are showing bits of buds, the earth beds are gay with early flowering plants, the sprays of the many fountains glow with rainbow colours. Crowds of children in pretty costumes, ever barelegged, and bedecked with red or with

blue ribbons, according to sex, play in gravelled paths. Inattentive dry-nurses give good eye to all passing soldiers; while the more mamillary sort are not ashamed to make "expositions de poitrines," which are almost as striking as those one sees at the drawing-rooms of crowned heads. The little goat-carts are crowded with customers, the merry-go-rounds are doing a thriving business, even the fellow with the weighing-machine has awakened for the day.

On Sunday this is certainly one of the most curious parts of Paris, a place where one is sure to meet all the different social sets mixed up in most amusing promiscuity. Persons who have been all the week on a tailor's bench, in a hat shop, at dressmaking, or what not of all the busy and honest pursuits of life, hasten thither then to look at those who wear better clothes than they, or who ride in carriages while they must walk, no matter how far away from the lovely stretch of trees and playing grounds may be their common homes. People go there to study human nature and take fresh air baths. All along the Avenue one comes across friendly groups of bourgeois folk; father dozing in his iron chair, mother holding her-

self very straight and stiff in her old silk gown, son sucking the head of his walking stick, daughter with pensive air poking holes into the earth with the ferruled point of her red parasol, as she meanwhile gives discreet glances at the men who happen to look in her direction. The wooden roadway rattles soberly with passing cabs and carriages, in which sit women nearly every one of whom has a pet dog curled up on the front seat opposite her noble self. There are thousands of iron chairs along this promenade, and as these can be occupied all day for two or three cents, none of them are long empty. All the world seems to be in the flood that ebbs and flows to and from the famous Rond Point.

The trees are budding; the Paris Punch and Judy show, called Guignol, has set up its miniature stage theatre, and as we pass, we can hear the shrill voice of the familiar little fellow, whose war on society and victory over the law, as represented by gendarmes and policemen, is the delight of old and young. Man is after all but a grown-up child, and even the gravest persons do not mind unbending themselves now and then down to lowly youth again.



JARDIN DES TUILERIES.



Here, by this Avenue Marigny, which leads off to the home of the President of the Republic, is a diorama in which was long the picture of a great battlefield. This round structure stands just where the Folies-Marigny stood, and that theatre was where Offenbach produced the first operas bouffé that he ever composed. Across the Champs Élysées long stood that other famous diorama, the "Siege of Paris," which half the world has seen, but which is now no longer in existence. And here was the Circus, open every evening and on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons, during the summer months.

The Rond Point is one of the loveliest spots in the capital, and from it we ascend the sloping avenue which leads to the Arc de Triomphe. There are no longer Elysian Fields, only a single row of trees on either hand, great broad sidewalks, tall stone houses, and a wide thoroughfare.

Let us sit here on this wooden bench at the corner of the Rue Marboeuf, and, while we are resting, watch the cavalcade of Parisian life which passes on its daily pilgrimage to and from the Bois de Bologne. It is a flood of social rank, or wealthy speculators, and of Bohemia;

it is a stream of successful vice and of successful talent and morality. Here, in the course of a single afternoon, when the air is balmy with the soft warmth of spring or early summer, you will see those who are the glory and those who are the shame of Paris. Under this arched stretch of blue sky, through this golden, hazy atmosphere, roll cabs and carriages in which are society queens, theatrical stars, leaders of the demi-monde, adventurers from abroad, actors from every stage, from the *Comédie humaine* as well as from the *Comédie Française*. It is a magnificent field for philosophical observation and reflection, this avenue of the Champs Élysées, flooded with air and sunshine, and as full of souvenirs as was the Appian Way of tombs and catacombs.

Time was when the neighbourhood had large gardens which were owned by Jansen, a learned man, who was also an English baronet. When he died, in 1780, Mme. de Marbœuf purchased his property. There was a weeping willow in one garden which measured eighty odd feet in circumference. Another curious tree which the grounds contained was a cedar of Lebanon that is still in existence, but now lives in the Jardin des Plantes. The Conven-

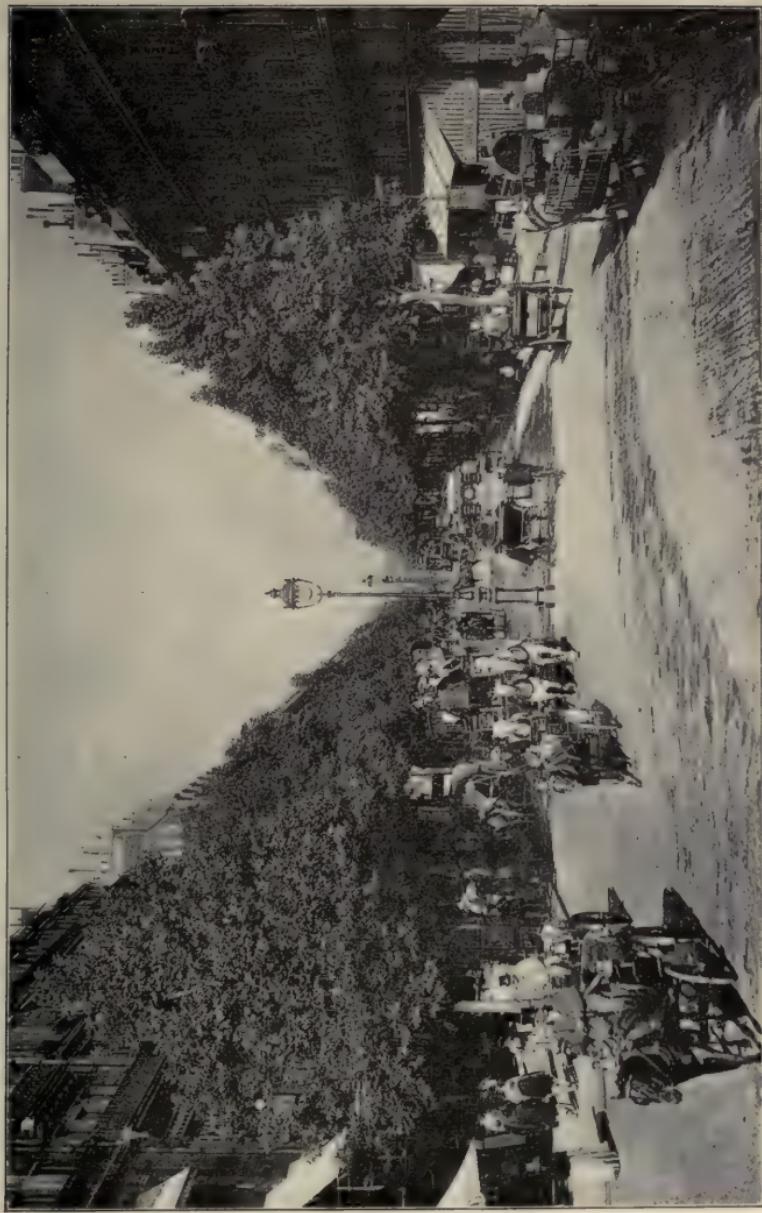
tion made that garden free to the public, and one of its attractions was a hippodrome. "Idalie," as it was called, continued to be a Paris park until the end of the Restoration, when houses began to be constructed, and in a few years the *quartier* was tolerably well sprinkled with buildings. Now it is so thickly built up that there is hardly a vacant lot in that part of town.

In the very centre of this splendid district stands the magnificent cathedral of the American Episcopal church, and close by that sacred edifice is the house where the present writer lived during many happy years.

## CHAPTER II.

**Boulevards of the Capital**—The main one is nearly three miles long and bears many names—An admirable thoroughfare—It starts at the Bastille and ends at the Madeleine—Beaumarchais, the author-poet—Mansion of a once notorious lady—Little cafés, little restaurants and little stores—Scene of an intended assassination—Numerous theatres along the way—The moving centre of Paris—Famous Boulevard Montmartre, with its many joys and misfortunes—A passage named in honour of Robert Fulton—The street of mad pleasure—Place de l'Opera and the National Academy of Music—A most remarkable edifice outside and inside.

**THERE** are boulevards and boulevards in Paris; one could never describe the half of them. Nor is it necessary to more than merely mention the boulevard of 1761 which commenced at the Luxembourg and finished at the Esplanade des Invalides; the boulevards which encircle the city of Paris and traverse those quarters of the capital where were once the villages of Menilmontant, Belleville, Mont-



SCENE IN THE BOULEVARD.

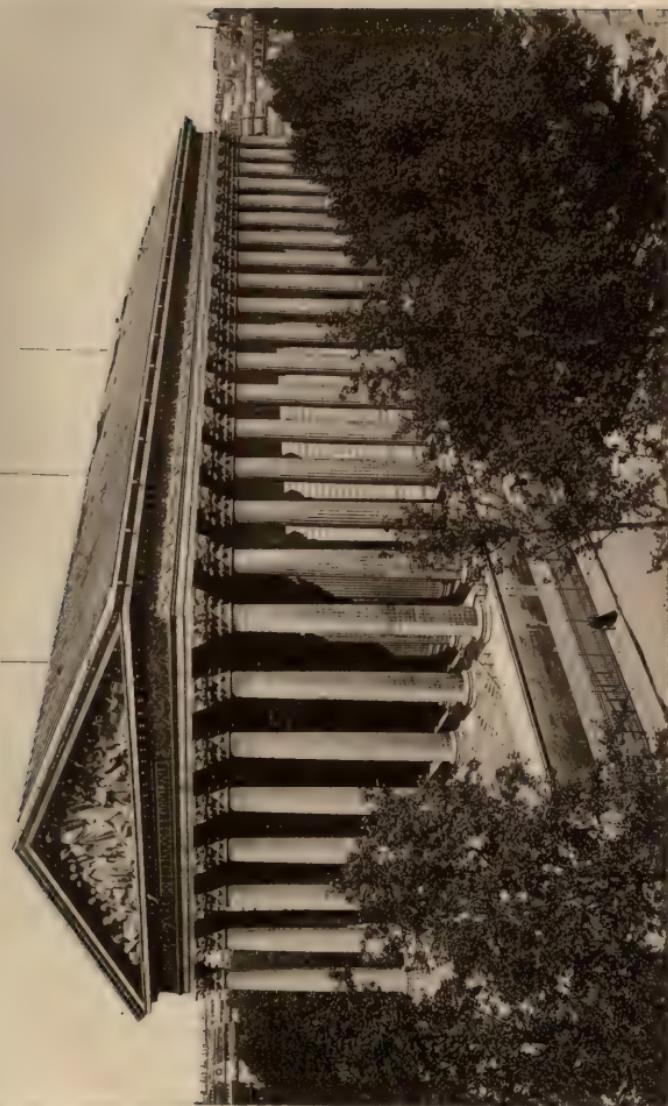


martre, Batignolles, Passy, Vaugirard, and Ivry ; the Boulevards Voltaire, Diderot, Richard Lenoir, Magenta, Grenelle, Montparnasse, Saint Jacques, Haussmann, Malesherbes and Saint Germain. But one must do better than that by the real boulevards, the boulevards *par excellence*, the historical boulevards, wherein almost every house is a monument of past incidents, accidents and tragedies ; those boulevards which extend under the form of a half-circle from the Place de la Bastille to the Place de la Madeleine, a distance of nearly three miles. This long and admirable promenade, this great artery, always teeming with people and animals, is divided into many names and many quarters, and we may stroll now through its entire length.

Following the road that the march of events has taken, the road that the Genius of Paris has pursued, coming from the shadow into the sunlight, from the dark corners of the Bastille into the clear spaces which shine out in the neighbourhood of the Champs Élysées, we start from the foot of that bronze mausoleum of heroes called the Column of July, and travel westward until we reach the Church of the Madeleine.

In other days, when people came into Paris by the Rue Saint Antoine, they saw, one after the other, the Bastille, the Arsenal, and then the house in which lived Beaumarchais, author of the “Marriage of Figaro.” To-day the home of the poet is replaced by a third-rate theatre; white stones in the pavement mark the outlines of the state prison, with its Colonne de Juillet in the centre; the edifice embellished by Henry IV, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV, after being a grain warehouse, has become a public library.

The Boulevard Beaumarchais is so named in honour of the famous author; and near his house once resided the notorious Cagliostro. As strangely curious as it may have been, his house was as nothing compared with the one in which lived Ninon de l'Enclos. She was of that race of great courtesans whose mansions in the days of antiquity were frequented by artists, poets, and philosophers; and she was so beautiful and spirituelle that her own son fell madly in love with her and mourned himself to death. That notorious woman early recognised the genius of Voltaire, then a young man almost unknown, and when she died she left him all the works in her library.





The Boulevard Beaumarchais is succeeded by the Boulevard des Filles de Calvière, so called from a convent of that name, which once stood in the neighbourhood. There are houses in this part of the Boulevard which are white with plaster put on to hide frightful wounds received in civil wars, and their foundations were laid in earth that still smells of blood and gunpowder.

Next we have the Boulevard du Temple, a boulevard of little cafés, little restaurants, little shops and little stores of many kinds. Time was when it was called the "Boulevard du Crime," because there were so many theatres in it, where, every evening and on Sunday afternoons, melodramas were presented in which scenes of poisoning and assassination were the attractive elements. There is nothing except historical reminiscences left on the Boulevard du Temple however. It is noisy enough, but the éclat of the eighteenth century is missing. There are no more illuminations, concerts or balls attended by kings and courtesans; no more mysterious cabarets, wherein grandes dames give rendezvous to the lusty fellows of the faubourg; no longer a "Jardin de Paphos," a "Cadran Bleu," a "café d' Appollon," whose

merry frequenters were afterwards represented by waxwork figures. Love and pleasure were long since driven out of that quarter of Paris by revolutions, and the misery of an unemployed or a lazy people.

Next comes the Boulevard St. Martin, to reach which we pass through the Place de la République. Just off to the right is the Théâtre Château d'Eau, where operas are given at cheap prices ; also, a large military barracks, and an immense structure built as a coöperative store, but which was a failure from the beginning. To the left is the Temple market of old clothes and shoddy new ones, that has already been described. Almost at the beginning of the Boulevard St. Martin stands a house, in the second story of which Fieschi planted the infernal machine which he intended should assassinate Louis Philippe. Just ahead of it on the right, is a theatre called the Folies Dramatiques, where Offenbach had his day. Further on is the Ambigu, home of the modern melodrama. In the same short block is the Porte St. Martin Theatre, which has its history, covering many years. Just before Louis XVI was beheaded it was burned down, to be rebuilt, however, in seventy days for the Grand

PORTE SAINT DENIS.





Opera. During the hand-to-hand fighting of the last days of the Commune, this theatre was again destroyed by fire, but it was soon rebuilt in a substantial manner. The very next door to the Porte St. Martin is the Renaissance Theatre. At the end of this boulevard is the Porte St. Martin, a triumphal arch erected in 1684, in honor of those victories of Louis XIV which added the Franche Comte to France.

The Boulevard St. Denis, which follows, is very short, not more than three hundred yards in length, perhaps. Outside the Porte St. Denis (a triumphal arch, erected by Louis XIV in honour of his victories in Flanders and Holland), there is nothing of particular interest in this boulevard.

Small tradespeople flourish in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle; it is a street in which shrewd retailers grow rich, and shoemakers seek political preferment. The people of the neighbourhood have great confidence in their own wisdom and believe themselves competent to rule over the destinies of France. The Gymnase Theatre in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle is one of the best theatres of all the many in the capital, and No. 25 of that boulevard is a house which was riddled with bullets, and searched from top to

bottom by soldiers, in December, 1851. Its walls remained, all through the reign of Napoleon III, a sort of great poster, on which had been ineffaceably written the history of a terrible crime.

The Boulevard Montmartre comes next, as a sort of antechamber or vestibule to the Boulevard des Italiens. Where the Rue, the Faubourg and the Boulevard Montmartre cross each other, there is a moving mass of horses, vehicles, and humanity, such as cannot be found in any other city in the world. Good health and the sickness of the social evil, happiness and misery, honest workers and rascally loafers, men of genius and sharpers of all sorts, respectable women and painted outcasts, all kinds and classes meet there to swell a stream in which there is iron and gold and nasty mud. "One may trace the progress of liberty by the purple drops that Paris had shed along its path," once wrote an English historian referring to the Boulevard Montmartre. It is in this boulevard that so many misfortunes show themselves. Its pavements are absolutely crowded, day and night, and with curious people. Journalism thrives in this quarter. On the right and on the left printing presses are groaning, and at all the

little tables of the numerous cafés, editors and reporters, with politicians and actors, are seated, sipping their black coffee, or their lemonade, or their absinthe.

Close by is the Passage des Panoramas, which owes its name to the spectacle of that sort introduced into France in February, 1799, by an American. It was that same American, who, when Napoleon was arranging for a descent upon England, presented the Emperor with a memorandum on the immediate application of steam to the navy. But French *savans* prevailed on the Emperor not to take any notice of the offer, and our countryman returned to the United States. Before Napoleon died, at St. Helena, he referred with regret to this refusal ; and he had a right to regret it, for the name of that man was Robert Fulton. Close at hand used to exist the Frascati, with its splendid gardens and gambling rooms. The spot is now occupied —back by a club-house, with its entrance in the Rue Vivienne ; in front by a shop where one can get cakes and ices. All the blood of Paris seems rushing toward this spot ; and from these contrasts and their minglings, from these vices and virtues, from this mixed crowd, arises a warm perfume of irony and of passion, of ego-

tism and of ignorance, of riches and of poverty, which has been fitly described as “the true fragrance of the French nation.”

Now we have the Boulevard des Italiens, in all its glittering brilliancy. Along with its legend of unpopularity, it has its legend of Byronic elegance and of mad pleasure. Time and revolutions have passed along it since then, and one can no longer find on its blocks the prints left by the hoofs of horses which Cossacks rode. The nights are far gone when men and women poured champagne from the windows of the *Maison Doré* on all passers-by; when Duchesses and Marchionesses threw high-heeled slippers filled with money to a shouting crowd; when an English nobleman, founder of the French Jockey-Club, boxed in the streets with roughs, and cut off the ears of a man because he was a worse blackguard than himself; when another young gentleman, afterward son-in-law to a French President, won a heavy wager by sending his mistress naked across the boulevard and back.

The shops, the bookstores, the cake bakeries, are all fine along this boulevard. The *Credit Lyonnaise* has its main bank here, while only a few steps away, in the Rue Laffitte, is where





the Rothschilds keep their money boxes. There are theatres, newspaper offices, and a few jewelry stores; and then the Boulevard des Italiens ends finally at the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, which, ever so long ago, was the road leading through the Gaillon gate to the village of Clichy. That rue crossed, we reach the Boulevard des Capucines, at the very corner of which stands the Vaudeville Theatre. Soon we are in the Place de l'Opera, where the National Academy of Music lifts its magnificent front and dome above everything. On the left run three great streets—the Rue du Quatre Septembre, the Avenue de l'Opera, and the Rue de la Paix, all reaching down toward the Louvre and the garden of the Tuileries. The Opera House itself is surrounded with streets bearing the names of great composers, but we shall return to that institution presently. Safely across this square we continue our promenade to the Boulevard des Capucines. There is an enormous hotel on our right whose southern front takes up the entire block, while opposite the side of it, across the Rue Scribe—a street full of American stores and banks, and Atlantic steamship offices—is the Jockey Club. But it stands in the Boulevard de la Madeleine, the

last of the boulevards par excellence, and so named after the Church of the Madeleine. We glance at a house standing at the corner of the Rue Caumartin where Mirabeau came to die; we pass the church just mentioned, and, seated at the Café Durand, we finish our stroll from the Place de la Bastille to the Rue Royale with a bottle of wine and a beefsteak (Chateaubriand) such as one can get at no other restaurant.

Among the many remarkable edifices standing in Paris, one of the most prominent has to do with Lyric Art. It is that magnificent edifice which we passed but now, and which was commenced in the reign of Napoleon III, completed by the third Republic, and opened for the first time early in 1875.

A site being chosen, the land was purchased for two million two hundred thousand dollars in 1860, but from the start Architect Charles Garnier had to encounter an obstacle, the existence of which was known, though not to its full extent. It was known that Paris was traversed by a subterranean stream of water, and as a portion of the foundation of the Opera would have to be laid deeper than those of any building in that neighbourhood, there was no accurate data as

to this stream's depth. As it was intended that the stage cellars should meet every possible requirement of the most complicated scenic work, and as it was necessary to so arrange them that scenes fifty feet high could be lowered into them without their taken apart, the plant called for a depth of sixty-five feet from the level of the stage. This necessitated laying the foundations of the building at a depth of fifty-five feet, and as they had to carry a weight of at least ten million pounds, it was necessary that their solidity should be beyond question. It was necessary that they should be perfectly dry, for the cellars were destined to hold valuable stage properties, also canvases painted by master artists; and so, the work, amidst all these difficulties, was pushed on, until it was finally completed at the end of December, 1874.

The materials which entered into its construction came from many lands. Sweden sent green marble; Scotland, Aberdeen granite; Italy, violet breche, white altissimo, and Sienna yellow; Algeria, onyx; Finland, red porphyry; Spain, brocatelle; and Belgium, black dinant. France supplied jaspers from Mont Blanc; the Vosges, granite; and many other costly stones

and marbles. The building when finished had cost nearly twelve million dollars.

The front of this Academy of Music and the Dance is familiar to all who have ever visited Paris, as it also is to many others, thanks to photographs and engravings; but what no photograph or engraving can convey is a correct idea of the harmonious blending of colours in the wonderful pile. Above steps which came from Saint Ilie, rises a portico ornamented with groups and statues; while above that is the *loggia*, formed of sixteen monolith columns of Bavarian stone standing out against a background of red granite from the Jura. Between each pair of columns are balconies of polished stone supporting balustrades of Swedish green, and these are accompanied by eighteen columns with gilt bronze capitals, between which are placed the busts of distinguished musicians. Resting on Bavarian stone columns, the façade is completed by an attic which is decorated with sculptures standing against a Mosaic ground. The whole of the roof line is bordered with a gilt bronze cornice representing antique masks, and at the corners are gilt bronzes of Harmony and Poetry. The effect is completed by the cupola of the auditorium, capped by a

rich dome of gilded bronze ; and behind which, equal in height to the towers of Notre Dame, rises the gable roof over the stage, supporting at each end a bronze Pegasus, and in the centre a group representing Apollo, holding up over his head his golden lyre, with two of the Muses seated at his feet. The sculptures on the attic represent Architecture, Industry, Painting, and Sculpture ; the bronze busts are those of Mozart, Beethoven, Spontini, Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Quinault, and Scribe. Lower down are medallions of Bach, Haydn, Pergolese and Cimarosa. Between the main front doors are four statues representing the Drama, Singing, Idyl, and Cantata ; while on either side of the entrance to the galleries which run along the building are white marble groups, representing Music, Lyric Poetry, Lyric Drama, and Dancing. It may be mentioned further that this front is lit up by four ornamental bronze candelabras, of great size, and when the gas and the electric lights in the *loggia* are turned on full blaze the appearance of the façade is indeed brilliant and attractive.

Let us enter the building. After going up the ten steps which extend along the entire front, we pass under arches, go through double

doors, and find ourselves in an enormous vestibule lit by several groups of lanterns resting on marble vases. Here also are seated statues of male representatives of Italian, French, German, and English schools of music, the last mentioned “school” being represented by Handel.

Ten steps of Swedish green give access to a second vestibule, where four or five different ticket takers are seated at as many different places, and where the light is supplied by ten graceful candelabras, each supplied with gas and electricity; and then, in front of us, rises the Grand Staircase. By reason of the originality of its design, the skilful arrangement of all its parts, the richness of its materials, and the splendour of its appearance, this stairway of the Paris Opera House is simply magnificent. From the vestibule at its foot we have before us the most elegant, most picturesquely decorated ensemble that was perhaps ever created in a structure of modern times. The vaults of the central flight and the columns which sustain them are of Echaillion stone, covered with delicately carved arabesques; the steps are of white Serrovezza marble, bordered by a balustrade of antique red marble, the

columns resting in Swedish green marble sockets and supporting a handrail of onyx, and at the top are Venetian mosaics. Half way up this grand stairway breaks, a flight to the right and a flight to the left, both leading to the first tier of boxes, while straight ahead is the road to the orchestra stalls and the pit seats.

On the first tier floor, which we have reached by either of the two upper flights of steps, rise thirty monolith columns of Sarrancolin marble with white marble bases and capitals. Since the days of Louis XIV no architect had attempted to use columns of such dimension—each is eighteen feet high—and to procure them it was necessary to quarry fifty blocks, twenty being found defective. In the tympans of the arcades of the vaulted top of the stairwell twelve medallions of light yellow marble are surrounded by cherubs' heads and other ornaments, and the entablature is entirely encrusted with various coloured marbles harmoniously arranged. The vaulted roof is pierced by twelve openings forming arcades, which correspond to those below, and the ceiling is decorated with panels, fifteen by twenty feet in size each, on which are painted allegorical

subjects. Between the columns on three of the sides, are balconies of onyx and jasper, which allow spectators from all parts of the house to enjoy the aspect of these majestic stairs from all points of view, and here those who occupy places in the cheapest galleries at the top are fond of coming between acts to watch the arrival and departure of the more showy public.

On the second and third tier the balconies are of bronze, while on the fourth and fifth they are of marble. The effect produced when this grand stairway is filled with an ascending or a descending throng of handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen, and when all the balconies are crowded with spectators of nearly every class, is indescribably brilliant and animated. The floods of light, the moving mass of costumes, the brilliant surroundings, the smiling faces, the greeting of friends, the noisy happiness,—all this forms a grand picture which recalls to mind some of those vast canvases on which Paul Veronese painted scenes of festivities.

At the head of the first flight of stairs, steps lead up into the *avant foyer*, which communicates at each end through an open salon with

the corridors of the grand-floor of the auditorium. This *avant foyer* is a gallery sixty-five feet long, one side opening or looking on to the grand stairs; the other communicating, through three lofty doors, with the *grand foyer*. These doors are twenty-three feet high, the upper panels being mirrors; the lower ones are decorated with bronze gilt medallions representing the musical instruments of Egypt, Greece, Italy, and France, and are surrounded by wreaths of leaves and flowers. The vaulted ceiling of this *avant foyer* is a brilliant specimen of decorative art, being entirely covered with mosaics of vitrified enamels of most gorgeous colours, and producing those warm tones, which can only be obtained with this species of decoration.

But the *Grand Foyer* is the real place of magnificence. It is one hundred and seventy-six feet long by forty-five feet wide; the ceiling is sixty feet above the well-polished floor, and it is this loftiness which most impresses one when entering the room for the first time. There is a lavish use of gold in its decoration; not a bright new gold, but that shade called old gold, which produces soft rich tones and reflections. There are large monumental re-

cesses flanked with twenty accoupled columns, supporting a massive entablature, from which springs the vaulted ceiling, and at the angles of which are seated figures of children, nine feet high, these all standing out in relief and forming connection between the cornices. Above each column is a gilded statue representing the various qualities necessary to make an artist: imagination, hope, etc. The vaulted ceiling is divided into eight compartments, in each of which is a painting by Paul Baudry; and between them are eight large figures representing so many of the Muses, the ninth Muse, Philosophy, having a statue elsewhere in the *foyer*. Mirrors twenty-four feet high, half a dozen large arm-chairs, richly covered with coloured velvet, several enormous and richly gilded chandeliers, and a splendidly waxed floor complete this vast hall, which is certainly one of the greatest attractions of the Paris Opera House.

All around the auditorium there is on each tier a wide *coulloir*, or hall, from which doors give access to the private boxes, and, clear away at the top, to the galleries.

Many persons are disappointed in not finding the theatre as large as the exterior of the

building had led them to suppose it would be. In reality, however, it is about the same size as the theatre of La Scala at Milan, or that of San Carlo at Naples, which are the two largest opera auditoriums in Europe.

The ceiling of the theatre is decorated with a large painting on copper, representing the twenty-four hours, the sun, moon and stars. The entablature which supports this ceiling is furnished with a row of glass globes lighted by electricity, and forming, so to speak, a belt of pearls. A second series of openings in the friezes are closed by coloured glass also lighted in a way to make them look like a diadem of topazes and emeralds. This original way of lighting the auditorium is completed by a massive chandelier which hangs from the centre of the ceiling and floods the hall with illumination from five hundred electric jets. Eight large columns of polished stone, partially gilded, support the upper portion of the auditorium and form the skeleton, so to speak, of the theatre. Between these columns are ranged the balconies and boxes, all rich with gilding and crimson velvet.

The prices of these boxes and of the orchestra stalls are not excessive, never being more than

\$3.40 for the stalls or for seats in the first tier boxes, and ranging down from that to \$1.60 for places in the fourth tier of boxes; while seats in the upper gallery, of which there are six hundred, cost no more than two francs, which is less than half a dollar. The maximum receipts of the Paris Opera are not more than \$4,500; but to this "take" must be added the share of the annual state subvention of \$160,000, besides which the management pays no rent, while all the gas is obtained at half price.

## CHAPTER III.

The divine art of music—First Opera House in the capital—Development of the ballet—Arrival in Paris of Gluck and Piccini—“Ramists” and “Lullists”—The famous Vestris—A theatre built in sixty days—Assassination of the Duc de Berri—Debuts in Paris of Taglioni and Fanny Elssler—More about the Opera House—A peep behind the curtain—Stage hands, musicians, dancers, and singers—One hundred and twenty-five dressing-rooms—Several green rooms—the foyer de la danse—A most luxurious hall for the ballet stars—Portraits of distinguished dancers.

THE claim was long since made by a great thinker that it is their *Belles Lettres*, their Sciences, their Arts, that is to say their Morals, which show the civilisation of a people.

Music is one of the most delightful and best of Arts, as indeed it is a Science in some ways; this being admitted, we may well concern ourselves further with that monument in Paris which has to do with this Divine Art. Among the Ancients, Musical Art began to decline the

moment when civilisation began its first decadence, and during the time of the barbarians, in what is known as the Dark Ages, it was neglected if not forgotten completely. But Music as an Art was born again during the fifteenth century, and then in Italy, with all the other arts. It was from Italy that Cardinal Mazarin brought a troupe of actors to Paris, where they first played and sang an Italian pastoral in five acts.

But the first Opera House the capital ever had was situated in front of a street named Gueneguad, on the site of houses which now bear the numbers forty-three in the Rue de Seine and forty-two in the Rue Mazarin ; and the first "*comédie française de musique*" ever presented was "*Pomone*," a *pastorale* in five acts and a prologue. The words were by the Abbé Perrin, music by Combert, organist in the Church of St. Honoré. Perrin obtained the right to present this work in 1669, and took into partnership with him the Marquis de Sourdeac, who was considered the most skilful theatrical machinist of the time. The hall, built in five months, was in reality a tennis court, and was altered into a theatre. "*Pomone*" was a great success, so De Sourdeac tried to get rid of

Perrin, whereupon the latter sold his work and the royal patent to Sully, to whom the King granted the privilege of calling his theatre the “*Académie Royale de Musique*.”

Sully selected a tennis court in the Rue Vaugirard, between the Palais du Luxembourg and the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, as his theatre, and he opened it Nov. 15, 1672; but soon an opportunity presented itself for him to secure a much better house. On the death of Molière, Sully asked for the Palais Royal Theatre, hitherto occupied by that actor-author and his company, and the King granted this request.

The Opera remained in these quarters ninety years, and would have remained there still longer, perhaps, had not a fire destroyed the theatre and a part of the Palais Royal. Sully made money and retired in favour of his son-in-law, Françine, who, after managing the house for eleven years, was forced to take a hanger-on at Court, named Dumont, into partnership. In 1728 they retired, and Destouches was placed at the head of the *Académie Royale de Musique*. Two years later he sold his privilege for three hundred thousand francs to a banker named Gruer, a protégé of Cardinal Fleury.

He soon got sick of his bargain and the Count de Saint Gille and a judge named Leboeuf were selected by the King for the privilege of ruining themselves. They were succeeded by an army captain, the Chevalier de Picardie, who proved a brilliant manager during the eleven years that he remained at the head of the Opera. A financier named Berger succeeded, and left the establishment in debt four hundred thousand francs, a fact which helped to bankrupt his successor, Trifontaine; after which Louis XV determined to get rid of a musical pleasure that was costing so much money, and handed the control of the concern over to the city of Paris.

Thus in 1749 the Opera became a musical institution under the supervision of the Marquis d'Argenson. Four years later two musicians, Rebel and Franceur, were placed at the head of the house, and in 1757 they assumed the risks and perils of the enterprise in return for a thirty years' concession. Before that term expired, they sold out to Berton and Triat, who later took Dauvergne and Joliveau into the partnership, and that firm was running matters at the time of the fire just now referred to.

Measures were taken to keep the company together, and they gave concerts in that part of the Tuileries known as the Pavillon de Flore.

In another wing of the palace there was a theatre constructed by Louis XIV, where ballets were given for the amusement of Louis XV during his minority, but which since 1716 had remained unused. The king ordered Architect Soufflot—he who started to build the Pantheon—to arrange this as a provisional opera-house, and he utilised the old stage for the new hall, which had about the same proportions as the one that was burned, but was much handsomer. Inaugurated the fifth of January, 1764, the opera remained there until January 23, 1770, and it was in that hall that the National Convention held its stormy meetings.

During this period of seven years a new theatre for the Opera, was being built on the site of the one destroyed by fire at the Palais Royal, and it was the first building of importance especially constructed in Paris for opera purposes. On Friday, June 8, 1781, at 8:30 o'clock in the evening, just as the performance was about to begin, the scenery of that theatre caught fire. The ballet-master, first to per-

ceive it, had the curtain lowered without alarming the audience, and the building was emptied before any one in front suspected what was happening on the stage. Fourteen dancers and machinists perished in the conflagration.

The period between the inauguration of this theatre and its destruction is remarkable in many ways. The ballet acquired more grace and expression than had hitherto characterised it, while the musical department was completely reformed by the arrival in Paris of Gluck, Piccini, and a company of Italian buffo singers. Gluck not only enriched the lyric stage with his “*Iphigenie en Aulide*,” “*Orphée*,” etc., but he imparted vigour, energy and precision to the orchestra. He also taught the performers to sing in time, and to declaim the recitative with animation. The “*Ramists*,” or partisans of Rameau, who had triumphed over the “*Lullists*,” or advocates of Lulli, were in their turn conquered, and the ancient French music was utterly annihilated.

Then, in 1776, the Chevalier de Saint Georges, a creole famed as a fencer and musician, offered, in conjunction with a company of capitalists, to undertake the management of the Opera; and his offer would probably have

been accepted had not Mesdames Sophie Arnould, Giumard, and others addressed a petition to the Queen, praying her Majesty to represent to the King that their honour would not allow them to submit to be managed by a mulatto; in consequence of this appeal, Monsieur de Saint Georges was not appointed.

In those days, and among the men of the ballet, there flourished a person named Vestris who modestly called himself “*le Diou de la Danse.*” His son far surpassed him in talent, however; but then he had the ballet genius in him on both sides, for his mother was a danseuse. Of this younger Vestris the father once exclaimed, after watching him in a *pas-de-deux*, “If my son does not spring higher, it is because he is unwilling to humble his comrades too much, for were he to mount so high as he can, he would be *ennuié* while in the air for want of conversation.”

Next the Opera had to content itself with a little hall belonging to the buildings of the Ménus Plaisirs of the King in the Rue Bergère, and now known as the Paris Conservatoire, where the stage was so small that little or no scenery could be used, and only works calling for a small number of artistes were given.

The Opera remained there only a short time, and until the new building in the Boulevard Saint Martin was ready, which house, often cited as a wonder of rapid architectural work, was built in sixty days. It was not a very extensive building, however, this Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin ; but the architect had guaranteed to build a place which would last for thirty years, and it lasted ninety, and then was only destroyed by an intentional fire started by the Communists for the purpose of checking the advance of the Versailles troops.

The Opera remained at the Porte Saint Martin only a short while as those at the head of it formed the project of securing a newly erected building which they thought more suitable to their purposes. In one of the finest quarters of the city, in the Rue Richelieu, then called Rue de la Loix, a woman had erected the Théâtre National, and to get possession of it the Opera Committee accused Citoyenne Montansier with having built it in front of the National Library with the intention of destroying that *depôt* of human knowledge. She was arrested, her theatre was closed, and very soon afterward the Opera took possession of it ; its name was changed to Théâtre des Arts, and it

was the first house in Paris where pit seats were provided for the spectators.

Very likely the Opera would have remained as long in the Rue Richelieu as it had in any of its previous homes except for an occurrence which sealed the doom of the building in the most unexpected manner. On the night of the 13th of February, 1820, the Duc de Berri was stabbed by Louvel; carried into the manager's office, the heir to the crown died in a few hours, and the Government decided that not only should there be no more operas given in the house but that the building itself should be razed to the ground to make room for an expiatory monument.

At that time the Salle Favart, built in 1781 for the Italian Comedians, and which was afterward the Opera Comique, was vacant, and in it the Opera gave performances until in May, 1821, when it moved to a house which has since been pulled down. Meanwhile a provisional theatre was building in the Rue Lepeletier, which was inaugurated the 16th of August, 1821, under the management of the Chief of the Orchestra.

It was while the Opera was in the Rue Lepeletier that Paris first knew Marie Taglioni.

She made her *début* in July, 1827, and her last appearance was in the summer of 1844; but she danced in London afterward. Another great danseuse of that same company and period was Fanny Elssler. These queens of the ballet were equally great, yet quite unlike, and both are famous in the annals of the modern stage.

The great singers of that time were Ad. Nourrét, Cornelia Falcon, Mme. Dorus-Gras, Monsieur Duprez, Mademoiselle Rosinie Stoltz, etc. The Opera remained in the Rue Lepeletier until fire (October 28, 1873,) reduced the place to ashes in a very few hours, when it was installed in the Salle Vendatour, which, after having been successfully occupied by the Opera Comique, the Théâtre Nautique, the Italian Theatre, and the Paris Grand Opera, was finally turned into a banking house. Here the Opera remained until the completion of the new building described in the previous chapter.

The Paris Opera House is the largest theatre of its kind in the world, while its dependencies, especially those behind the curtain, are the most important to be found anywhere. It is no easy matter however, to get behind that curtain, except in one way, and that is by a





door which communicates between the stage and the auditorium. But this door is open only to those who are subscribers; that is to say, to gentlemen who have taken seats for three nights in the week for the season, to diplomats, to distinguished guests of France, and to certain members of the press. A subscriber for one night has no right to pass this door, although he may do so with permission of the management, or the secretary. Now and then, however, an outsider is permitted to go in at the stage door, at the other end of the building after passing through great iron gates at the bottom of the Administration court, a gate which admits hundreds of artistes and employés at every performance. By placing ourselves at this gate before the entertainment begins, we may gradually see pass before our eyes the whole of the staff of this wonderful house of music, where the works of Gounod, Massenet, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Thomas, Wagner, etc., are given by the best of singers.

First of all come the machinists to look after the scenery; there are no fewer than two hundred of these, and sometimes the number is greatly increased. In the opera of "L'Africaine," in the scene where the ship appears and

changes its course on the stage, the manœuvring underneath requires the additional co-operation of at least fifty men. With the machinists come the *tapissiers*, whose special duty it is to see to the placing and arranging of the carpets, draperies, and furniture; next are the gas-lighters and lampists, who spread themselves all over the stage and throng out into the hall to light the thousands of gas jets which are dimly burning, even though there are electric lights everywhere. Then the local firemen are told off for duty during the performance, and when these have verified the apparatus in good condition, each and every employé is supposed to be at his post for the evening.

By this time strange-looking men are presenting themselves at the porter's door, and they pass in, ticket in hand, under the supervision of a person known as the *chef de claque*. These *claquers* are let into the theatre long before the public, and occupy seats in the centre of the *parterre*, a body of the house between the Stalls and the Amphitheatre. Except for the fact that these *parterre* seats are not quite so wide as the orchestra chairs, there is no difference whatever between these places and the places in front which are supposed to be the best in the house.

Next comes the *avertisseurs*, or call boys, of whom there are a dozen, and who go to the rooms of artistes to inform them when it is their turn to sing or dance during the evening.

After this arrive the property men, and these have plenty of properties to take care of, as all sorts of accessories are believed in at the Paris Grand Opera.

Then come the dressers, tailors, and coiffers, who go up to the artistes' rooms, or to the places reserved for their special work. During the daytime the *mise en loge* has been attended to, that is to say, all the parts of the costume or dress which each person has to wear, from the leading prima donna or tenor, down to the smallest supernumerary, are placed in their respective cabinets, so that they can be found immediately when the time comes for dressing. This is a matter of much importance, because it is rare that an opera is sung twice in succession. Wigs, beards, moustaches, trunks, tights, slippers, wearing apparel of all sorts, and armour, not to mention the many other articles needed, are placed methodically, and taken out only when required for the performance.

Next the "supers" appear, most of them

wearing blouses, workingmen or labourers engaged for the evening there ; but some are paid an annual salary. Women are a part of them, of course, but the mass are men recruited at the last moment. Their day's work over, they are glad to earn a little something extra by strutting their brief moments on the Lyric stage. They know the requirements of each piece, and follow the information given by the street posters. Some operas want a few soldiers or a few peasants ; they know the work by heart and present themselves accordingly. When the "Juive" is to be performed, they come in a mob to the chief who chooses from them to enlarge the ranks of the grand *cortége*. They enter, and go through the manœuvres under the direction of the heads of the various groups of men who know what is required for each scene. Now and then, on the occasion of a first night, a few gentlemen succeed in slipping in as supernumeraries, and thus hear the *première* of a new work, something that would be impossible otherwise.

All the staff of choruses—men, women and children—arrive in their turn and go upstairs to dress, accompanied in some instances by mothers, who have the right to enter with their

daughters, in other instances by maidservants, and in many cases alone. A few of the faster kind arrive in their private carriages.

Meanwhile, the singing artistes have slipped in and gone to their rooms to dress. Some arrive early, so as to attire themselves at their leisure, or to pose their voice and conveniently exercise it before going on the stage. They even receive company before the performance begins, as well as during entr'acts; and meanwhile their private dresser is getting them ready for the stage.

The musicians arrive, take their instruments in hand, put on white neckties and go down into the orchestra. It is not obligatory that they shall be in swallow-tailed coats, but they must wear a black one and a white necktie while in the house.

Thus all the "people" put in an appearance, until by the time the curtain is ready to go up there is a small army of almost one thousand individuals behind the scenes. But none of these men and these women do any other work than their own assignment. The fellow who prepares the conflagration in "Le Prophete," or the flames of the burning pile of Azucema, or the arranging of the crackers for the catastrophe

in "Les Huguenots," would never deign to lend a hand to a hydraulician or a scene shifter. This is true also of the man who prepares the cup for Mephisto, wherein the liquor turns to flame. It is he who, in "La Favorita," gives Fernand the sword that breaks in pieces at the foot of the King, but it is another man who, in ballets where dancers are dressed like bees, birds or insects, adjusts the transparent wings to their delightful waists. But greatest of all are those singers who are required in making the execution of the composer's work as realistic to the public as possible.

There are one hundred and twenty-five dressing-rooms for the dancers and the singing people. The rooms for the principals are each composed of a small antechamber, a toilet cabinet, and the dressing-room proper. Each room has two looking-glasses, one of which allows the artiste to see herself or himself from head to foot with the aid of gas jets or electric lights on each side, while others are adjusted by a rubber tube, so that they can be placed at any height or position desired. There is a stove and a fireplace, and the occupant of each room may choose whether dry or humid heat is needed. There are several larger rooms with



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stalls in them and chests for putting clothes, and these are for the choruses. Then there is a room for those who sing minor rôles, and another room for the children. The male members of the ballet dress in rooms fitted up for a dozen persons, and there are large rooms for the dancers of the "first quadrille." The other members of the ballet dress themselves in a public room which will hold twenty to thirty persons, and finally there is one room in which two hundred supernumeraries may prepare themselves at the same time. In all there is dressing-room for seven hundred persons, and this can be increased so that a thousand individuals may be costumed in a short space of time.

The Grand Opera House has several *foyers*. There is the magnificent room at the front end of the building, facing the Place de l'Opera, which is for the paying public and has already been described, but behind the curtain there are several more "green rooms," as they are called in England and America.

There is a *foyer des rôles*, which is made use of for studies; and where, under the direction of singing masters, the first rehearsals of a new work take place. Later on, when the parts are

known, rehearsals are held on the main stage. A piano replaces the orchestra, and only such scenery as will indicate entrances and exits forms the *mise-en-scene*. Here singing artistes rehearse alone at first, then the choruses join them, after that the ballet takes its turn. Night rehearsals succeed the day ones, supernumeraries come to lend their aid to the anticipated performance, and orchestra rehearsals take place, as the musicians are generally occupied during the day in giving lessons. All the rehearsals, up to the last, or *répétition générale*, are gone through without costumes. Instead of choruses brandishing swords, pikes and battle axes, they wave sticks and umbrellas. A *cortège* passes; later on people will wonder at its brilliancy, but now it is made up of men in faded blouses, or machinists wearing greasy jackets. It is a rule at the Grand Opera that when a singing artiste is carried in on a palanquin or other sort of stretcher, it must be done by machinists; they are supposed to be more careful than other men, and for doing this work they receive a *feu*, that is to say, extra compensation. The corps de ballet are in ordinary street dress, and in the midst of this uniformity of long skirts, some who are experienced in

such matters can recognise the pages by the, manner in which their arms are folded. Finally the evening arrives when everything is ready, and then the costumes are put on. A general rehearsal hardly differs from the first performance except by the length of its entr'acts.

The *foyer de la danse* plays an important part at the Paris Opera House. It is a meeting place where a certain portion of the public are admitted, and that portion are all gentlemen in evening dress. In other theatres the door leading to this *foyer* is open only to the management, or to members of the press, but at the Grand Opera subscribers for three nights in the week have a right to go into this green room. This is a custom that dates back to 1770, when opera was sung in the Palais Royal. The *foyer de la danse* is, next to the public *foyer*, the most luxurious room in the building. All over the stage one is permitted to wear his hat, but it must be removed as soon as he enters into the sacred room of the ballet dancers. They tell the story of King Edward, when still the Prince of Wales, going into this *foyer* once upon a time, with his hat on, whereupon one of the charming young ladies said to him that while she would never dare ask him to remove

his crown, she would venture to request him to take off his hat.

The wall at the far end of the room is all mirror. The largest sheet of glass that has ever been made stands in place at that end of the room, and yet it is not half large enough to cover the space required. There are three of these mirrors, and in them are reflected a gilded lustre which has one hundred and sixty lights.

Each side of the room is ornamented with spiral fluted columns of rich marble, surmounted by gilded capitals, whereon are butterflies with outspread wings, that replace the opening of acanthus leaves. In the ceiling are sunken panels, surrounded with garlands of flowers, including bluebells; and beyond this a ceiling representing a summer sky, in which winged children are chasing birds.

This ceiling, and the other paintings here, are the work of Boulanger. Some time before he died he painted the portraits of twenty of the most celebrated dancers the Opera has ever known. The dates that accompany these portraits are those of their entrance on the stage and of their retirement. It is a historical gallery, displaying the costumes of different epochs, a gallery wherein women are wearing the patches

of black taffeta of two hundred years ago, the boas of the Restoration, and the dresses of the present day. There are various physiognomies which recall minuets, gavottes, parentelles, waltzes, mazourkas, and contre dances. Dancing is a fugitive art, and a step cannot be written like a poem, or a *pas-de-deux* be composed like a couplet. The score will not give us the accent of a singer or the charm of her voice ; another singer may take it and interpret it as well, or even better. Painting can reproduce the grace of an attitude, but not the vivacity of a step, and thus we lose much of the past. But we like to know how those others looked, and so portraiture has its usefulness. Under these portraits Boulanger painted four large pictures representing a dance of war, a country dance, a love dance, and a Bacchanalian dance ; in medallions placed above these panels are inscribed the names of those who have composed the most successful ballets for the Grand Opera.

It is to this *foyer* that all the dancers come just before going on the stage to do their graceful work before the public. It is a brief but necessary rehearsal, a sort of limbering up of all joints preparatory to a dance which may make

or mar. The *premières danseuses* have bars in their dressing-rooms which permit them to get this exercise, and this they take as they are dressing, but almost invariably they also take a final turn or bend in the *foyer de la danse* before going on the stage. Except at performances, the dancer exercises with stockings that have already been well used, but as she is going on the stage these are usually changed for a new pair. She wears light gaiters made of cloth, and into the tip of her little slipper is put a bit of white cotton that gives firmness to the silk and keeps the big toe resting on a softer point than it would otherwise. A few drops of gum put on with a brush make the tights adhere to the heel; the strings of the slippers are well tied and knotted with care; a final hitch is given somewhere in the neighbourhood of the waist; and on she bounds to make her *pirouettes*. Not, however, until she has tried a few attitudes before these three large mirrors, so as to be sure that her muslin skirts are not creased and that there are no rips anywhere.

There is a *foyer du chant*, also, on the same floor as that of the dancers, but on the Rue Scribe side of the building. It is a large

room, and the principal decoration is formed by thirty panels, in which are portraits of some of the great artistes who have sung at the Opera. Different from the *foyer de la danse*, the *foyer du chant* is very little frequented. Dancers habituated from childhood to walk about the stage very slightly dressed do not fear the currents of air. On the contrary, singers know that the least variation in the temperature of a room may change their voices. They only leave the dressing-room at the last moment, and up to the time of their entrance on the stage, they go muffled about with necks wrapped up in handkerchiefs or flannel shawls. They practice their scales in their rooms, and from this point of view also, there is a great difference between them and the dancers. Twenty ballet girls will execute or imitate their steps at the same moment without any noise whatever. Half a dozen singers, practising their scales or running over an air before going on the stage, will produce a cacophony, which would make a sawmill seem as quiet as a country cemetery.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Stage a part of life to all Parisians—History of the Drama in the Capital—Appearance of the Troubadours—The first theatre—Brothers of the Passion troupe—Satire a favourite weapon with some actors—Their troubles with the Clergy—Arrival of foreign artistes—Farcical plays predominant—Cardinal Richelieu's support of the drama—Corneille and Molière—Origin of the Opera Comique—Founding of the “first theatre in the world”—State recognition of dramatic instruction—The Comédie Française a part and parcel of the National glory—Anecdotes of Napoleon and the Stage.

IT has been frequently observed that a Parisian can discuss everything, that there is no object which does not furnish him with a topic of conversation. But it is not on his knowledge of the Arts or the Sciences that he holds himself most secure ; it is only when it is a question of the drama that he admits of no rival. The Stage is to him a part of life ; not gossip of players, but Dramatic Works, and the manner in which they are written and in

which they are interpreted—this is his peculiar province. Parisians looks on the Drama as being the most popular walk of Literature, and as it afforts the best test of their taste as a Nation, it also supplies more striking examples of that taste than even their novels or their poetry, both of which are particularly strong. The reason for this is clear; they hold that of all the Arts the Dramatic or Scenic Art has exercised the largest direct influence on modern civilisation. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the history of the Stage in the capital is both old and interesting.

Even as the first tragedies of Italy were composed in honour of the god of the vintage, and as the actors sang or spoke their parts from the top of a cart in the public road; so too the first shows played at Paris were in honour of the saints, while the actors passed through the streets on a cart—always followed by an idle throng—stopping now and then in some public square to give their performances. But after some while, the obscene plays became so numerous and so revolting in Paris that Bishop Eudes induced the King to issue a decree forbidding them; little or no attention was paid to the royal mandate, however, and they were

continued for several centuries longer, when finally the Theological Faculty, aided by the police, suppressed the shameful spectacles in 1444.

It was about the middle of the fifteenth century when those amiable poets known as *trouvères* or Troubadours came up to the capital from the provinces, with their songs, tenzons, stories and comedies. But as there was not enough of Troubadours to supply the demand, they engaged other persons to present their compositions, and these aids were in turn known as *chanteurs*, *jongleurs*, *joueurs*, and *bateleurs*. Unfortunately, however, the Troubadours were so successful that they grew vain and ambitious, and sought to add to their glory by writing and appearing in satirical poems in which they mocked high and powerful personages. For this they were prosecuted and compelled to quit the streets of Paris; the poets disappeared, but the *chanteurs* and the *jongleurs* remained, and in spite of an occasional row with the police of Philippe le Bel, they continued to play pieces, mainly Latin tragedies, the subjects of which were always taken from saintly history.

Before that, toward the end of the fourteenth

century and after the Crusades of Saint Louis, so many Pilgrims made their appearance in Paris, singing and telling the story of their voyages and dangers, that a few rich bourgeois hired a house where these men could perform in rainy or cold weather, and that was the first theatre known of in the capital. Recognising this valuable help, the Pilgrims redoubled their efforts to become worthy of such support, and for the first time began to act their discourses. Their success was so certain that they struck out for greater things, and first of all put on the stage the life of Christ, from His birth to His death, but cutting the piece into several days. They also judged it necessary, in order to better hold the attention of their audiences, to make the spectators laugh as well as cry, so they placed buffoons alongside of their most serious actors. In this one respect at least we do not seem to have improved any on the poor Pilgrim players of six hundred years ago.

The *Prévôt* of Paris closed the theatre of the Pilgrims in 1398, whereupon they pled so earnestly with King Charles VI, that he organised the actors into a regular society called the “*Confrères de la Passion*,” and soon after gave them Trinity Hospital, situated outside of the

Porte Saint Denis, for their performances. Soon afterward these Brothers of the Passion associated themselves with the "Enfans Sans-Souci," and they used to play together; but their theatre was not the only one then open in Paris. The Clercs de la Basoche also had a large hall at the Palais in which to play *farces* or *moralités*. Those sort of pieces, which always had a good moral for aim, were called *moralités* and in them all the vices as well as all the virtues were acted and personified; they, were however, allowed to perform but thrice a year, and then only on occasions of public rejoicing. The farces were divided into such things as *fabuleuses*, *histrioniques* and *enfarinées*. The *enfarinées* were so called because they powdered their face with flour (*farine*), after the manner of English clowns in modern pantomimes. Very soon the Basochiens, with whom satire was a favourite weapon, went so far as to attack those who governed Paris. Louis XII did not mind this in the least, but his successors looked at things differently, and in January, 1516, it was forbidden them to play any farce or comedy in which Princes or Princesses of the Court were mentioned. The same prohibition also extended to the theatres of the Colleges of

Navarre, of Bourgogne, of the Bons Enfans, of Cardinal Lemoine, of Boncour, and of Justice.

As will be seen, the taste of the theatre had become general, for not only were there "places of amusements" in the city, but each college had one, and here the Professors shared the acting *rôles* with their pupils.

Despite all orders, this multitude of actors, drawn from almost every class in the social scale, continued to criticise Government and persons; but when the sister of François I, a woman famous for her many virtues, was represented as a Fury in one of the comedies played at the College of Navarre, the King promptly threw the entire company into prison.

Meanwhile the Brothers of the Passion continued to be honoured with Royal protection, their privileges having been re-confirmed by King François in 1518. In 1540 those players were installed in the Hôtel de Flandre, where they remained five years, when they were given a place in the Hôtel de Bourgogne. But now Parliament interfered with the "freedom of the stage," by decreeing that these *confrères* should no longer represent the Passion or other sacred mysteries. Thereupon they took up with the

romances of chivalry, and Jean de Pontalais, their principal actor, became widely celebrated.

The trials and tribulations of this particular troupe were not yet ended ; they fell into trouble with the Curé of Saint Eustache ; Parliament was appealed to ; remonstrances against them reached Henri III, and their theatre was closed for a year, but they were then permitted to "open up" again. It seemed, however, as if the more they were opposed the more the number of theatres increased ; although most of the companies thus formed were forced to leave the capital in due course of time. However, in 1595, other foreign comedians arrived in Paris, and after looking carefully over the field, they built themselves a theatre at the Fair of Saint Laurent. In vain the Enfans-Sans-Souci, who had been located at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, protested to Parliament the presence of these foreigners ; they were not only permitted to remain, but very soon a company of actors came from Spain to increase their numbers.

A police order issued in 1609 compelled theatres to finish their performance by half past four o'clock in the afternoon ; it also fixed the prices, and directed that every play should be submitted to the King's attorney before being

produced. At that time the Théâtre des Italiens was established in the Rue de la Poterie, and its actors were receiving money from Henri IV.

During the reign of Louis XIII and the administration of Richelieu, Arts and Letters, especially the Drama, and thanks to two men of genius living at that period, took on high importance; but as we are not yet completely freed of the barbarians, it is perhaps better to continue this imperfect review by saying something more of the Théâtre de l'Hôtel de Bourgogne where the “Prince de Sots”<sup>1</sup> was all-powerful. Ordinary buffooneries began to give way to a better kind of comedies, but farcical pieces still dominated. The more famous actors of that period were Turlutin, Gautier Garguille, Gross-Guillaume, St. Jacques, Bruscam-bille, and the distinguished Scaramouche. The success of these Turlutinades, as they were called in course of time, alarmed the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and the latter laid their complaints before Richelieu. The Cardinal resolved on judging for himself as to their merits, so he ordered them to appear before

<sup>1</sup> The manager under Henri IV was Nicholas Joubert, known publicly as “Seigneur d’Engoulevent,” and as “Chef de la Sottise,” or Prince of Fools.

him, and their drolleries were so amusing that he made the complainants admit the Turlutinades into their company. By this time heroes in farce abounded throughout Paris and new theatres were constructed for their use. That of Tarbarin stood on the Place du Pont Neuf, near the bridge, for seven or eight years. Then Cardinal Richelieu built the Théâtre du Palais Royal because he was determined to have a fit place wherein to produce his tragedy of "Miranne"; but works by Pierre Corneille, Rotrou, Bois-Rolent, Colletet, etc., were also played in the new theatre.

Pierre Corneille had installed modern tragedy at Paris, but it was Molière who placed comedy higher than it had ever been before, even with the ancients. Molière, like William Shakespeare, was author, actor, and manager, and Richelieu put him at the head of a company of comedians in 1650. After having played at the *Jeu de Paume* of the White Cross in the Rue de Bussi for three years, the troupe made a provincial tour, and then returned to Paris, Molière having been assigned to the Théâtre du Petit Bourbon, where Louis XIV, still very young, came to dance in public. But Molière and company did not remain there a long

while ; in 1660 they were given the Palais Royal Theatre, and there they remained until Molière's death, when they were dispossessed, at the instigation of Sully who wanted it for an Opera House. Soon afterward the old theatre at the Hôtel Bourgogne was closed, and the troupe joined with the comedians at the Palais Royal, for whom a hall had been built in the Rue des Fosses-Saint Germain (subsequently named Rue de l'Ancien Comédie, and still so-called), where they remained until 1770. They already bore the designation of "Comédiens Français ordinaires du Roi," and their condition and pay were fixed by law. In the mean time other theatres were being opened, and one of these was the Ambigu Comique in the boulevards ; it is still in use, and is the "home of melodrama," so to speak.

I pass over other places of amusement to come to the origin of the Opera Comique. It goes back to the first year of the reign of Louis XV, and was established on the Boulevard du Nord. It at once succeeded ; indeed so large was the attendance that the Théâtre Français became very jealous and had the Opera Comique suppressed in 1718. It was re-established, however, in 1724, and was not again punished

for its great success until in 1745. Six years later the *Opera Comique* was again the vogue, and finally in April, 1762, it was incorporated with the “*comédiens privilégiés*,”<sup>1</sup> otherwise known as *Italians*. When this union took place Madame Favart was at the height of her success at the *Italians*; and although the new house was known as the *Comédie Italienne* there were really no *Italians* in the consolidated companies, not after 1780 at any rate. While the King was away during a few days in October, the Regent installed a troupe of Italian actors and singers at the *Tuileries*, but his Majesty’s unexpected return forced them to leave without delay. They went to the Fair of *Saint Germain*, stayed there with varying success until January, 1795, when they made their *début* at the *Théâtre Faydeau* in Paris. But the public would have none of their performances, so they sold their house to the *Comédiens Italiens*, and ever since then the place has been known as the *Théâtre de l’Opera Comique*, and it is to-day one of the opera stages subventioned by the French government.

<sup>1</sup> To distinguish them from the “*Comédiens ordinaires du Roi*,” or members of the *Théâtre Français*.

Threatened by the building in the Rue des Fossés Saint Germain, which was about tumbling on their head, the Comédiens Français moved to the Tuileries, while the Odéon was being constructed for their use. They occupied this new house until late in 1783 ; it was called the Théâtre Français until in 1789, when it received the name of Théâtre de la Nation, and the phrase “comédiens ordinaires du Roi” was erased from the playbill in 1791. In the beginning of this last-mentioned year, Dugazon, Talma, Grandméreil, Madame Vestris, Mme. Desgarcius and Mme. Lange separated from their comrades and accepted engagements at the Théâtre des Variétés Amusentes, which then first took the name of Théâtre Français de la Rue Richelieu. It was not, however, until after the destruction of the Odéon by fire in March, 1799, that the house in the Rue Richelieu became a general point of union for all the original members of the troupe, and it soon became recognised as the only Comédie Française.

This historical playhouse at Paris, the “First Theatre in the World,” as it was often termed, and which is to be described in this chapter, was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of

March 8, 1900, but has since been rebuilt on the same site.

To teach the art of Dramatic Action, Declamation and Diction is, in some respects, infinitely more arduous and more complex than ordinary teaching, for the results are produced by translating the different movements of the human soul, its sentiments, its emotions, its passions, its sorrows, and its joys, before the footlights. It is a difficult art, one in which France has long been in the first rank, and which, submissive to a thousand vicissitudes of taste and fashion—while at the same time incessantly being transformed by the genial efforts of master teachers—has finally arrived at its highest point of perfection, and this at what is everywhere recognised as the first theatre in the world, the *Comédie Française*. It was long since established, and the reason for its universality is due entirely to state recognition of dramatic instruction as a branch of the Liberal Arts to be aided and encouraged officially. Neither in America nor in England is there any national training school of stage art, either lyrical or dramatical.

With the English and Americans an actor or an actress does not undergo a long course

of study in a state institution, and there is not one theatre in either country which receives any kind of help from the public treasury. The stage is recruited by the merest chapter of accidents, and even courses of private training are rather the exception than the rule. An artiste is formed at the hands of Nature, the impulse guiding his or her career coming from a uniform conviction which springs up intuitively, one which may be galvanised into life by the most trivial incident; and the measure of his or her talent gives bias to inclination and is the final gauge of whatever success is achieved. But in France nearly all the actors and actresses on the stage are taught in some training school of art, and as for most of them the Conservatoire is this training ground, so, too is the *Comédie Française* that theatre where the professional career reaches its fullest development.

But although the *Français* is the "first theatre in the world," official priority in Paris belongs to the Grand Opera; this, however, does not change the fact that, in the estimation of all true amateurs and artistes, the *Comédie Française* has always occupied a higher position than does the lyric house so richly aided by the

French Government, although of course the Française receives its subvention also.

It has been often claimed, and it may be true, that Opera companies better, in nearly every respect, than the one at the Paris Académie Nationale de Musique can be heard in other capitals, but certainly there is no theatre of comedy and tragedy elsewhere which can compare with the "Maison de Molière" in the brilliancy of the histrionic talent that its company possesses, in the length and splendour of its history, or in the services it has rendered to dramatic art and to dramatic literature. There is no other stage like it which is considered a part and parcel of the national glory of the country to which it belongs. Even England, with all the reverence she pretends for the memory of Shakespeare, has never founded in his honour an institution comparable to the Maison de Molière, a designation often given to the theatre in the Rue Richelieu, although that famous author-actor never set his foot inside the house that was recently destroyed, for the simple reason that he died nearly a century before it was erected. But his shade and his genius haunted a spot where talented artistes played his pieces with pride



THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS (BURNED IN 1900).



and fervour ; and although the French Academy declined to receive him as a member, and the Roman Catholic Church spurned his ashes and refused his remains Christian burial, he had there an altar around which numerous worshippers assembled, if not to kneel, at all events to render due honour to his immortality.

When he was not at wars, Napoleon went often to the Théâtre Français to hear Talma (whom he admitted to his friendship), Damas, Lafon, Madame Duchesnon, Madame Roucourt, and Mademoiselle Georges. He had a weakness for tragedy, and when at the battle front, used to have artistes come and play for him wherever he might be. They were with him at Mayence in 1804, at Erfurt in 1808, at Dresden in 1813. At Erfurt Talma received a fee of ten thousand francs for the trip, and the Emperor of Russia and all the sovereigns of Germany, formed on this occasion what was appropriately called “*un parterre de Rois.*” The play was “*Ædipe*” by Voltaire, and when Talma pronounced the line, “*L’amitie d’un grand homme est un bien fait des dieux*” (A great man’s friendship is a blessing that comes direct from the gods), Alexander of Russia threw himself

into the arms of Napoleon in the presence of the entire audience.

Apropos, allusions which are made on the stage to passing events have always had great importance in France, and were the object of much anxiety to the master of ceremonies at the Court of Napoleon. When he was as yet only First Consul, Bonaparte did not object to hear the "Mérope" of Voltaire, in which occurs the passage :

" Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux ;  
Qui sert bien son pays n'a pas besoin d'aieux " —

(The first king was a successful soldier ; he who hath well served his country hath no need of an ancestry) ; and the audience never failed to point the fitness of the allusion with loud applause. But, later, when he began to think about marrying Marie-Louise, "Mérope" no longer pleased him on account of the lines :

" J'ai besoin d'un hymen utile à ma grandeur  
Qui détourne de moi le nom d'un usurpateur."

That is to say : " I need a marriage which will add to my grandeur and which will shield me from being considered a usurper," which too accurately fitted his case. That tragedy was therefore scratched out from the repertoire.

When Louis XVIII took his seat on the throne of his ancestors, he also was in the habit of going to the Comédie Française in search of flattering allusions, and when the tragedy of "Héraclius" was played, the line—"Tyran, descends du trône et fais place à ton maître" (Tyrant, step down from the throne and make room for thy master), always drew the applause of the audience and caused an ovation in honour of the King. Desirous of putting an end to all political allusions on the stage, Louis Philippe directed that tragedies should no longer be played at gala performances, and that the "Armide" of Gluck should take their place. This is the most inoffensive piece in existence; it wounds the feelings of no one, and is incapable of giving rise to quarrels between sovereigns, which are always a bad thing for nations.

## CHAPTER V.

Anecdotes of French actors and actresses—Histrionic ability and beauty of Mademoiselle Mars—The production of an apothecary—How Napoleon gave his likeness to a comedienne—A theatre where the French language is well pronounced—The romantic school of acting—Rows over plays—A Paris theatre governed by decrees drawn up at Moscow—Sociétaires and pensionnaires in the company—Their salaries and benefits—How pieces are received or rejected—Anecdotes of how Dumas, Sardou, Augier, etc., read their plays to the committee—Museum of the Comédie Française—Statue of Voltaire—Reminiscences of the famous Foyer.

OF the actors and actresses who played at the Française nearly a century ago it would be a superfluous task to discuss the talents, but it may be permitted us to record a few of their peculiar characteristics and to account for some of their great reputations. At the time of her *début*, and for some while afterward, Mademoiselle Mars dazzled the public by her beauty as well as by her remarkable histrionic abilities, but not having known when to quit

the stage, and having insisted on playing the rôle of *ingénues* up to the very last, she lost the favour of the public towards the end of her long career. She was very dressy, and, like her comrade, Mademoiselle Devienne—one of the most perfect *soubrettes* the French stage has ever possessed—she led the fashions during the first years of the Empire. Indeed Mademoiselle Mars had made a contract with her modiste, according to the terms of which the latter agreed not to “create” hats like those she wore for anybody else until she had shown them on the stage or on the streets at least ten times. At Longchamps, on Easter day, or when all the fashionable world of Paris went into the Champs Élysées in the latest styles, great ladies used to go there to study the *toilettes* of Devienne and Mars, and would then imitate them in a slavish manner.

Never did any Duchess of the old Court of Versailles know how to manage a train with more grace than Devienne, who was a handsome creature, as was shown by the portrait which the Comédie Française possessed of her. She retired from the stage in 1813, after a career of twenty-seven years, while still in the possession of all the brilliancy of her talents, but

Mademoiselle Mars did not have the good sense to follow her example. When the latter was nearly sixty years old she created the leading part in "Mlle. de Belle-Isle," a part which represented a young girl of seventeen. Mars was self-willed, overbearing, and, along with her great talents, was very vain. Under the Restoration she had it announced in the press that she was going to play "dressed out in all her diamonds, exactly like a snuff-box." This was intended as a hit at the King who was very fond of diamond snuff-boxes and was always making presents of them to personnages. The critics were very hard on her towards the end of her career, and one of them wrote: "Really this *ingénue* is astonishing; she still manages to walk without using a cane."

Mademoiselle Louise Coutat was another star who shone along with Mars and Devienne. She had a good deal of talent and it was said of her that "she would draw the applause of the audience even if she took it into her head to read her dressmaker's bill to them." Mademoiselle Mars was once congratulated on the way in which she played the *rôle* of Célimene, and she replied: "I am equal to Louise Coutat in that character."

Mademoiselle Bourgoin was also remarkably handsome, and the chroniquers of the period used to declare that her eyes would make an Archbishop dance. She was in the good graces of Chaptal, a chemist who had become Minister of the Interior; she had a son by him, but he showed coldness for the child, so one day Bourgoin threatened that if he did not display more affection for his offspring she would go with the boy to the Emperor and instruct him to fall at his Majesty's feet and say:

“Sire, I am the production of your apothecary!”

Chaptal had rivals who contested the heart of Bourgoin, and duels galore were fought on her account. A marshal of France killed a young man to whom she had shown some little favour. On one occasion the Emperor went behind the curtain at the Comédie Française without giving notice of his coming. His unexpected presence so powerfully affected Bourgoin that she fainted, but when she recovered the conqueror of Austerlitz spoke to her, and she took advantage of the occasion to ask him for his likeness, whereupon he pulled out a five-franc piece and gave it to her. This was a mere pleasantry; but he atoned for it

the next day by sending one in miniature, set with diamonds.

Like Hercules, Napoleon used sometimes to spin at the feet of Omphale. He courted some of his actresses, but he courted them after his own fashion, that is to say, abruptly and laconically. Mademoiselle Georges was told to come to the Tuileries, to take part in a private conference, and she came away without having even so much as exchanged a word with her imperial accomplice.

These great actresses played with such great actors as Talma, Molé, Damas, Saint-Prix, Saint-Fel, and the Baptistes, and never was the French language better spoken than it was by them. In those days the public were hard to please and very critical, and would not have tolerated the interpretation of chefs-d'œuvre of French literature by actors afflicted with a faulty pronunciation, no matter how slight it might have been. Still the first theatre of France has always been a school where everybody went to learn how to speak the language, and the French Academy has respected its decisions. Its actors are personages of importance and occupy a recognised position, and when one of their number dies all Paris turns out to attend the funeral.

But if the interpreters were excellent, the literature of the First Empire was execrable and so they were forced to stick to the classic repertoire. It is believed that never has the Théâtre Français possessed a more completely talented troupe than that which Napoleon I held together, and yet never was there a period of greater penury in Dramatic Literature than during his reign. Things were no better, not even so good, under the Restoration, for one by one the artistes, who had been shining with such brilliancy, began to quit the stage. In 1829 most everything changed at the Français. The Romantic School made its appearance and restored vigour to the house by furnishing pieces which where to attract audiences and arouse violent literary quarrels. This revival began with the drama of "Henri III" by Alexandre Dumas. The public liked it, and it drew crowded houses. Victor Hugo's "Hernani, ou l'Honneur Castillian," was played the 25th of February, 1830, and the rehearsals had been very stormy.

Mademoiselle Mars took the *rôle* of Doña Sol, Forini played Hernani, and Michelot was Don Carlos. Victor Hugo, who as yet had neither prestige nor authority, had to fight

daily with the artistes in refuting their severe criticism. Michelot contended that the monologue in the fourth act was too long and that no actor ever existed with sufficient lung power to get off such a tirade.

Forini did not give the author much trouble, but Mars was merciless. She persisted in invoking her experience and her great talent as an actress, but Hugo would not allow himself to be imposed on by her pretended fears. At last the curtain went up ; the audience was divided into two hostile camps—friends of the author on the one side against hardened classics on the other. People in the pit insulted each other, and friends and enemies came out, when it was all over, without knowing whether the piece had proved a success or failure. The performance which followed was even more noisy and tumultuous than the first had been, and then there was an end to all hesitation.

After the battle of "Hernani" came that of "Le Roi s'Amuse." It was given once and then further performance of the piece was forbidden by the authorities. This gave rise to a lawsuit which went against the author, on the grounds of State policy, as the piece was regarded as wanting in the respect due to Roy-

alty. The writer was present at the second performance in Paris of that same play—it used to be given in this country as “The Fool’s Revenge,” by the late Edwin Booth—and that was fifty years after the first performance.

Strange as it may seem, the Paris theatre, officially and artistically known as the *Comédie Française*, and for which the Republic has done so much—free rent of the building, annual appropriation of fifty thousand dollars, etc.,—was largely governed by decrees which were written and signed by Napoleon I, while at Moscow, although they have been modified in certain details since then.

Those who play at the *Français* are *Sociétaires*, who take rank and are recompensed according to seniority, as a rule, and *Pensionnaires*, the former being usually selected from among the latter, most of whom studied at the Conservatoire. *Sociétaires* divide among themselves the house profits of each year in different proportions, that of each being regulated by the number of “twelfths” which he or she has been awarded, while *Pensionnaires* receive fixed salaries of so much per month.

Every year a balance sheet of receipts and expenses is drawn up, and the positive differ-

ence constitutes the amount which is to be divided among the regular members of the Corporation. That is to say, these profits are divided into a determined number of parts, each part consisting of what is termed a twelfth. A *part entière* is twelve-twelfths, and a few of the Sociétaires receive this much; but others have a right only to seven-twelfths, or to five-twelfths, and so on down to three-twelfths, which is about the usual beginning. In the profits a *part entière* is also paid to the Administrateur-Général. Besides his or her share in the profits, the Sociétaire also receives a sum for each performance, which varies; but he or she only receives one-half of said share at the end of the year, the other half being put out at interest; and they can only obtain this compulsory savings on the day when they are permitted to retire from that theatre. It may be added that the average profits of a whole part, or twelve-twelfths Sociétaire is about four thousand dollars annually.

There are also certain Ministerial allowances made in cash by the Director of Fine Arts granted every year, and finally each Sociétaire on retiring after twenty years of service, has a right, besides his or her reserve fund, to an

annual pension of five thousand francs from the theatre. This pension is augmented by two hundred francs for each year of service, the pension being liquidated proportionally; but this case rarely presents itself.

It will be seen that the pecuniary situation of members of the Théâtre Français is not at all a bad one; and when age or infirmity forces them to quit the stage they are assured, besides a capital which varies according to the profits and the time passed in the house, of a pension which sometimes rises to fourteen or sixteen hundred dollars annually. If they receive less than certain artistes whose large salaries are such sources of envy in other countries, they find a consolation in their situation at the Comédie Française and which assures them consideration in the present and comfort in the future.

Not knowing how much was saved and how much was lost when the Comédie Française was burned in 1900, I do not dare to say too much about its choice contents, with which I was somewhat familiar. But there was one room in the old house which is well worth describing, that of the Reading Committee. This committee met once a week and the Administrateur Général presided.

The reading finished, the author retired and the committee voted without remarks or discussion, each member placing in an urn a white, a red, or a black ball, and which indicated respectively "positive reception," "reception subject to corrections," and "refusal." This method of voting was adopted in consequence of a laughable incident which happened when members of the committee voted ballots, on which he or she—women could belong to the committee in those days, but they cannot now—had to give an opinion in writing, to be afterward read in the presence of the author. One day a play in verse was read before the committee; the reading through, summing up of votes took place, and the Administrateur Général came on one which bore the signature of the leading lady. It read as follows: "Cette petite acte m'a paru *charmante*, mais invraisemblable; je *la* refuse." The point is, she made the substantive *acte* feminine, whereas it is masculine, and a mischievous weekly paper printed the story as a joke on the committee.

It is a good deal of an art to read a play properly. The elder Alexandre Dumas used to like it, and yet he always read badly. He tried to vary his tone according to the dialogue

required, but after an act or so, his voice settled into a grave and monotonous chant which almost prevented his listeners understanding a word of what he was reading. Once he was congratulated on being as good a reader as Schiller, but he was not quite convinced as to the sincerity of this remark, and so he asked Madame Dorval, the leading lady, what she thought of it. "My dear Alexandre," said she, "I am inclined to be of their opinion, although I think you have one superiority over Schiller."

"In what way, if you please?" he asked.

"Why, you read worse than he does."

Victorine Sardou is a fine reader. He plays all the parts of his piece, waves his hands, throws his handkerchief on the table, picks it up again, clutches the arm of his chair furiously, never rants, never sinks his voice too low, but acts all the time he is reading. He puts every part in a full light before his hearers, and they understand his play well when he has finished. Emile Augier read his plays simply and good-naturedly, but nothing he said was ever lost on the committee. Pailleron read in a pompous way, and was not always understood; he would often interrupt himself with some audible

remark about such and such a part needing touching up.

On what we would call the "prompt side" of the stage at the old house might have been seen the *guignol*, or little shed, in which artistes changed their costumes when in a great hurry ; also the *loge*, or office, of the *semanier*, wherein he wrote out his daily report. From this office a door opened into a tolerably good-sized sitting-room which was connected with one of the proscenium boxes by a private passage, thus forming a *suite* of rooms. This was the private box of the Administrateur Général, and it was the identical box which Napoleon I made use of. He had a private key to the door just mentioned, and was in the habit of going back on the stage to see Talma, or Mademoiselle Georges. On the opposite side of the house, and next to the stage, was the private box of the President of the Republic. The dressing-rooms of all the actors and actresses in that theatre were most excellent ; in this one thing alone, if there were no other, the artistes of the Comédie Française were perhaps better cared for than are the players of any other theatre on earth.

There was almost a kind of Museum con-

nected with the old Comédie Française; for there was sufficient material in the house to form a most respectable museum, but the articles had never been gathered together in one common gallery. It is to be hoped that all these many things, these precious relics, these unique documents were preserved from destruction by the calamity of 1900, as they were not only very valuable and interesting, but also very curious and entertaining. Ten or a dozen years ago some one offered a part of Talma's heart, in a bottle, to the Comédie. Now the heart of a tragedian, who was the friend of an emperor, a heart which had palpitated with all the loves, all the sorrows, all the joys of life, which had concealed the most singular mixture of real and artificial amours, of contradictory passions, and opposing sentiments, certainly this was a relic of great value. So of course the Administration accepted it, perhaps with a vague hope that it would serve as a "Mascot" and attract other donations to the house. Still it could not have been wholly that, for proof was soon shown to the contrary. Mademoiselle Duchesnois was a great tragedienne who shared the triumphs of Talma. On her death-bed she willed one of her hands to a

friend ; it was cut off, properly cured, and delivered to its inheritor. Soon after Talma's heart had been accepted this mummified hand of the once illustrious actress was offered to the "Museum" of the *Français*, but it was refused. "The Museum of the Comedy ought to be a collection of works of Art and of literary documents, not an anatomical gallery," said Monsieur Jules Claretie at the time, and he was quite right. We may worship gifted actresses while they are living, even guard pious souvenirs of those of them who once charmed us, but we should draw the line at making a collection of their skeletons, whether as a whole or in pieces. It was a caricaturist of modern date who showed to a "Globe trotter," visiting Stratford-on-Avon, two skulls of William Shakespeare, one of the immortal poet and play-writer as a child, the other of him after his death. Time was when a bit of Agnes Sorel's hair and a fragment from Molière's jawbone were exhibited at the Cluny Museum ; this latter specimen of literary osteology found its way to the *Français*, and was in its Museum, but whatever became of the curly lock of the once fair Agnes no one knows. The anatomical section of the Comedian's Museum consisted

therefore of the fragment of a heart, ditto of a jawbone, and some filaments that once grew on the head of Talma.

That Museum was, however, infinitely rich in articles of much greater value from the artistic and literary point of view. The general public, which only saw in the Grand Stairway, the Peristyle, and the Foyer a certain number of busts and statues had no idea whatever, or at least but an imperfect one, of the great treasures which the house contained. The "Musée Molière," as it was often termed, contained something like two hundred oil paintings, nearly a hundred water colours, drawings, and engravings, ninety odd statues and busts in marble and plaster, ten in bronze, fifteen in *terre cuite*, or baked clay, and twenty statuettes or figurines in Sèvres porcelain. Undoubtedly there were some inferior works among the lot, but even the most mediocre of them offered real historical interest and gave one the opportunity of making a complete study of French comedians in past centuries. In 1743 the first canvas of this collection was given to the Théâtre Français by one of the "Comédiennes du Roi," Marie Anne de Chateauneuf Du Clos, and it was her own portrait in the *rôle* of

Ariane, painted by Largilli  re. The second portrait to reach the house was that of Baron, by Troy; but it was much smaller than the one just mentioned, which fact displeased certain visitors "behind the scenes" who believed in democratic equality, and their indignant protests impelled the Comedians to enlarge it by sewing a wide band of canvas all about it, after which it was framed again. In November, 1777, Monsieur Caffieri, a sculptor of talent, gave the Fran  ais a fine bust of Pierre Corneille. A year later he also gave one of Thomas Corneille, a copy of the original by Jouvenet, which was owned by Countess de Bonville. Whereupon, in the way of thanks, the Comedians accorded his "entr  es," or free admittance to the theatre, to Jean Jacques Caffieri.

I used to spend some pleasant hours in the Foyer of the old Com  die Fran  aise, looking around as my mind called up the many souvenirs with which the place was crowded. One may mock at tradition, and sneer at souvenirs, but there is a sentimental side to life which is quite agreeable for some of us. At any rate, it was in tradition and in souvenirs that lay the power of La Com  die. There as elsewhere

innovations had to be made, of course, but it was always done with infinite precautions. "Things are not done here as they are done elsewhere," said Verteuil, early in our acquaintance, and with his grave air of an Under Secretary of State. And right he was too. In the world of letters as in the world of politics, there is need for a conservative Senate, and the Comédie Française has always been the senate of dramatic art. The very manners of its venerable *coulisses* had a stamp which could not escape the attentive observer. Wit was frank there and was so from tradition, but gallantry was always discreet within its walls. There were *liaisons*, but there are never any scandals connected with those sort of things at the Français. It is Colombine who says of French actresses that they are monsters; and it would seem that love is as indispensable to their success as professionals as is the Conservatoire to the beginning of their career. The cold-looking Foyer heard the low voice of passion and the merry confessions of many a caprice. Decently, but without hypocrisy, *la galanterie* admitted there those charming weaknesses which are such a source of strength for dramatic art. Actors are men who have no need of excitants

in order to move their audiences, but not so with actresses. Even the best instructed of the latter have to follow instinct which is with them the principal, the all-important quality. And however penetrating may be the female mind, there are sensations which they can never divine, which they can never express if they have not known them. Diderot, who always spoke of the art of acting with genius, wished that the actor might have experienced the feelings that he was to give expression to, but at the same time would remain master of himself in expressing them; that there should take place in the actor's mind a sort of crystallisation of life or rather that he should possess that peculiar faculty of duplication which would make in him two men ceaselessly watching and studying each other, one feeling and experiencing the actual living sensations while the other brought them to the state that art demanded. He held that these two things were indispensable, and perhaps they are found in the case of most actresses. It is on this account that they make such poor wives. In the moments when there should be only tender intimacies between man and wife, or thought of children, actresses are thinking

of the stage and of the public. They live in a fictitious world ; and this peculiar condition of the heart, of the senses, can it be a good thing for a man whom an actress loves ? I leave to others the task of answering the question. I only point out that it exists, and in this I am in agreement with the traditions of the Comédie Française.

## CHAPTER VI.

The Paris Conservatory—Founded one hundred and eighteen years ago—Talma was its first great graduate—How the music of the “Chant du Départ” was composed—Present organisation of the famous institution—Four annual competitions held—State control over all graduates—The Conservatoire buildings—Now a Musical College and Dramatic School—Its chief aim and purpose—A liberal, theoretic, and practical system of education—The good results obtained.

HAVING thus, rather incompletely, described the highest examples of Lyric and Dramatic Art at Paris, let us turn to that State Institution, where so many successful French singers, actors and instrumentalists were taught the beginnings of their calling. The Conservatoire de Musique was founded by Baron de Breteuil, and was managed by Gosse, by virtue of a royal decree, dated January 3, 1784. In June, 1786, a class of Dramatic Declamation was added, and Molé, Dugazon and Fleury, “Comedians of the King,” were appointed professors. The first lesson

was given by Dugazon, and the first pupil who graduated belonged to this class ; his name was Talma and he made his *début* at the Théâtre Francais in 1787. Later on Bernard Sarrette became head of the concern. He was a Captain in the Garde Nationale, and got up a band of forty-five musicians, composed of the members of the band of the old Gardes Françaises.

The city assumed the expense of this band in May, 1790, and increased the number to seventy ; two years later the Commune decreed the establishment of a gratuitous school for the band, and provided for the instruction of one hundred and twenty pupils between the ages of ten and sixteen, who were without knowledge of music, or between eighteen and twenty if they knew music. “The Institution National de Musique,” founded by decree the 18th Brumaire (year 2), was located in the Rue Saint Joseph ; Sarrette was at the head of it, and he got into trouble because a pupil had played “O Richard ! O Mon Roi !” on his trombone. Saretta was thrown into prison, but was allowed to come out under guard in order to take charge of the musical part of the “*Fête de l’Étre Suprême*.” The 15th Prairial (June 3, 1794), he received from the Committee of Public Safety an order,

signed Carnot, Barrère and Robert Lindet, to teach a patriotic hymn, for which Gosse had composed the music, and Robespierre held him responsible for its good execution. The hymn was executed on the Champ de la Reunion, now the Champ de Mars, the 20th Prairial, by a vast number of musicians, including one hundred drummers, the last strophe being accompanied by volleys of artillery.

It was while concealed in the house of Sarrette that Chenier wrote the words of the "Chant du Départ," in celebration of the fourth anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Mehul composed the music off-hand, standing up at the chimney, in a room full of people, all of whom were talking; and it was executed for the first time by the orchestra and chorus of the Conservatoire. General Bonaparte, who was present, believed that it would excite military ardour and courage, and had it placed among the National airs. In 1795 the Convention passed a decree suppressing the band of the National Guard, also the School of Singing and Declamation; but that same day a law was promulgated creating the Conservatoire de Musique, assigning it to its present quarters in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, and plac-

ing it under the control of five inspectors and four professors, an appropriation of \$48,000 being made at the same time for the support of the Institution. A year later Sarrette was again placed at the head of the school, and classes were opened for the first time in 1796.

In 1806 Napoleon I added a School of Declamation to the Conservatoire and ordered that board should be furnished to eleven male and six female pupils at the expense of the State. Monvel, Dugazon, Dazincourt and Lafond were appointed Professors of Declamation and they began their lessons in April, 1807. In 1809 Talma succeeded Dazincourt. Sarrette was removed from his place as Director in November, 1815, and the school was closed; two years later an "*École Royale de Musique et Declamation*" was created and Perne was appointed its manager; but in 1822 the Conservatoire was re-established, and Cherubini was placed at its head. Male pupils were now boarded in the Institution, and at the end of 1824 the classes in Declamation were revived.

The present organisation of the Conservatoire, that is to say, the studies, is divided into eight sections, viz. : 1 *Enseignement complementaire*—solfeggio (collective and individual), clavier,

*rôles*; 2. Singing; 3. Lyric declamation; 4. Piano and harp; 2. Wind instruments, flute, hautbois, clarinet, horn, bassoon, trumpet, cornet à piston, trombone; 6. Bow instruments. violin, violoncello, counterbass, 7. Harmony, organ and composition (counterpoint, fugue and ideal composition); 8. Dramatic declamation. Each section is divided into classes—there are fourteen for solfeggio, four for fingerboard (two male and two female), one for study of *rôles*, eight for singing, four for violin, two for violoncello, one for counterbass, one for flute, one for hautbois, one for clarinet, one for bassoon, one for French horn, one for trumpet, one for cornet, one for bugle, one for instrumental ensemble, two for written harmony for men, four for harmony and accompaniment (two male and two female), one for organ, four for composition, five for dramatic declamation (three male and two female), one for dancing and carriage, and one for fencing. The Institution is under a Director, who is aided by two Boards of Instruction, one for the musical, the other for the dramatic studies, and which are independent of each other, except when called on to form the Conseil Supérieur, which deals with matters relating to the general interests of the Conservatoire. All the Pro-

fessors are members of one or the other Board, and beside the Professors the Board of Musical Instruction is composed of certain Government Officials (the Director of Fine Arts and the Chief of the Bureau of Theatres), etc. Besides the Professors the Board of Dramatic Instruction is composed of the two Government officials just mentioned, and of two dramatic authors, while the personnel of the Conservatoire includes two secretaries, two clerks, two librarians, a conservator and a number of servants, all appointed by the Minister of Fine Arts on the recommendation of the Director of the Conservatoire.

There are four *concours*, or competitions, held at the Conservatoire during the year. The first, in October, is the competition for admission to the classes; the second, in January, is the competition for *pensions*, or annual allowances; the third, in June, is an examination for admission to the fourth, or final, annual competition held during the month of July. All pupils without exception undergo the January and June competition. Only those who are applicants for admission as pupils take part in the October one, and only those who have successfully passed the one of June are permitted to show them-

selves in the July contest. As a matter of fact, applicants must have been born in France, and be over nine and under twenty-two years of age; but foreign-born persons may also be admitted with the consent of the Minister, who has also power to make exceptions to the rule as to limits of age in cases that he considers especially deserving of such a favour. Frequently applicants who live in the provinces are allowed their expenses of coming to Paris and staying there during the examination.

There is no appeal from the decisions of the "Comités d'examen," or Juries of Examination, but the Director can, at his pleasure, admit pupils to certain classes, while those who fail to pass the examination, if they have shown any talent whatever, can obtain permission to attend the classes as auditors. Persons who are much older than any of the pupils are also permitted to attend these classes as auditors. I have seen English and American actors and actresses of middle age, and who had already gained reputation on the stage, thus passing their spare hours in Paris studying at the feet of Got or of Delaunay. The time for pupils to remain at the Conservatoire varies. They cannot be sent away during the

first year, but the length of time after that depends on their progress.

No charge of any kind whatever is made or fees exacted ; everything is free, and in certain cases pecuniary aid is given to meritorious pupils. The male and female pupils are taught in separate classes except in those of Lyric and Dramatic Declamation, and the mothers of female pupils are allowed to be present during the lessons. Each professor is required to give three lessons of two hours each per week, and the unexcused failure to give three lessons in any one month results in a forfeiture of his or her salary for that month. A pupil who misses two lessons a month without being excused is dropped from the rolls. No pupil is permitted to enter into an engagement to play on the stage or in an orchestra without the authorisation of the Director. By a Ministerial decree it was ordered that all pupils entering the Conservatoire shall contract an obligation to hold themselves during three months after graduation at the disposal of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts for engagement at one of the State theatres, and the salaries for such engagements are also fixed by law. That is to say, the pupil is insured a

positive annual salary for three years at the Opera, at the Opera Comique, at the Théâtre Français, or at the Odéon, but of course the management at either of these houses may increase such salary, and it is often done.

At the final annual *concours* a first and a second prize and three accessits, or mentions, for each sex are awarded to pupils competing in the same line of study. Pupils of the same sex and in the same line of study compete together for these prizes, but in the Declamation classes the male and female pupils, while competing at the same time, do not compete against each other, and no pupil who has not been at the Conservatoire more than six months, or who has ever made a *début* on the stage, is allowed to compete. The juries at this *concours* are the same as at the other examinations, except in the Declamation classes, where the whole jury is composed of persons not connected with the Institution. The members of the Composition class, that is to say, Music composition, compete each year for a prize known as the Grand Prix, which gives the winner exemption from military service, and a State aid, or pension, of six hundred dollars annually during five years, which time he must

spend in Italy and Germany studying the musical works of those countries. On his return to France, the "Grand Prix" has the right to have a piece composed by him brought out at one of the subventioned theatres where musical works are given.

The Conservatoire buildings occupy an entire square of land, with the principal entrance on the Rue Faubourg Poissonnière. On this same ground formerly stood the mansion, stables, and dependencies of "Monsieur l'Intendant des Ménus Plaisirs du Roi." Under the Regency it was the residence of a great grandson of Condé, who was nicknamed "Count Collet" because he was short and fat. He resided in the ancestral Hôtel de Condé, in the Faubourg Saint Germain, but the house in the Faubourg Poissonnière was where he spent much of his time with a certain lady who presented him with two daughters, afterwards legitimised, however, by Royal decree. After the death of the Count the property was purchased by the Crown for the purpose of creating an establishment known as the "Ménus Plaisirs" of the King. By and by it became a store house for the decorations and scenery used at Court Balls; and when the Opera was burned, the

company, while the Porte Saint Martin Theatre was being built for them, gave their performances in it. The buildings form a quadrangle which contains a theatre of wonderful acoustic qualities, a concert hall, and numerous class rooms. There is also a large library, and a fine instrumental museum.

The Conservatoire is the great Musical College and Dramatic School of France, an Institution where pupils are instructed in the laws governing those fine arts, and where the healthy traditions of the French School of Music are preserved and transmitted as they were received from the classic masters. But the Paris Conservatoire cannot give genius to those who do not already possess it. Its mission is to develop the creative faculties, to inspire a love for a thorough study of the art, to form a correct taste in its pupils, to resist the changing caprices of fashion, to combat all dangerous or evil tendencies. Such were the ideas of its earliest Directors; such was the idea of Auber, and such was the idea of Ambroise Thomas, who preceded the present able head of the establishment.

It is to the unity of the views of all the men who have presided over the Conservatoire since



DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE.



the commencement of the nineteenth century that are due whatever good results have been obtained—results which at least has rendered the Institution celebrated throughout the world. The methods taught have been adopted in other schools, its text books have been translated into many languages. It is to these methods that is due that elegance of execution for which French orchestras are noted, and certainly the best singers that the French lyric stage possesses were, with very few exceptions, taught how to sing at the Paris Conservatoire.

But if the seventy professors, who instruct these pupils, are untiring in their work, it must also be said that the French Government has placed at their disposal resources which no similar institution possesses. There is nothing lacking that will aid the pupils in acquiring complete knowledge of the branch of Art they are following. Lessons and books, talented instructors, printed and manuscript scores, ancient and modern instruments, private practice and practice before the public—in a word, all that speaks to the mind, that provokes instructive and useful comparisons, that stimulates ardour in study, that begets noble

ambitions are within its walls for pupils, and everything is free. The system of education is liberal, theoretic, and practical. It has formed many great masters, it has turned out many distinguished artistes and virtuosi, and it is indeed an Institution worthy of the capital and worthy of the French nation.

## PART TWO.

“Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.”

[HARTLEY COLERIDGE.



## CHAPTER VII.

The great work of the Third Republic—How the Capital has been improved and embellished—The bridges of Paris—Thirty of them within the city limits—The Bièvre rivulet—Course of the River Seine through historic grounds—Battlefield between the people and the Royal Guards—Treasure trove—The famous Pont Neuf—Palace of the Legion d'Honneur—A bridge constructed of stones from the old Bastille—The Quai d'Orsay—Wanderings of the river—Some sixty different quays along its shores—Numerous curiosity shops in the Quai Voltaire—Old prints, old portraits and old volumes—The land of wholesale wine merchants.

COMING now to present Paris, it must be admitted by every one that the Third Republic has done its full share towards enriching, embellishing, enlarging and improving the capital. There is, for instance, the magnificent Hôtel de Ville already mentioned, several Market Houses, and the Palais du Trocadero, built at the time of the Universal Exhibition of 1878, and which forms a striking part of decorative Paris. New churches, new bridges,

new railway stations, new theatres, new colleges, new boulevards, and new parks, have also been fostered by the Republic. It is true that new bridges were constructed by the "Wise King," very long ago, but there was not enough of them, and the people grumbled. In those days, and for a long while afterwards, all bridges were covered with houses along their sides so that teams and persons passing through the narrow way saw next to nothing of the stream below. These buildings were owned by the city, which rented them at high prices; but there are none of those old bridges now, however. From the point where the river enters the city at Bercy, until it leaves the city at Auteuil, a distance of nearly nine miles, the Seine is spanned by thirty bridges, nearly every one of which was constructed within the nineteenth century, and many are the work of the Third Republic. The first bridge under which the river passes, entering the capital, is a railway and carriage structure that was built by Napoleon III at a cost of \$450,000. Then it was called the Pont Napoléon, but now it is the Pont National, and it forms the connecting link between the Porte de Bercy and the Porte de la Gare, as the two



AN OLD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SEINE.



entrances through the fortifications at this point, on the right and left banks of the river, are called. Next we have the Pont de Tolbiac, one of the newest bridges across the Seine. It is a splendid structure of five stone arches, uniting the Quai de Bercy—where all the vast wine-cellars and bonded warehouses of the capital are located—to the Quai de la Gare, where there is a large freight depot of the Western Railway Company. After that comes the Pont de Bercy, joining the Quai de la Rapée on the right to the Quai d'Austerlitz on the left bank. This bridge was built in place of a suspension bridge erected during the First Empire; it has five arches, and cost \$265,000. Still descending the river, the next bridge is the Pont d'Austerlitz. The original bridge of this name was built in 1807, and it was one of the first iron bridges ever constructed. It was named after the famous victory over the Austrians and Russians, and when the Allies restored the Bourbons to the Throne, one of the conditions exacted was that this name should be changed. It was accordingly named the Pont du Jardin du Roi, but the people persisted in calling it by its original title. When rebuilt and widened in 1855 the original name

was restored to it. It is entirely of stone, has five arches, is nearly sixty feet wide, and cost \$280,000. The names of all French officers who were killed at the battle of Austerlitz are carved on its stones.

A few yards below this bridge, on the right bank, opens the Saint Martin canal, which soon disappears under the Place de la Bastille and the Boulevard Richard Lenoir. On the left bank, a short distance above the bridge of Austerlitz, the little River Bièvre empties its inky black waters into the Seine. The Bièvre is a rivulet which winds through the south-eastern part of the capital, whose waters are, according to ancient tradition, which is implicitly believed even now, peculiarly adapted to the dyeing and tanning trades. It is from the establishments located on its banks that come the discoloration and foul odour of its water; and it is on those same banks that the best French kip is manufactured.

The river has now reached the Ile Saint Louis, and across the eastern point of this island, uniting the Quai Henri IV on the right bank to the Quai Saint Bernard on the left bank, is the Pont Sully, built in 1874. It has six arches and cost \$300,000. The course of the river





now lies through the historic grounds over which we have been wandering since the beginning of this work. The Ile Saint Louis has undergone very few changes since the seventeenth century. It is still filled with old mansions fronting on the river which were once inhabited by the French nobility, but are now shelter for a large colony of Polish refugees, and a few of the rising generation of French and Belgian littérateurs. Among the historical houses on this little island is the Hôtel Lambert, residence in the seventeenth century of Lambert de Thorigny, and which still contains a ceiling painted by Lebrun, representing the marriage of Hercules and Hebe, also some mural pictures by Lesueur. On the right bank, close to the Pont Sully, is the ancient Arsenal, with its valuable public library of two hundred and fifty thousand volumes and nine thousand manuscripts, and which is rich in documents relating to the stage and the works of the early French poets. Close at hand, on the Quai des Célestins, is a large old mansion of the Renaissance period, known as the Hôtel La Valette, from the name of the family for whom it was erected, while a few doors farther on an inscription records the fact that "Rabelais died in this house in the year 1553."

Beside the Pont Sully there are three bridges connecting the Ile Saint Louis with the two banks of the river, the Ponts Marie and Louis Philippe across the right branch, and the Pont de la Tournelle across the left branch. The first of these was erected during the early part of the seventeenth century. In 1658 a sudden rise of the river swept away two of its arches, and, of the fifty houses that stood on it twenty-two were destroyed. This experience prevented the rebuilding of the houses when the bridge was repaired, but the houses which escaped the flood were not pulled down until during the Revolution. The island possesses still another bridge, the Pont Saint Louis, which connects its western end with the Ile de la Cité. This is a single arch of stone, erected at a cost of \$160,000, and its eastern end is close beside the Morgue, while in front of it rise the imposing walls, pinnacles, and flying buttresses of Notre Dame.

We have now reached the island of the ancient Cité, the island of Lutetia, the island of the early Parisii, of the Gauls, of the Romans and of the Franks. All this has been told however; its history has been already recorded; its ancient Palace of the Kings, its prison of the Con-

ciergerie, its Temple of Justice, etc., have been fully described in these pages. One of the bridges of the Cité, the Pont Notre Dame, is among the oldest of Paris, although it has been rebuilt several times, and perhaps there remains very little of the original structure. Just above this bridge is the Pont d'Arcole, and just below it the Pont au Change. The old name of the first of these two, was Pont de la Gréve, the name of the square where public executions took place prior to the Revolution, and it faces the Hôtel de Ville. The most stirring event that is recorded in connection with the Pont d'Arcole was the battle which took place on it between the people and the Royal Guards during the attack on the City Hall in July, 1830. The leader of the Revolutionists, a young man named Arcole, was one of the victims of that engagement, and it is in his honour that the bridge bears its present name. The Pont au Change was built at a cost of \$260,000, on the site occupied by the first bridge ever constructed in Paris; it is so named because the bridge that stood there in the twelfth century was covered with shops occupied by money changers. The northern end of that bridge opens into the Place du Châtellet, while at the Cité end of it,

on the Quai de l'Horloge, a flower market is held on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

On the other side of the Ile de la Cité, immediately opposite the Pont au Change, is the Pont Saint Michel, which, in the seventeenth century, was the Rialto of Paris, its shops being nearly all occupied by jewelers and goldsmiths. In 1807, during an intensely hot summer, the branch of the river that passes under this bridge became dry. Excavations were made in the mud thus exposed and a quantity of gold and silver dishes, snuff boxes, etc., were brought to light, that were valued at something like \$250, 000. It is supposed that the goldsmiths on the bridge threw these articles into the river when surprised by a sudden visit from the assayers of the mint, preferring to lose works which bore adulteration rather than to damage their credit by being arrested. The present Pont Saint Michel is a wide, handsome bridge resting on three stone arches. It ends on the left bank of the river, in the Place Saint Michel, whose chief ornament is a magnificent mural fountain representing the Archangel vanquishing Lucifer. From this Place and bridge, stretches away the boulevard Saint Michel, on which, within sight of the bridge, are to be seen the

ruins of the Palais des Thermes of the Roman Emperors. Further along, and on both sides the "Boul. Mich." stretches the famous Latin Quarter.

On the same side of the Ile de la Cité are the Pont de l'Archéveché, Pont au Double, so called from the toll being a double farthing, and the Petit Pont. The last named was already known as the "old little bridge" as long ago as the thirteenth century. In all, there have been fourteen bridges on this site, prior to the present one, which is a single stone arch built at a cost of \$80,000.

At its lower end the island of the Cité forms a sharp narrow point, and it is across this that stretches, from the Quai du Louvre on the right to the Quai Conti on the left bank, the most famous of all the bridges of Paris. Pont Neuf does not however, mean "new bridge," as is generally supposed, even by many Parisians, and if it did it would be a terrible misnomer, for it is one of the oldest structures in the capital. The name comes from there having been nine streets leading directly to it. It is the longest of all the bridges of Paris, the length being one thousand and twenty-five feet and the width eighty-five. It rests on

twelve arches, and at each pier there is a semi-circular bay with a stone bench. There is more travel across the Pont Neuf than over any other single bridge in the capital, and there is no other point whence so fine a view of the river and its shores can be had.

Standing at the foot of the equestrian statue of Henri IV, on the central pier of the Pont Neuf, one has a full view on the right bank of the long façade of the Louvre, and a glimpse of the Church of Saint Germain de l'Auxerrois; beyond the Louvre stretch the Champs Élysées, and one sees the Chamber of Deputies, while far away looms up the Trocadero. On the left bank one sees the Mint and the Institute, while close to the end of the bridge, on the Quai Conti, is a house in which Napoleon I lived when he was a poor lieutenant of Artillery. The statue of Henri IV, against which we are supposed to be leaning, was the first monument of this kind ever erected in Paris, although this is not the original statue. That one was broken down and its metal cast into cannon; but Louis XVIII had a reproduction of the original made, and it was set up on the old pedestal. The bridge was restored during the Second Empire at a cost of \$350,000. At this bridge begins



CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.



one of the most curious industries of the capital, that of the second-hand book dealers who line the parapets of the quays on the left bank with their wares, all the way from the Pont Neuf to the Pont Royal.

The first bridge below the Ile de la Cité is at the Pont des Arts, which, however, is only a foot bridge, connecting the Louvre with the Palace of the Institute. The Pont Carousel comes next, with a line of houses on the Quai Voltaire so named because the house in which Voltaire died stands at number twenty-three, fronting it. The next bridge, the Pont Royal, is the last of the old bridges. After that we have the Pont de Solferino, one of the many bridges built during the Second Empire and which cost \$260,000. Near the northern end of this bridge, on the Quai d'Orsay, is the Palace of the Legion d'Honneur, which occupies a house that was once the residence of Madame de Staël. On the right bank the Pont de Solferino opens on the Gardens of the Tuileries.

The next bridge is the Pont de la Concorde, completed in 1790 at a cost of \$250,000, and a portion of it was constructed of stones from the old Bastille. It was originally ornamented with twelve colossal marble statues, but as these

made the bridge seem overloaded and top-heavy, they were removed many years ago. The immediate neighbourhood of that bridge is the finest in the capital, and from it there is a superb view, both up and down the river. It unites the famous and beautiful Place de la Concorde to the Quai d'Orsay, and to say Quai d'Orsay in Paris is like saying Downing Street in London, for both really mean the Foreign Office. In the Quai d'Orsay we find, just here, the Palais Bourbon or Chamber of Deputies, the official residence of the speaker, or president of that body, and the Ministère des Affaires Étrangère, or Foreign Office. The Ministry of Commerce is also in this Quai, a few yards up the river; the Ministry of War is but a short distance away, and we have only to cross the bridge and pass through the Place de la Concorde to come to the Ministry of Marine, or Navy Department. Nor is the Palais de l'Élysée, the President's official residence or the Interior Department very far from the Foreign Office.

The Seine now passes through the newest and perhaps the handsomest part of Paris, where the quays on both sides of it are planted with large shade trees, and are laid out with





esplanades, parks and terraces. Here and there stand marble statues, and everywhere one sees fine houses. The Pont des Invalides and the Pont de l'Alma are both splendid structures, costing about \$300,000 each ; on the piers of the latter, facing up and down the stream, are six stone figures, several times larger than life, representing the various branches of the French army in the Crimean war. At one end of this bridge, on the right bank of the river, in an open place, where the Avenue Marceau, the Avenue de l'Alma and the Avenue Montagne come together stands a statue of General de Lafayette, which was paid for by the children of public schools in the United States. The Pont des Invalides was destroyed by an ice gorge which formed in the river during the winter of 1879-80—we drove horses attached to sleighs on the Seine that winter, and it was the coldest weather I ever experienced—but the bridge was soon rebuilt at a cost of \$250,000, precisely as it was before.

On the left bank, but not immediately facing the bridge, are the large open grounds, surrounded by fine old trees, which front the Hôtel des Invalides, with its gilded dome, and the Tomb of Napoleon. On the right bank of

the river, running from the Place de la Concorde to this bridge, lies the Cours la Reine, and at the corner of that beautiful avenue, and a street which faces the bridge, is a mansion covered all over with rich sculptures. This is known as the Maison François I. It originally stood at Moret, where it was erected in 1523 as a country house for Diane de Poitiers. In 1826 the house was carefully taken down, brought safely to Paris, and re-erected on this spot.

At the Pont de l'Alma the river bends away to the southwest and about one thousand yards below that bridge the stream is crossed by the Pont d'Iéna, architecturally speaking the handsomest of all the bridges of Paris. It was erected between 1809 and 1813, and it cost \$1,250,000. Napoleon I gave it its present name in commemoration of his victory of the fourteenth of October, 1806, over the Prussians, and when the Allies came into the capital, after Waterloo, it was with great difficulty that Blucher was persuaded from destroying it. To satisfy that general, Louis XVIII took away its name and gave it another, but the public refused to adopt the change, and Pont d'Iéna it was then, as it is to-day. It forms

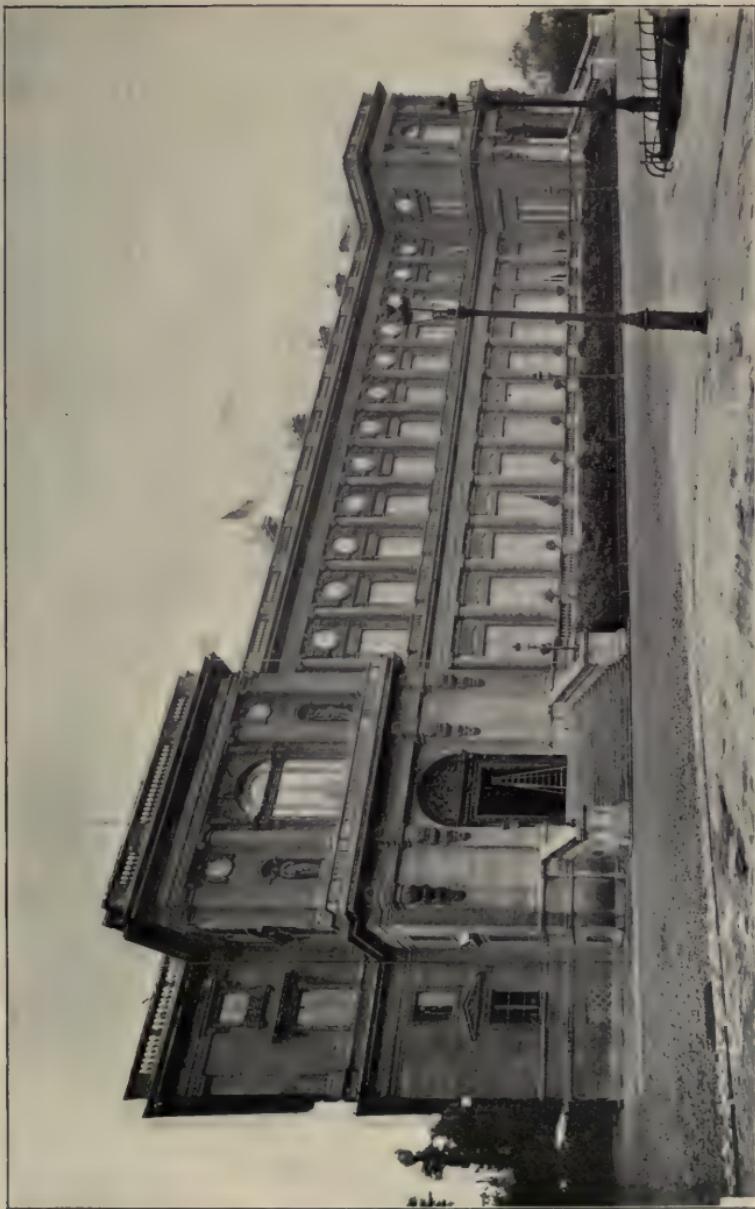
the communication between the Palais de Trocadero and the Champ de Mars.

The next two bridges, the first of which is a foot bridge, are the Pont de Passy and the Pont de Grenelle, both resting on a long narrow island known as the Ile des Cygnes, whereon stands another statue of General de Lafayette which was paid for and erected by Americans. Then comes the Pont Mirabeau, and finally we have the magnificent viaduct of Auteuil, consisting of two bridges, one above the other, and which was completed at a cost of nearly \$2,000,000. The lower bridge is for vehicles and foot people; the upper one is reserved for the railway that makes the circuit of Paris, locally called the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture. This railway and vehicle bridge marks the limits of Southwestern Paris. There run the fortifications, and beyond them is the country, and the suburban villages of Bas Meudon and of Billancour.

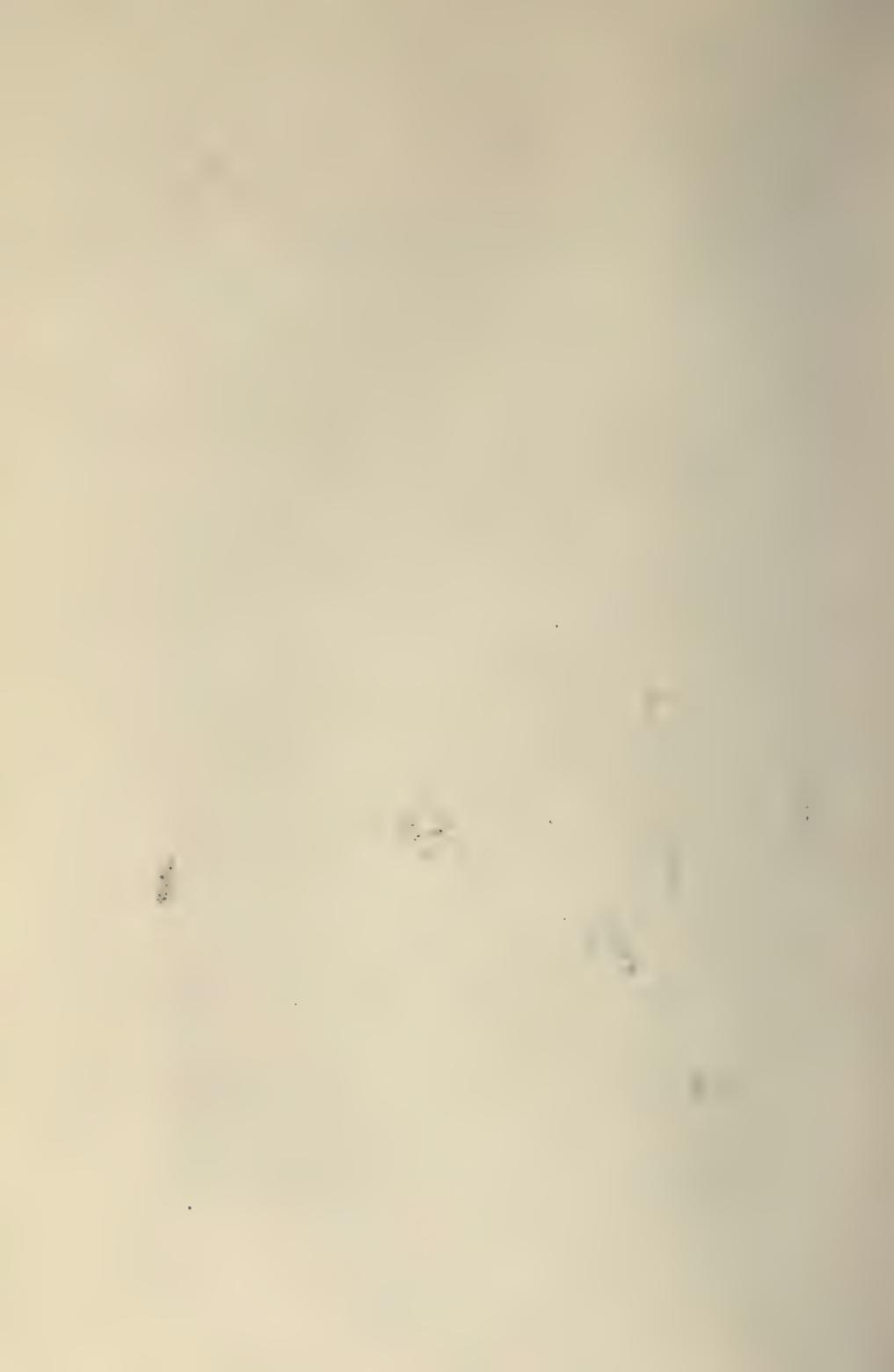
The bridges cross the river, the quays stretch along that stream. On both its shores are parapeted walls running for a distance of nearly nine miles, and these quays are solid stone structures. They change their names more than sixty times between the National bridge

and the Pont du Jour, or railway viaduct bridge, mentioned but now. Going up stream, from this Southwestern corner of the capital, we shall not find much that is historical before we reach the Place de la Concorde. The Route de Versailles and the Quai de Passy have retained no footprints of that mob of women who, in 1789, went to Versailles, and the next day returned to mingle with the Paris National Guards, bringing back those whom they called, in slang language of their own, "la Boulangère" and "le Petit Mitron."

On the other side of the Seine is the Quai Javal, and then comes that of Grenelle, which ends at the Champs de Mars, of Exposition memory. Then comes the Quai d'Orsay on the left bank, and on the right the Quai de Billy, and between them the river flows past superb structures which are proud looking, but mostly new, and recall few souvenirs of past years. There is an immense dépôt for army stores standing on the Quai de Billy. The Quai d'Orsay was long a marsh in which frogs croaked out the onomatopoetic words of Aristophanes, but, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the swamp was filled in by Bouchon d'Orsay, the prévost of Paris mer-



THE FOREIGN OFFICE.



chants. Now it is a quay of solemn aspect, on which stand military barracks, a government tobacco manufactory, private mansions, the Palace of the Legion of Honour, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This is why, when referring to the French Foreign Office, one says the Quai d'Orsay. On the north side of the river the Quai de la Conference, succeeding to the Quay de Billy, runs into the Cours la Reine, and at the Place de la Concorde changes its name to the Quai des Tuilleries. It was by a new gate which was once at the end of this quay that the regiments of Henri IV entered Paris in 1594; three hundred years later, on this same quay, the regicide Meunier fired a pistol ball at Louis Philippe. To the Quai des Tuilleries succeeds that of the Louvre, and it borders the famous buildings of that name. From the hither side of the Seine we cross the river by the Pont Royal to the Quai Voltaire.

“If there were no Quai Voltaire,” said a traveller, once upon a time, “all cities, without exception, would please me as much as Paris.” Others prefer the city to any other although not for the same single reason, but the Quai Voltaire is, in its way, a paradise. Walking along

it, one has the most beautiful view in the world—the Seine flowing at one's feet, the trees of the Tuileries Garden hard by, the Louvre building not far distant, and a little further up stream, the old Cité with its islands—cradle of immortal Paris.

On the Quai Voltaire there are no shops devoted to common trade; the things sold relate to everything, and form a brilliant résumé of universal history. There are precious old bits of furniture, firearms, swords, ancient jewelry, refined and elegant prints, books and engravings. Above the stores are large apartments which reach to an unusual height, and with broad windows, bearing witness to the princely luxury that once reigned therein. On all the quays there is sufficient to look at and to study to take up a man's lifetime, but the attraction, the invincible charm of them all, is the Quai Voltaire, where there are rare books, or, to speak more correctly, the "bouquin." There are several shops where bibliophilists offer to purchasers fine old tomes at fairly reasonable prices, and to these stores the amateur, the searcher, the discoverer of unknown treasures is constantly going in search of prizes; hoping to find, for a mere nothing, in boxes placed along

the stone parapet, some old volume which had, or will have, great value attached to it and of which the dealer is in total ignorance. There is always a struggle going on between the book-sellers and the book buyers, the one wishing to sell his goods at a fair price, the other to secure it for a few sous only, anxiously raking the boxes over for a book that may have value attached to it. It is a strange and instructive business, that of selling books from boxes spread along the parapets on the Quai Voltaire.

When tired of looking at books on the river-side we may pass across the road to contemplate old furniture, with incrustations of tin and ivory, big chests of drawers with bronzes boldly and delicately chiselled, beautiful clocks standing on bracket pedestals, and golden candlesticks with immense branches. Another great pleasure thereabouts consists in looking at the old portraits. One has but to open his eyes to rejoice, for here are to be found masterpieces of engravings on copper; portraits of kings of natural size, pictures of receptions, fêtes, galas, and coronation balls, with all sorts of flourishing adornments and the ravishing set-up of flags and illuminations. But books are the chief works which are to be found every-

where along the banks of the river. They are in the open air, they reign supreme, they are the ornament and life of silent places. Take away the old prints, the old engravings, the old books, the old portraits, and that corner of Paris would become mournful. Poplars lift their tops above the stone parapets. In Spring they bud, in Summer furnish shade, and when Autumn comes they let fall their dying foliage on old books. It is the land which was once known as the Pré aux Clercs, but in those other days row boats were moored to the river's bank, stage coaches ran along the quay, and promenaders met to gossip under the poplars. Among the many small industries of the capital that of the second-hand bookseller appears the most tenacious. The cobbler's stall, the knife grinder's wheel, the stand of the scrivener, the herds of goats and of asses, have vanished, or are vanishing, but the bouquiniste's display remains the same as always. There are something like a hundred of these bouquinistes established along the quays. Each dealer has from twelve to fifteen boxes and, if extended along in a single row, these boxes would reach a distance of at least a mile, while the volumes which they hold amount to close upon eighty thousand.

Next, on the south side of the river, comes the Quai Malaquais, with its numerous shops of bric-a-brac, while on the Quai Conti, which follows, is the Hotel des Monnaies, or Paris Mint, its cold majestic front occupying almost the whole of the quay. Near there once stood the Tour de Nesle, of terrible memory and much romance, while in front, on the opposite side of the river, looms up the Louvre. The quays become multiplied in number as we ascend the river. On the right shore is the Quai des Augustins, with houses that have historical balconies and where the narrow, dimly lit, melancholy shops retain the aspect of former days. There are curious old stores overflowing with prints, engravings, manuscripts, and rare volumes. In that neighbourhood knowledge crouches at the doors, as though lying in wait for men; and when its prey passes by it flies out and clings to them. Whoever opens an old volume, or gives a glance at old pictures or engravings, finds a new idea entering into his mind; for while the boulevards are the modern life of Paris, the quays are its past, its historical library.

The poultry market is built on the site of the old Convent of the Augustins which gives

name to the quay last mentioned. After it we have the Quai de l'Horloge, one of the oldest in the capital, one that is heavily laden with souvenirs. The first clock ever seen in France was constructed there, and opticians, spectacle makers and fabricants of photographic material fill the quay with their little shops. The Quai de la Megisserie, the Quai de Greves, and the Quai Pelletier, which face that of the Horloge, are all of modern date. The Quai aux Fleurs succeeds that of the Horloge; it is laden with roses and other flowers, it is the garden bed of Paris. Soon we are in the Quai Montebello, and then out of that into the Quai de la Tournelle, among wine shops and bakeries.

Behind old houses with slate roofs, which once were lordly mansions, the populous quarter of the capital now ferments. The Quai d'Orleans was called Quai de l'Égalité, during the Revolution, while the Quai des Béthunes, or des Balcons, which continues and completes it, became, in 1792, the Quai de la Liberté. Now we are on the Quai Saint Bernard, and are in the land of wholesale wine merchants. To it Burgundy and the Medoc send their best productions. Its yards, shaded by acacias, are full of vats and barrels. Hereabouts the

Seine becomes wide, the landscape is country-like, the perspective is extended. The river-side is almost deserted and we see very few houses. The quay runs along by the Jardin des Plantes, and there are no embankment walls.

Finally the quays of Paris finish with that of Austerlitz. In 1814, thousands of Parisians flocked to this strand, bringing lint, bandages and provisions. Large boats drawn by dray-horses brought wounded soldiers to the spot. Cries were heard of dying men, and when the boats stopped, the crowd carried these men to the quay and laid them on mattresses. This was Napoleon's army back from Russia. One night during that same year of 1814 a cab passed over the uncultivated land of the Bièvre, not far away; two fellows alighted from it, pulled a sack from the vehicle, opened it and threw into a hole some bones. Then they filled up the hole, arranged the earth so as not to leave any traces, and went their way; and the bones were those of Voltaire and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, nocturnally stolen from the tombs of the Pantheon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Religious edifices in the Capital—Abbeys and churches built by the clergy in early times—The first cathedral—Sketch of Notre Dame—A Temple of Reason during the Revolution—The wonderful things which the place has witnessed—Coronation of Napoleon and his Empress—A church without towers and without bells—Beautiful Sainte Chapelle—Sainte Eustache, near the public markets—The ancient cloister of Saint Severin—Splendid example of sixteenth century architecture—A masterpiece of wood carving—The Church of Saint Sulpice—Saint Germain des Prés—Why the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois was pillaged—The edifice upon Montmartre—One hundred and forty-two churches but no churchyards—The different cemeteries and their famous occupants.

AMONG the monumental buildings of the capital of France, celebrated for their beauty, grandeur and old age, its cathedral and some of its churches hold proud positions. It is certain that Christianity was early established at Paris, and that numerous religious houses were built during the era when Letters and the Arts probably flourished to a degree which they scarcely





attained again in the course of the next one thousand years. It is said that when Julian the Apostate was at Lutitia, as representative of the Caesars, he used to go of a night to the top of his palace and look at the stars, where he was wont to prophesy the last days of Christianity ; if so he little suspected that the hills and plains on which he gazed would some day be covered with religious edifices. The Romans were succeeded by the Gauls, one of whom, a great chief named Clovis, claimed Paris as his share of booty, and he was baptised a Christian. His dynasty liked the woods and fields better than they did the walls of towns, however, so it was permitted to the clergy to build abbeys and churches. None of these edifices are standing now, but at a few spots we find their ruins, and, indeed, on some of the very places where those original houses to God were erected now stand splendid structures dedicated to public worship.

Several historians have thought that Saint Denis du Pas,<sup>1</sup> was the first church in Paris, and they have pretended that it was founded

<sup>1</sup> This little church was situated behind the Cathedral of Notre Dame ; it was demolished in 1813 so that the Archbishop's garden might be enlarged.

by Saint Denis himself about the year A. D. 257. No document has ever been found to sustain this claim, however, and most likely that little church, undoubtedly of great antiquity, was built by the faithful sometime after the Saint's death, to honour his memory. Christianity did not begin to find peace until the reign of Constantine; that was in the fifth century, and it was the year 375 that dates, according to some historians, the building of the first cathedral of the Parisian city. Placed under the invocation of Saint Étienne, first martyr and patron of Saint Denis, it was situate at the southern side of the massive church of the same name that is now standing. Saint Germain, having been raised to the Bishopric of Paris, obtained from King Childebert permission to restore the already old cathedral. That was in 555, when the edifice was no longer able to hold the clergy and faithful of the city. A new basilica, dedicated to Sainte Marie, Mother of Jesus, was thereupon built near the eastern point of the Ile de la Cité, and on the antique ruins of a temple or altar dedicated to Jupiter, to Esus and to Vulcan. It appears from what Fortunat, a contemporary of that period, writes, that the new church was grandly

magnificent, and embellished with thirty marble columns, the windows being especially rich in colour and design.

The two earliest Crusades having terminated after torrents of blood had been spilled, and the exaltation of which had precipitated almost the whole of Europe on Asian soil, all of Christianity seemed inflamed by the same ardour. No work was too great, no effort or devotion too hard, to assure the triumph of the true faith or to honour God. This powerful paroxysm of human imaginations throughout Europe marked its passage by the creation of bold monuments during the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, the grandeur, elegance and likeness of which displayed an architecture until then quite unknown. About the year 1160, Maurice de Sully, seventy-second Bishop of Paris, conceived the idea of rebuilding the basilica of Sainte Marie on a new plan, and in proportions approximate to the needs and religious sentiments of the period.

The great monument of that period is therefore the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. Many errors have been written about Notre Dame, and it is possible that some may be repeated here. One of these was that that

church was built on piling; but it has been proven that the foundations are enormous dressed-stones, placed on sand. It is true, however, that the old cathedral stands directly on the site of two ancient churches, which, according to tradition, themselves succeeded to a pagan temple. Notre Dame is not only a Gothic cathedral, it is also one of the largest, finest, and oldest ever erected. Begun in 1160, the choir was finished in 1195. The nave was built about 1200, the façade in 1218, the towers in 1225, and now the cathedral was ready for occupancy. About 1240 fire damaged a large part of it, and advantage was taken of this accident to change the windows. In 1245 the chapels along each side of the nave were added. Twelve years later the two magnificent rose windows were constructed. Chapels were built around the choir in 1296, and the work was about finished in 1310. But a large part of the *arcs-boutants*, those splendid arches now so much admired, were re-arranged in 1330 and thus the work was ended.

Placed in the very heart of the old soil of the ancient city, the Cathedral of Notre Dame has experienced blows from all the excitements which Paris has ever known. It was pillaged

in 1793, at the worst moment of the Revolution. There were twenty-eight statues of kings and holy men in the old cathedral ; all of these were broken, and the altars were upset. It was decided by the Commune that Notre Dame should be turned into a Temple of Reason, and a festival was instituted for every day. But the madmen of the Revolution soon grew tired of their *fêtes à la Raison*, and the religion of Reason was abolished, to be replaced by that of the Supreme Being. The Cathedral of Our Lady was restored to the Catholics in 1795, since when, and despite Revolutions and Communes, the church has not been troubled much. Indeed, in July, 1830, when Notre Dame became a sort of fortress or barricade against the Insurrection, when the tri-coloured flag floated from both its towers, and the Archbishop's palace was sacked, the cathedral itself was not harmed. A year or so later the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, thanks to an impudent provocation of which it was the scene, was invaded and almost ruined. The mob then marched on the Archbishop's palace and effaced it from the earth ; but Notre Dame was again respected. The anger of the people was turned into respect at its grand façade.

This Cathedral of Paris has been associated with nearly every important act during the reigns of all the kings, as well as with innumerable other capital events in the history of France, which have happened since its first erection. It would be almost like writing the history of Paris over again to merely relate what Notre Dame has witnessed. How many the kings, the queens, the celebrated personages who have come to worship or to pray in that sanctuary! How many the political or religious festivals, of joys or sorrows, of dynastic changes and of revolutions, which have been brought on, so to speak, within its naves during these nearly nine hundred years! Births and marriages, the deaths of sovereigns, the coronations of kings and emperors, the blessing of flags, prayers for battles gained and for peaces proclaimed—these are a few of the many things witnessed at Notre Dame. How many the times that the *Te Deum* has sounded under its splendid vaults, and how many the times, also, that the contrary passions of monarchs and other men, have come to this House of God for arbitration! Notre Dame gave benediction to Christian heroes, and St. Louis departed for Jerusalem. A few centuries later its

naves were shamed when Charles IX celebrated there the glory of Saint Bartholemew. Louis XIV decorated Notre Dame with his pretentious magnificence, and he tapestried it inside and out with standards taken from the enemy in almost every land; but in it was also fêted his sad treaty of Rastadt. The Revolution broke down its altars, and harlotry scrambled in the ancient sanctuary; but pious hands soon repaired its ruins, and Napoleon I spread his imperial mantle over the wounds of the Holy House.

Notre Dame witnessed the coronation of a Bonaparte and his Empress, but soon after that Notre Dame, and Paris also, were rid forever of his living presence. The Restoration brought scars to Notre Dame, by scratching off all signs of Napoleon's star to replace them with its *fleurs de lys*. Perhaps the cathedral bore the Bourbons no good will for this, for in 1830 its tower first upheld the victorious flag of liberty.

The "legitimacy," that is to say, the "Aristos" of the Faubourg Saint Germain, chose Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, old, decrepid, and used up, for their parish church. Saint Roch, a building of the eighteenth century, and sparkling with theatrical decorations, a church

without towers and without bells, was made a house of prayer by day, where fashionable people could drop in and breathe a prayer, or burn a candle before going to drink a cup of tea. Saint Augustins was anointed by politicians as the rendezvous of those who still worshipped at the feet of Bonaparte; but, meanwhile, Notre Dame remained, as it still remains, the great religious temple of the Parisian world.

Close by the Palais des Justice stands that marvel of architecture, beautiful Sainte Chapelle, originally erected as place of deposit for a piece of the true Cross, also for the Crown of Thorns which St. Louis had obtained from the Emperor of Constantinople. Sainte Chapelle is divided into two stories, a lower and an upper chapel, the former being placed under the vocable of the Virgin Mary, the latter under that of the Holy Cross and Crown. The entire building is of stone of a very fine grain, and it presents the most complete and purest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture of the middle of the thirteenth century. The two stories are vaulted in ogive arches; the vaulted ceiling of the lower chapel rests on isolated columns, and the place is lit up by rose windows which take up all the space left under

formerets. The walls of the upper chapel, the floor of which was on a level with that of the royal apartments, present the appearance of a group of small columns, between which are seen brilliant glass windows of most harmonious colouring. A rich curve embellishes the window supports, while behind the only altar rises a pierced enclosure with a platform, on which were placed the holy relics, protected by a wooden edicule. In two retreats, situated between counterforts, to the right and to the left, seats were placed for the King and Queen, all the upper chapel being reserved for the Sovereign and his Court, while the lower one was for the palace household. Statues of the Twelve Apostles stand against the pillars of the upper chapel, on a level with the window supports. Sustained by brackets, and surmounted by a dais richly gilded, and of variegated colours, they stand out boldly from the luminous mosaics of the stained-glass windows, their gold and enamel tones presenting an animated zone to the interior.

Stained-glass windows are not the only coloured decorations of *Sainte Chapelle*, however, for the pillars, roof and vaults are covered with paintings and gildings, while em-

bossings on glass ground-work, latticed with gilded adornments, add to the preciousness of the marvellous interior. It is a warm harmony of transparent and subtle tones, of brilliant touches and golden reflections. There is such a delicacy in the coloration of pillars and vaulted ceilings, blending so harmoniously with the translucent brilliancy of stained windows, that the ensemble seems to be outside terrestrial conditions of stability.

The Church of Sainte Eustache is located opposite the Halles Centrales, or public markets. The first stone of the present church was laid in 1532, but the choir was not finished until nearly one hundred years afterward. The plan is that of a Gothic church, the method of structure being the kind in vogue in France during the Middle Ages; vaults propped up by arch-buttresses, side naves, with triforium above, lateral and absidial chapels, steeple of wood and lead in the centre of the transept, counterforts with pinnacles to ensure stability, and gutter-eaves with projecting waterspouts, called gargouilles. The high windows have an elliptical shape which does not give an over-agreeable effect, while inside the pillars represent the strangest superfetation of pilasters and

columns that could possibly be imagined. Still the whole effect of the interior produces the impression of elegant grandeur. The collateral windows diffuse a beautiful light, which is well distributed, but there is affectation in it all, an evident desire to surprise. If the structure were entirely covered with paintings, and the windows were embellished only with lightly coloured stained glass, the interior of Sainte Eustache would appear almost like a fairy palace.

Ancient, and remarkable, because of its style of architecture, is a little church which is a dependency of the hospital known as the Hôtel Dieu, which is called Saint Julien le Pauvre. This edifice, the foundations of which go back as far as the first centuries of Christianity in Paris, has been reconstructed several times. The present church dates from the end of the twelfth century, say about 1170, and the details of its architecture have analogy with those of the oldest part of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It comprises a central nave supported by flowered pillars, with two collateral naves to which ogival arches give being. These naves are terminated by apses of a round form, the conception of which was due to a very skilful

architect. Nothing could be more graceful than this assembly of pillars and columns, cleverly disposed without confusion, and the strength and lightness of which are admired by everyone. The building, although disfigured by modern loppings off, has preserved its primitive character on the side of the apsis, where a series of counterforts are found that serve as supporting points to vaults which are lit up by windows surmounted by ogives in a severe style.

The Church of St. Severin, in the Rue St. Severin, dates from the thirteenth century, although it was not completely finished until the end of the fifteenth century. It has the form of a Greek cross, and one of its façades is intermingled with the dependencies of an ancient charnel house. On the inside of the nave are some remarkably fine old windows. There is a cloister on the southern side which dates from the fifteenth century, and, with that of Billettes, is the only one left standing in Paris.

Leaving the Cité, and going up the hill of Sainte Geneviève, we find, near the Pantheon, a church called Saint Etienne du Mont, which is a splendid example of sixteenth century archi-





tecture. It is a mixture of Gothic and Renaissance, and has a curious front, with a square tower which supports a large clock. This church has preserved its original jube, or rood loft, situated in front of the choir. It was originally used as a chapel by the laical population in the environs of the Mont Sainte Geneviève, and its construction, commenced during the reign of François I, thanks to that habitual dilatoriness so characteristic of the period, lasted for an entire century. The nave alone was finished when Marguerite of Valois laid the first stone of the façade, and the lateral chapel was only erected in 1660.

There is no other church in Paris that presents such interior arrangements as those of Saint Etienne du Mont. The vaults of the collaterals, almost as high as those of the nave, rest on cylindrical pillars which are joined at a certain height in nave and choir by a kind of balcony that goes round the building except in the transept. The nave of the Theatre at Rouen presents a similar promenade gallery, and perhaps that one suggested the idea to the architect of this Paris edifice. Two pretty staircases twining around pillars enable priests to reach a preacher's platform, where formerly

the epistle and gospel used to be read, and where the choristers were placed. The pulpit is one of the masterpieces of wood carving of the seventeenth century, although its façade resembles too much those pieces of furniture which, at the commencement of that century; were called “cabinets,” and which have a very peculiar way of concealing their drawers, leaves and secret places under niches, angular and circular frontals, statuettes and grotesque carvings.

The principal part of the Church of Saint Sulpice belongs to the seventeenth century, although some of the work dates from the reign of Louis XV. The interior most approaches the design of churches for the Middle Ages, and it is well arranged for worship. In the substructures, now used as burial tombs, are traces of the foundations of a church which bore the name of St. Pierre, while the base of a clock tower, dating from the twelfth century, can be distinguished. The interior walls are decorated with columns, pilasters, precious marble panels, and pictures painted by Carle Vanloo; a life-size statue in silver of the Virgin Mary is in a niche over the altar; figures of the Apostles decorate the choir; there are

tombs, one of an ecclesiastic in the attitude of prayer, accompanied by Death, figuring as a skeleton, also statues in the niches of the lateral portals, some of which bear the same character. The basements of the two towers are occupied by chapels, and in the nave is a marble pulpit of splendid workmanship that was given to the parish by Marshal de Richelieu. In front of the church is an open square, in the midst of which is a monumental fountain. It is in the form of a loggia, and its arcades are occupied by statues of Bossuet, Flechier, Massillon and Fenelon. The Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice, built in 1645, formerly occupied the site of this fountain, but that establishment was destroyed at the commencement of the nineteenth century and has since been rebuilt at the corner of the Rue Bonaparte.

The Church of Saint Germain des Près is all that remains of one of those celebrated abbeys of France which were dedicated by Childebert to Sainte Croix and to Saint Vincent; but it did not take that name until the body of Saint Germain, Bishop of Paris, who had been buried in the Saint Symphorien chapel, was placed behind the high altar. French kings once had their sepulchres in it, but later on

they were transferred to that Abbey of Saint Denis which Dagobert founded. All that remains of Childebert's church are a few marble columns which were placed in the choir during the twelfth century. The nave was rebuilt with a square tower, supposed to belong to the ninth century, but the choir and western door belong to the middle of the twelfth century. It cannot, however, be considered as an original monument of that epoch, for it was restored in the seventeenth century almost entirely. As the architecture has been eight or ten times handled over, the building has a very strange appearance.

There is a church facing the eastern colonnade of the Louvre, which, like many other Parisian religious edifices, dates from a very remote period. Reference is made to Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and in it all styles of architecture, from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, are united. The base of the clock tower belongs to the twelfth, the principal door under the porch to the commencement of the thirteenth—the choir dates from that same epoch, the chapel was built in the fourteenth, and the cross-bars, lateral chapels, façade and western porch do not go back beyond the

fifteenth century. It would be difficult to account for these constructions at epochs so distant from one another, but it is the destiny of Paris churches to be perpetually undergoing changes, additions, and mutilations under pretext of conforming to the taste of the period.

In 1744, the choir was still closed by a beautiful jube, or tribune, of which Pierre Lescot was the architect and Jean Goujon the sculptor. An open portico is connected to the church by seven ogival arches which are crowned by a balustrade with openings. This porch was built in 1435, and the coverings of the arches are richly embellished with sculptured figures and lacings. The doors of the church that open on this portico are also decorated with several concentric circles of statuettes. Above the two arches, at the corners of the porch, are small rooms; one of them has, preserved intact, armorial bearings, seats in carved oak, and door locks of bar iron. On February 13, 1831, while a service was being celebrated in commemoration of the assassination of the Duc de Berri, the people, irritated at the exhibition of Royalist emblems, invaded and pillaged the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. It long remained closed, protected by an in-

scription bearing these words: "Mairie du IV<sup>e</sup> Arrondissement," and was not re-opened until 1838, and not then until it had been completely restored in every part. When the disengagement of the boundaries of the Louvre was undertaken by the Second Empire, a tower was built between the church and the Mairie of the first Arrondissement which was intended to regularize the ensemble appearance of the Place de Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, but the object was not attained, and nothing looks more strange than this clock tower, which belongs neither to the church nor to the mairie and is only a useless decoration. The mairie, itself, erected to form a pendant to the church, has the effect of rendering the aspect of the building monotonous.

The Church of Saint Nicholas des Champs, situated in the Rue St. Martin, at the corner of the Rue Turbigo, is a very large religious edifice. It was built on the territory of the Priory of St. Martin, to serve as chapel to the inhabitants of that Faubourg, and the present structure was commenced in the fifteenth century; but was enlarged in accordance with the increase of the population of the parish, and was only terminated at the end of the sixteenth century. Its numerous chapels are

decorated with pictures, several of which are important. On the right lateral front is a portico that was finished under the reign of Henry III. It has preserved all its decorations and wood carving, and is one of the best specimens of the Renaissance to be found in Paris.

The chapel of the ancient novitiate of Jacobins has become a parish church, under the appellation of Saint Thomas d'Aquin, and is situated in the Rue des Vaches, in the Faubourg Saint Germain. It is an important structure, which was commenced in 1683, and completed during the eighteenth century. The façade is rather commonplace, and the door shows poorly designed details, skillfully carved in wood. This church is encompassed by extensive convent buildings, comprising two cloisters and numerous dependencies, in which, however, after the suppression of religious orders a museum and offices for the depot of artillery was established; but the museum was transferred some years ago to the galleries of the Hôtel des Invalides. In 1795 the church was conceded to the Theophilanthropists, and they called it a Temple of Peace. The title was not a true one, as in it that difference which led to the ruin of the new sect first arose.

In the seventeenth century it became the fashion to top churches and chapels with a dome, and each architect felt bound to complete his religious edifice in that manner. The nuns of Notre Dame de l'Assomption were among the first to ask for such a plan for their convent at the corners of the Rues Saints Honoré and Cambon, and their church is capped by an elegantly designed dome, the inside of which is finely painted. The chapel and its sacristy also possess several interesting pictures. While the Madeleine was being constructed, the Assomption was the parish church of that part of Paris, but when the former was completed it became a catechism chapel. There is no longer any convent, however, the buildings which formed it being now used by the Minister of Finances for some of the archives of his department.

The Church of Saint Philippe du Roule, in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, was in existence in the thirteenth century, but it was re-erected as a parish church in the eighteenth century. In the Rue Lafayette is a specimen of Latin basilica, the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul, which is admirably situated, and presents, exteriorly, a mixture of different styles of architecture. Behind an Ionic portico rises

a large front that is surmounted by two square towers the large openings of which, adorned with lattice work, suggest rather an industrial construction than a church belfry. The Church of Sainte Clotilde, in the Place Bellechasse, has almost the dimensions of a thirteenth century cathedral. It is surmounted by two stone spires, but the negligent style of its sculptures is blemished by the general heaviness of the Middle Ages.

In one of the court-yards of the passage St. Pierre, which communicates with the Rue St. Antoine and the Rue St. Paul, can be seen the ruins of the charnel house and the base of the clock tower of the Church of St. Paul, the parish church of the Kings of France when they occupied the Hôtel St. Paul, and where several of their children were baptised.

The Church of Notre Dame de Lorette dates from the Restoration, and is in the form of a Roman basilica; on the façade is a portico surmounted with a frontal, composed of four columns in the Corinthian style, but which does not shelter the faithful either from sun or rain. The interior is of fine proportions, and is comfortable and pleasing in appearance, although some of the gildings and embellishments are more rich than delicate.

At one end of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin stands the Church of the Trinité. This striking edifice was constructed in imitation of Italian churches of the Renaissance period. The façade is surmounted by a high belfry, and there is a projecting mass which forms a portico or porch. There is a square in front, which is intended to conceal the difference in the level of the ground, while three fountains correspond with the arcades of the portico.

The churches thus far mentioned are among the oldest in Paris; the newest, as it certainly is the most prominent, is that of the Sacred Heart, up on Montmartre. The Butte Montmartre is one of the seven hills on which, like Rome of old, the capital has been builded. Many are the legends connected with that small mountain and to the top of which people sometimes climb to eat a sort of short cake sold at the Moulin de la Galette by rather pretty girls, and to dance of summer evenings under the old trees that crown its northern summit close by a very old windmill. After the German war a number of Parisians, then at Poitiers, united in an effort to erect a church to be devoted to the worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which should be a sort of work of expiation for the mur-

der of the Archbishop of Paris by the Communists. In July, 1783, Cardinal Guibert, then at the head of the movement, secured the formal approbation of the National Assembly at Versailles by inducing that body to declare the project an enterprise of public utility, and to authorise for its use the summit of Montmartre. The Republicans opposed this measure, but they were in the minority; the monarchial groups were not only able to pass this bill but they were strong enough to overthrow Thiers and to place MacMahon at the Élysée as President of the Republic. In 1875 the cornerstone of the new church was laid by the Cardinal-Archbishop with much pomp and ceremony.

But work had hardly begun before that Prelate found that the hill of Montmartre was a great mass of soft, friable stone, honeycombed with galleries of abandoned quarries, hence it would never be able to support the weight of such a building. It was necessary to dig to a great depth some eighty odd pits or shafts, and in these were constructed pillars of solid masonry about fifteen feet square, which rested on a strata of gypsum ninety feet thick, at a depth of seventy-five feet below the cornerstone. On these pillars the foundations were laid, and

now the entire upper part of the hill could be removed without in any way endangering the solidity of the sacred structure. All this, of course, added immensely to the cost and caused much delay, but the foundations were completed before the end of 1878. Three years later the first mass was celebrated in one of the chapels, that of St. Martin, by the Cardinal-Archbishop.

Money now began to come in more slowly, but, in 1884, the crypt, which forms a separate church placed immediately below the upper portion of the building, was entirely finished, and, in due course of time, the rest of the structure was completed and its consecration was possible. To raise the more than \$3,500,000 which were spent on the building, a clever plan was devised by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris. He assigned each of the thirty-five chapels to a certain category of persons, who undertook to provide the funds for its construction. Thus the army assumed the cost of the Chapel of St. Michel, the legal profession that of St. Louis, the doctors that of St. Luke, the navy that of St. Paul, and so on. Besides this way of raising money, the Archbishop decided that any person might, if he or she desired,

present the church with a single stone, that is to say, the cost of one. For twenty francs a person could have a stone in the wall named after him, and for three hundred francs he would be entitled to have his name carved on this stone. The cost of thus perpetuating one's piety varied from \$200 to \$1,000, according to size and position, and each detail of the exterior and interior ornamentation was in a similar way at the disposal of the faithful.

There is in this basilica a pillar called the Pilier du Cuseau, which bears a curious history. Some Catholic ladies determined to build a pillar with money earned by their own needles, and it was agreed that each lady should send her offering direct to the Archbishop's palace in the Rue de Grenelle. When they were opened—lo, and behold!—there were nothing but cushions. There were long cushions and square ones, cushions for arm-chairs, for beds, for carriages, and for foot-stools. There were cushions for the back, cushions for doggy, cushions for the Bible, big cushions, little cushions, all kinds of cushions. But they were all sold, and, as showing their number, it may be stated that this one effort alone produced \$18,000.

In all there are some one hundred and forty-

two places of worship in the capital,<sup>1</sup> but there are no churchyards to be used as burial places, or to look neglected and deserted as do many of those in London, where the dead appear uncared for and forgotten. In Paris most all interments must be made in cemeteries, and in these there are daily tokens that the dead are still living in remembrance and affection. In the place of rank grass and foul weeds springing up around the graves, tokens as it were of the corruption below, are garlands hung on tombs, and flowers growing about them. There is something touching in this ancient Paris custom. Deep affliction, it is true, could hardly bear to be brought too closely into contact with the memorials of the loss which has caused it ; but when grief loses its character of despair, and becomes softened into melancholy, we love thus to weep over and adorn the graves of those whom we have dearly loved and bitterly lamented. It is but proper that the remains of those we loved should have every respect and

<sup>1</sup> All religions are under the State control of the Minister of Public Instruction, Religions and Fine Arts. The actual churches are Catholic, 86 ; non-Catholic, or Protestant, 46 ; Jew or Israelite, 4 ; New Jerusalem, 1 ; Russian, 1 ; other religions, 5 ; total, 142.

homage, and to me it has always been a pleasure to see how carefully the graves in Paris cemeteries are cared for by the hands of affection or friendship. Some of the wreaths may be withered and the flowers faded, but in most places the plants are carefully tended, the flowers are new, the garlands frequently changed and the affection ever-perennial. The inscriptions on the tombs are nearly always in the best of taste. “*Tu vivois, on t’amoit; tu es mort, on te pleuré,*” is very different from the cold, commonplace “He lived beloved, and died regretted”; and what could be more touching than the simple “*Ici repose Marie!*” But sweetest of all and fullest in sorrow is the “*À mon seul ami ! il étoit mon frère,*” which is engraved on a tomb at Père La Chaise.

The cemeteries are always popular places of resort, but it is on the first and second of November, that is to say, on All Souls and All Saints Day that the people of the capital make them their shrines of greatest pilgrimages. On those days Père La Chaise attracts the largest number of persons, as it should, for it is the most celebrated, the most picturesque, of all French burial places. Situated on the slope of a hill it forms in the interior of the capital a funeral

city of sinuous avenues, and paths running in all possible directions, which are ornamented by innumerable monuments and statues and border the graves of many illustrious dead. This inclosure was originally intended to be a sort of pleasure ground, but in 1626 the Jesuits got possession of the land and built a house on it. The story is that from one of the windows of that house, Louis XIV, then an infant, looked on at the famous combat, when cannon of the Bastille, aimed by the “Grand Mademoiselle,” fired on royal troops. Flattery, which never loses a good opportunity, took the incident up, and to the name of a rural grocer succeeded that of the greatest king. From that day the Folie Renault, as it was called, took the name of Mont Louis, which designation it retained until the monarch gave it to his confessor as a mark of his munificence.

Father La Chaise erected a small villa on the site of the Jesuit’s house; it was modest in appearance, had two stories, looked toward Paris, and was surmounted by a belfry that topped the whole country. Then the public re-baptised the place, named it after its new proprietor and it became a burial ground. On both sides of the entrance fir trees, placed in line,

ascend the picturesque incline to encompass with green foliage the square stone chapel at the top, which long since replaced the country-house of the benevolent Jesuit. On the right are the Avenues du Puits, Chemin du Coq, Chemin du Père Eternal, etc., while further on, to the left, are the Avenue des Acacias and the Avenue des Peupliers. Both sides of the principal avenues are lined with the sepulchers of illustrious persons, and politics, science and philosophy, military devotion and civic courage, literature, fine arts, æstheticism, all that is best in books, in poetry, in music, in the drama, in painting, in architecture, in sculpture, all that is great in diplomacy, in statecraft, in religion, and in love, are represented in this Paris necropolis. They form an abridgment of all the glories achieved by France, and perhaps also, all her weaknesses.

There was once a tomb of Rossini, but it is empty now, so far as his remains are concerned. Florence asked that the bones of the great composer should be sent back to his native place, and this was done some years ago. But the mausoleum of Auber is there, that of Gounod also, of Ambroise Thomas, and of other illustrious composers. There is one alley

filled with tombs where painters and sculptors are laid away; therein rest Géricault, Isabey, Gros, Ingres, Corot, Daubigny, Louis David, Baryé, Delacroix, Gustave Doré, Dubuffe, etc. The monument of David d'Angers is vast, but its massive contours in polished granite are all that relieve the art of the marble-cutter. Daumier reposes under a slab, on which two lines of poetry protect him from oblivion, while Corot sleeps among his own family, without any mark of honour to distinguish him. Other tombs of larger proportions, and by their amplitude almost crushing those around them, are seen erected to the glory of names quite unknown.

The greatness of the *rôle* a man has played in this world cannot always be estimated by the size of his tomb or the height of his monument. Farther on, in the midst of marble sarcophagie, pyramids and obelisks erected to Masséna, Souchet, Lefèvre, Saint Cyr, Macdonald, Kellermann, Davoust, and other great warriors, in a small barren enclosure, surrounded by an iron fence and sheltered by cypress trees, are the remains of Marshal Ney, but no exterior sign reveals to passers by, that “the bravest of the brave,” is resting there. Many famous men lie

forgotten in that same leafy, wild-looking corner. There Barras sleeps, between Lord Seymour and Brillat Savarin, not far from Cambacérès, who is entombed beneath a superb temple. The modest grave of Benjamin Constant is almost immediately in front of the ambitious mausoleum which the shivering statue of General Foy surmounts, while behind is the heavy monument of Béranger. Hundreds of other names, aye, thousands of them, could be mentioned, and their tombs spoken of. The nineteenth century was far less rigorous toward dramatic artistes than was the eighteenth century; Père La Chaise is the last sleeping place of many who were on the stage. There is no longer any necessity of an order from King or Bishop to have place reserved in consecrated ground for players. One of the streets of tombs bears the name of Talma, while near his grave is that of Mademoiselle Clairon. Mademoiselle Georges, Mademoiselle Mars and Mademoiselle Dugazon are among the actresses whose graves are found; but we also see mausoleums bearing great names which have never contained the ashes of those whose memories they honour. This can be said of the tombs of Racine, Molière and La Fontaine, which were the first to decorate these

groves, and the style of which show that they do not date beyond the First Empire.

The tomb of Héloïse and Abailard, that graceful ediculum to which lovers and young married couples never fail to pay a visit, is made of composite materials, and is of comparatively recent construction. The two recumbent statues once adorned a monument erected in an old Abbey—"Paraclete's white walls and silver spring"—and they were transferred first of all to the Museum of the Petits Augustins, and thence to the place where they now are, while the graceful dais which covers them is formed of debris brought from the former Abbey of Chalons-sur-Saone.<sup>1</sup> We pass the sumptuous monument elevated to the memory of Thiers, first President of the present Republic; we ascend the road of Mont Louis, to find ourselves

<sup>1</sup>This historical tomb bears three inscriptions, all on the same side. Those at the two extremities are as follows: "Ce tombeau d'Abailard a été transporté de l'Église de St. Marcellles, Chalons-sur-Saone, en l'an 8."—"Les restes d'Heloise et d'Abailard sont reunis dans ce tombeau." The centre one is very long, and purports to have been placed there by Catherine de la Rochefoucauld, June 8, 1701; it declares that the couple were married, and calls their letters "le plus tendres et le plus spirituelles."

among tombs occupied by those who were once amiable artists, and literary personages; we stroll through other alleys, harbouring the graves of famous individuals who have been buried at Père La Chaise, and close our visit to the place with a glance at the tombs of two aeronauts, named Sivel and Croce Stinelli, who were struck down like Titan giants of mythology, for wanting to climb to heaven.

Hurrying thence, we visit next the cemetery of Montmartre, which also is picturesquely situated. But one may look in vain for winding and leafy avenues to conceal the tombs. Montmartre is a bourgeois sort of cemetery, the whole of which cannot reveal to us half a dozen famous names or more than two or three funeral monuments. Even politics seem to be less manifested there than on the hill of Mont Louis. The tomb of Godfrey Cavaignac, where the proud tribune reposes between his father and his brother Eugene, a tomb which contains three of the men whom French liberalism greatly honors, is almost abandoned, and seldom receives a single wreath. The tombs of the Duchess d' Abrantes and Leon Gozlan are adorned with medallions; those of Theophile Gautier and Méry are surmounted by statues of

poetry; Henri Riviére and Jacob, the bibliophilist, each possess a bust recalling their features, while a statue of Youth rises above the monument of Murger. A wreath adorned with a lyre, and surrounded by marble urns, decorates the tomb of Victor Massé; a column supports the bust of Offenbach, and a very high stela shows the name of Berlioz. Ary Scheffer, Giraud and Mademoiselle Haudebout-Lescot are contented with the traditional vault; Troyon has his name cut into a pretentiously formed stela; the tombs of Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche are devoid of all picturesque ornamentation, while of the tombs of littérateurs and artists that of Lambert Thiboust is perhaps the most elegant.

The cemetery of Mont Parnasse is quite across the city from Montmartre, and of all Paris burying-grounds it is the least picturesque. The land is flat, the avenues straight, the shady places rare; until 1824 it was only used for burying the dead from hospitals or victims sent there from the scaffold. Still there are many distinguished, not to say illustrious, names carved in its tombs and monuments. But in spite of its medallions, busts, wreaths and mausoleums the cemetery of Mont Parnasse

retains a sorrowful aspect and is monotonous. There is not another cemetery in France which contains more victims of civil dissensions than it.

These three necropoli constitute the ones generally visited by strangers, but they are not the sole burial grounds of the great capital. The annexation of suburbs added fifteen cemeteries to the city, some of which are very old, although without particular history, and some are quite forgotten. There is one other cemetery, that of Picpus, which must not be left unmentioned. It is the place already referred to as the spot where so many victims of the guillotine were laid away. It is not, however, because of those who were struck by the "sword of the law," that I would mention Picpus here, it is because on our own Memorial or Decoration Day, that is to say, on the thirtieth of May, in every year, some few Americans, who happen to be in Paris, go to it to lay flowers on the grave of a great-hearted Frenchman who did much to gain us our Independence. The cemetery of Picpus is the burying ground of some of the highest nobility the Old World has ever known, but it also is the resting place of General de Lafayette, the friend and army companion of George Washington.

## CHAPTER IX.

Free Colleges since the earliest times—The first educational establishments—Study of Philosophy and Theology—Grands and Petits Lycées—Annual appropriation to public instruction by the State—Classes free to all in the superior grades—The primary schools—School buildings large, light and airy—Things which surprise foreigners, as for instance free lunches—The keynote of public school administration—Manual labour in the program—Special attention given to domestic economy—The pedagogic methods—Mixed schools not popular—The pay of teachers—Cost of public instruction in France about \$60,000,000 annually.

FREE public instruction in the schools of Paris was a thing unknown until within comparatively recent years, but free colleges of some kind have existed in the city since the earliest times. The teachers in those first educational establishments were all priests or monks and only a few branches of learning were embraced in existing studies. The earliest schools or colleges were controlled by bishops, aided of course by the reigning king.

In the beginning they were only intended for a small number of pupils; but soon they took on size and strength, and some of them became even great by reason of the number of students admitted, the sciences taught, and the "masters," or professors, engaged in the work of education. As a rule, however, and until toward the end of the fifteenth or the commencement of the sixteenth century, instruction was mainly limited to a study of Philosophy and Theology, very little attention being given to Belles Lettres and the Sciences. But about the time indicated the French language was purified somewhat, sovereigns began to take interest in Literature and Science, men of genius arose, and centuries followed which surpassed anything that could ever have been dreamt of in ancient Paris. Before the Revolution these were divided into two classes, *Grands* and *Petits*. Those where Language, Philosophy, the Sciences and the Humanités were taught bore the title of *Grands*; in the *Petits* the study of Philosophy alone was taught. There were ten *Grands Colléges* and forty-one *Petits Colléges* before the Revolution, some of them dating back to the fourteenth, thirteenth and twelfth centuries. Such of these colleges as were in existence at

the time of the First Empire were called *Lycées* ; but under the Restoration they became *Collèges Royaux*, and all were subject to the University. Later on the name *Lycée* was restored to them and they are still known by that term.

The total appropriation made annually for the Department of Government under the Minister of Public Instruction, Religions and Fine Arts is now about \$52,000,000 for the whole of France, divided as follows : Fine Arts, \$1,800,000 ; Religion, \$9,400,000 ; Public Instruction, \$40,800,000. This is the State's aid towards education, and more than half of it is distributed in towns having less than one hundred thousand inhabitants. National *Lycées* are accorded \$2,135,000 ; Normal Schools, Primary and Superior, \$1,780,000, etc. Professors of the first class at the Sorbonne, at the College of France, at the Law School, and at the School of Medicine receive \$3,000 each, per annum ; those of the second class are paid \$2,400. There are three degrees of instruction — Primary, Secondary, and Superior, and of these the State gives free education in the Primary and Superior degrees. Superior instruction includes the faculties of Theology (Protestant and Catholic) ; Medicine, Law, Letters and Sciences, Pharmacy ; the Col-

lége de France Museum of Natural History, Bureau of Longitudes, State Observatories, Superior Normal Schools, the Schools of Rome and Athens, etc. These classes are public and for everybody, spectators of both sexes being admitted free.

The primary schools take the children from the age of six and keep them until the age of twelve. Then, if they are to continue their schooling, the higher primary schools receive them for a few years longer, until they are ready for the secondary education which is given in the lycées, or colleges, or in the professional and trades schools. All this education is had for nothing, and the city even helps the children of the needy to live meanwhile. And it is not only book learning which is given. Even in the primary schools the girls learn housekeeping, from kitchen work and buying in the market, to mending and making their dresses, while boys can practice joinery and blacksmithing. From the start the boys and girls are put in separate schools. This is a change from the maternal or baby schools, in which working people leave their children during the day, and where, on benches for two, a boy and a girl are seated together. In the primary schools there

are no female teachers for the boys, with a few exceptions for the very youngest ones. But the course of studies and the general discipline are the same for both sexes. In each school there are three grades according to age. The elementary course has the children from six to eight, the middle course from eight to ten, the higher course from ten to twelve. There are divisions in each grade, according to progress in study, with as many classes as the number of scholars demands. The rule is that there shall be not more than fifty scholars in the lowest classes, or forty in the higher. As the first result of this school system has been to prepare a great many more teachers than can possibly be placed, it is for the interest of the school authorities to multiply classes as much as they can. This is especially true of the girls' schools, for which there are several thousand more school mistresses waiting than are wanted.

The newer school buildings are large, light and airy. The tables and benches are made of five different sizes, with only two children sitting together. But there are other things which more surprise the foreigner. We can understand the covered yard for exercise in rainy weather, which is frequent here in addition

to the large, open playground, but we are puzzled by the kitchen, the dining-room, the shop for eatables and the workrooms. One is apt to say that a Paris public day school is very like that of an orphan's home. To tell the truth, the great city treats its children almost like orphans, for whom everything must be done freely. The parents are supposed to contribute according to their ability, but the sum asked is small and easily dispensed with. Here are some of the gratuities which Paris gives in this way to the scholars of its public schools :

*First.*—Books, paper and other stationery are furnished to all the scholars, rich or poor, free of charge. Taking all the children, big and little, together, this amounts to about one dollar per year for each scholar.

Very much of the work in Paris schools is done on the walls of the classroom, which are entirely taken up with blackboard surface for all manner of lessons, writing, arithmetic, grammar, drawing, also large maps by the aid of which the study of geography and history, of physiology and the natural history of flowers and animals, is carried on. This does away with the need of many books. The children

do not know the general geography of the world, perhaps, as well as American scholars, but they seem to be well up in all that concerns their own country. And they certainly know how to count and reckon money, especially the girls ; for the true female equality in France consists in the fact that women are nearly always the cashiers and the book-keepers for their husbands or for their fathers.

*Second.*—The next thing which the city furnishes to all the day scholars of its public schools is a solid meal at the hour of noon. There are two reasons for this. With the French habit of never trusting their children far out of sight, a great number of the scholars would not be able to run home for lunch, and the city is too generous to oblige them to undergo the cold comfort of a dinner pail. In the second place, many of the children from the poorer quarters would stand small chance of having anything nourishing to eat if the matter were left to their parents. So the motherly city has taken the burden on itself in such a way that there shall be no appearance of inequality between children who can pay for what they receive and those who receive everything for nothing. The meal, the preparation of

which is the industry of the janitor's wife or of some regular caterer, is usually served in the covered playroom. Each student has a bowl of soup and a plate of steaming meat and vegetables. All are supposed to bring from home in their little baskets the bread which they need, and if they wish to drink anything but water, a bottle of milk or wine (thin wine is the usual drink of the Paris poor at home). Fond mothers may even add a bit of cheese or pastry by way of dessert ; but where the parents are very poor, the child receives his piece of bread from the school canteen and no other scholar is the wiser for this generosity. To get their portions, each child presents a copper check. The parents of those who pay have given from three to four cents for this—not a dear lunch, considering what is furnished—but those children whose parents have paid nothing have the same copper check in their hand to give in for their portion in sight of the others.

*Third.*—Decent and warm clothing is another necessity of school children ; but in Paris, many of the poor are unable to procure clothing for their children, and so the city has taken this matter in hand along with books and

meals. The Paris Municipal Council, besides voting extra subsidies to the schools of each quarter according to the needs of the population, authorises the directors of the schools to set in motion a whole machinery for increasing the fund—subscription lists, door to door collections from the rich people of the quarter, festivities, for entrance to which money is received, all the way from theatricals to banquets. With this money the cashier of the school is authorised to buy shoes and clothing for those whose parents cannot furnish what is necessary to put them on a footing of equality with all the other children. This is the keynote of Paris public school administration—absolute equality of the scholars while they are at school. The tendency of the French to wear uniforms—in the case of school children a dark blue blouse and cap—makes this a fairly easy task. But the cashier's duty does not end here. If a child is found to be ailing, he may draw on his funds for anything needed to keep the youngster at school, from a flannel shirt to a sticking plaster or a green shade for weak eyes.

Furthermore, an idea prevails that school boys and girls will not profit during the ses-

sion unless they have a pleasant vacation. Besides, the vacation can be made to serve for instruction as well as health. This idea gave rise to vacation journeys and school colonies, which the city of Paris pays for out of its own pocket, or at least out of the cash box of each separate school. These journeys are oftenest for a day, but they are frequently for a week, while some few Arrondissements have school colonies which take the children away from their families and from the city for an entire month. The children who are to enjoy free trips to the country for a day are chosen among all who have behaved themselves. But for the long trips the children of well-to-do parents are not supposed to compete; usually they are off for the vacation with their own families. The school authorities are instructed to give always the preference to the children of the poorest families, and among these to the best behaved ones. The simple trips reach as far as from Paris to the seaside at Hâvre, or Dieppe (five hours by rail). Often they are made to the Forest of Fontainebleau, where the city children are supposed to learn something about trees and nature in general. The longer journeys have been made into Switzerland; while

the colonies for a month's time are farmed out in the mountains of the Vosges or other healthy parts of Provincial France. They are under the direction of the school physician who also has a voice in choosing the children who may go.

Each scholar has to keep a diary during this absence, and this is corrected on the return as an exercise in French composition. Then it is handed over to be read in the family, joyful to have a share in the pleasures of their little child. The girls are said to write unusually interesting notes. Here is a specimen from the diary of an eleven-year-old girl, who passed this first month of her life outside of Paris with her companions at Saint Dié, in the east of France, where the children could see before them the blue mountains of Alsace, which the Germans took from their country in 1870:

“At dinner we had beef and potatoes—the regulation beef and potatoes. I shall have had enough beef for the rest of my days. It seems that the people of Saint Dié eat boiled meat every day. I may grow bigger and older, but I will never marry a man from Saint Dié. I should be afraid that he would keep up his unhappy taste for boiled beef.”



PONT DES ARTS AND INSTITUTE.



The teaching of gymnastics in Paris schools has little that is noteworthy except that it is obligatory both for girls and boys. A more interesting movement was the introduction of manual labour into the public school programme. A few hours each week are given to sewing and mending—to the darning of stockings and the making of baby-linen ; they are encouraged to do this work for their own families, all extra work going to the foundling asylums. Finally, in all these primary schools every one has to learn something of drawing and the elements of singing. After the age of twelve years, there are still many of the pupils who do not wish, or are not able, to take the full and formal course of the high schools properly so called, yet their parents would like to see them still for a time under instruction. For all these, up to the age of fifteen, what are called complementary courses are opened in each of the primary schools. These are for the advanced mathematics and natural sciences, especially in their practical, every-day applications for book-keeping and the foreign languages (practically limited to German and English), for drawing, and for a little more music.

There is a great amount and variety of attention given to practical working with the hands. With the boys this has not gone far beyond good cabinet work, as anything else would turn the school into a trade apprenticeship ; but the natural trade of all girls is housekeeping. Accordingly, these are not only taught all kinds of sewing, they receive special lessons in the cutting out and making up of clothes. This comprises most of the secrets of Parisian dress-making, with spring bonnets. More wonderful still are what are properly called the housekeeping classes. These were begun during two hours on Thursdays only, in one central school of each ward, but now they are in each of the larger public schools. A special teacher explains systematically some branch of domestic economy—the qualities of food and drinks, the elementary principles of cooking and providing for household necessities, the concocting of teas and simple remedies for sickness, washing and ironing, heating and lighting, and all that concerns the management of the home. All the girls of the course have to go by turns of ten through real kitchen and laundry work. In the former they are called on to do the marketing of the day's meal for their set, under

the eyes of the teacher and the cooking mistress. They are allowed to dispose of ten francs (two dollars) for the meal of ten persons. They have eight bills of fare to make up in winter, and as many more in summer. After they have cooked the lunch thus chosen, they are supposed to eat it. In fact, it will be their only meal at school that day. In the laundry, also, they are not let off with merely wetting their hands ; real work is given them to do.

As to the pedagogic methods, the Republic has made much progress of late years ; there is, however, a good deal of empiricism in the methods still in use, and a “culture pedagogique” is still lacking. The system adopted in the Lycées for instruction in the classical studies, strikes one as correct, and all that it needs is to perfect it. Scientific teaching is generally good in France, and that in what are called higher studies is without superiority in any other country. Discipline in French schools is less austere than in England, and it brings to its aid the vanity of pupils quite as much as their sense of duty, or a consciousness of what is right and wrong. The whole system of rewards turns on this personal vanity, which

is stimulated by good marks, honourable mention, medals, decorations, wreaths, and competitive examinations for prizes of all sorts. All this is in harmony with French ideas, and he would indeed be a bold reformer who should attempt to bring about any radical change in it. Not only pupils, but their instructors, are stimulated in the same way, by a system of promotions, by rewards, and the bestowal of purely honorific distinctions.

Education is obligatory, and not only are all primary schools absolutely gratuitous, but each one of the thirty-six thousand Communes in France is required to keep up its primaries. The Conseil Général, or local board that governs each Department, may, however, authorise adjoining Communes in their Department to maintain in common a primary school, and the board may even dispense a Commune from the obligation of providing means for primary education where there exists any non-State school within its limits, where such education is given gratuitously to children of those parents living in the district who are unable to pay for it.

Primary schools for girls are divided into two classes, and they are known as those of the first and second order. Under certain circum-

stances, the children of both sexes may be provisionally admitted into the same schoolhouse; but the average annual attendance of pupils at such schools, cannot at any time during three years, exceed forty; and if the teacher already appointed is a man, the Préfet of the Department must appoint, on the nomination of the Mairie of the Commune, a woman to look after the girl pupils. But no primary can receive pupils of both sexes if there be already a public school for girls in the Commune and, even in those mixed schools, boys and girls are not allowed together but must be separated from each other by a partition at least five feet high, and so arranged that the teacher can see on both sides of it. The recesses are also at different hours, and are separated from each other by at least fifteen minutes, while the same difference of time must separate the school hours both for the commencement and letting out of school.

The mixed schools are not popular among French people, and are only tolerated when it cannot be otherwise. The system of education is based primarily on the absolute separation of the two sexes, and, strange to say, the objections of the parents to mixed schools are based

precisely on those moral arguments which are generally advanced in their favour in the United States. In Paris, as elsewhere, for that matter, the school is more or less the reflection of society, and there are two things which, perhaps more than any other of the many differences between them, distinguish European from American society. These are the intercourse between the sexes and the manner in which, in our country, everyone is expected to defend and protect him or herself. The liberty enjoyed by women, and more especially by young and unmarried women, in America is proverbial, while, on the other hand, no young girl of the better class ever goes out alone in France, nor is she ever only accompanied or at least very rarely so, by her brother, and still more rarely by a less near male relative.

Travelling alone, or receiving male visitors without an elderly lady being present, is something a French girl is never permitted to do. Young girls have not, as with us, the right to expect to be treated with respect when alone, and a lady rarely if ever finds herself the object of polite and kindly meant intentions from the men with whom she comes in contact on railways, at theatres, or elsewhere. The way men

put themselves out in the United States for the sake of politeness toward women who are utter strangers to them, is one of the things which most surprises Frenchmen when they visit our country.

The French system of education, in the matter of the preservation of the morality of children, also follows an entirely opposite method from that in vogue with us. All the efforts which we bring to bear in order to render our children capable of resisting temptations, the French employ in keeping their children from being exposed to those same temptations. I have not much confidence in French education on this point, for, as I have more than once said, when having occasion to discuss the matter, it is impossible to absolutely keep young people out of the way of a chance to do wrong, and then they find themselves in the presence of a danger for which they are not prepared. Beside, the time must come when it is no longer possible to keep them constantly under one's eyes, and lads just out of college, or girls freshly emancipated from maternal restraint, are not prepared to face the temptations to which even they are inevitably exposed, and that the result is often calamitous no one

who knows anything about Paris society will deny. In America we proceed differently, preparing our young folks to live together and to mutually respect each other while they are still at school.

As they have always been thrown together in their youth, nothing seems strange to them when they come together in social intercourse. It is rather by separating them that evil ideas are apt to find place in their minds ; moreover, both sexes gain much in manners by being thus thrown together in early life. If this were only a theory it might, perhaps, be questioned, but it is the result of long experience, and superintendents, professors and teachers, who have had anything to do with American mixed schools, are unanimous in their favour. There are, it is true, objections to the coadjutation of the sexes, at least when they have attained a certain age, which are not so easy to answer. Girls and boys who are thus freely thrown together will, in many cases, fall in love with each other, and marriages will be the result. While, of course, this result follows in America, where it is looked upon as a natural and proper thing, it is considered in France the abomination of desolation for young people—I am always speaking

of the middle and wealthy classes—to arrange their own matrimonial affairs.

The total number of primary schools in France, exclusive of infant schools ("écoles maternelles") is about ninety thousand. Of these four thousand are private and at least ten thousand are in the hands of the Catholic Church. In some parts of the Republic these church schools are more numerous than are the public ones. There is, moreover, an "enseignement libre laique" (as the system of education which is independent of Church and State is called), but these are in the minority compared with the "enseignement congrégationiste." These ninety thousand schools bear on their registers something like six millions of children, but the attendance is not always what it should be, the number attending regularly being only about five millions, and the fault is to be largely attributed to the School Commissioners, the way they are chosen, and the manner in which they discharge their duties.

These Commissioners are too often appointed for political reasons; the position is frequently given to a man not because he is believed to be adapted for the place, but because he is known to possess local influence that can be made use

of at election times. Entrusted with the duty of enforcing the law of 1882, concerning compulsory education, they are apt to grant excuses to parents whose votes are wanted, and permit them to keep children at home instead of sending them to school as they should do. In 1878 there were one hundred and ten thousand seven hundred teachers of both sexes in France, while in 1899 their number had increased to one hundred and thirty thousand. To assure the recruiting of teachers the law obliges each Department to keep up two normal schools—one for males and one for females—and there is not a department which is lacking in this particular. A law also exists which divides male and female teachers into five classes, according to the salaries allowed them, as follows: Fifth class one thousand francs (\$200) per annum; fourth class, twelve hundred francs per annum; third class, fifteen hundred francs per annum; second class, eighteen hundred francs per annum; and first class two thousand francs per annum. When living quarters are not found for them in the school buildings, then school teachers receive a rent indemnity of two hundred francs, if the school has more than two classes; and of four hundred francs, if it has more than four

classes. If the school contains a class of superior primary education, the teacher receives an addition of two hundred francs to his or her salary, and the law also fixes a scale of indemnity for rent to be paid to the heads of primary schools and their assistants in certain instances.

There is a drawback of five per cent on the first year's salary of every teacher, and on the increase of his or her salary during the first year, which is taken possession of by the State, and in return for which they become entitled to the same retiring pension, and on the same terms as other persons employed in the service of the Nation. Appointments are made by the Préfet from a list prepared by the Council-General of eligible applicants. Teachers may, according to the gravity of their offence, be suspended partially or totally without salary, or dismissed by the Préfet of the Department. In urgent cases the Maire has the power to suspend a primary teacher in his Commune provided he reports the case to the Préfet within two days. French school teachers are forbidden from carrying on any commercial or industrial business, but with the consent of the Conseil-Général they may hold some other local office.

The cost of primary education in 1890 was \$55,000,000, of which sum the State's share was \$40,000,000. Moreover, the State has during the last ten years advanced to the Communes and Departments as much as \$130,000, 000 to aid them in building schoolhouses, beside which local loans were authorised for the same object to the amount of \$34,000,000. In 1899, although the average of salaries paid primary teachers was a little less than in 1889, their number had been so largely increased that it took \$26,000,000 in round numbers, to pay them. Public instruction having become gratuitous in 1881, the parents of children paid nothing toward this sum, the State paying all teachers and classes in public schools that average fifty pupils to each teacher. In order to bring this average down to forty pupils the instructing force will have to be increased by at least twenty thousand persons. Taking one thing with another, increase of salaries, additional schoolhouses, etc., it may be safely affirmed that the cost of public instruction in France will, in a few years (it may even now), amount to a total of \$60,000,000 annually.

## CHAPTER X.

Napoleon's "Goose with the Golden Eggs"—The École Polytechnique—Its centennial celebrated in 1894—Pleiades of remarkable men who graduated from its classes—The genesis of its legendary popularity—Anecdote of Napoleon—Ridiculous authority of the Bourbons—How the students won popularity—The conduct of young de Freycinet—Students in the *rôle* of conciliators between government and insurrection—Free at last of all party quarrels—Poor accommodations for the Polytechnicians—Dormitories and refectories—Their daily rations and their work—The clock of Berzélius—Drinking place of Mother Prosper.

PERHAPS enough has been said concerning educational institutions in Paris, still I am impelled to add something more about one other establishment which is of world-wide fame and therefore of high importance. In May, 1894, the fêtes organised to celebrate the centennial of the École Polytechnique were finished in a blaze of lyric and dramatic scenes, followed by a ball at the Trocadero, and our study now is of that Polytechnique which

Napoleon I called his “goose with the golden eggs.” For more than one hundred years this school at Paris has played an active part in all the Revolutions, and the pleiades of remarkable men who graduated from its classes as civil or military engineers, as well as the *esprit du corps*, which unites its graduates, have won it great prestige. As it is the door to a public office paradise, all Paris mothers dream of it for their sons. I remember with what pride the landlady of the first boarding-house that I ever stayed at in the capital told me that her son had been admitted to the École Polytechnique a week before my arrival. Then she boasted of its fame and excellence, although she knew nothing whatever of the genesis of its legendary popularity.

In France, towards the middle of the year 1793, everything was lacking, and the famous decree of August 25, in spite of its emphatic form, was singularly eloquent. “Young men,” it said, “will fight, married men will forge arms and transport provisions, women will make tents and clothes and serve in hospitals, children will tear up old linen, old men will be carried to the public places to excite the courage of warriors, to preach hatred of kings and

the unity of the Republic. National houses shall be converted into barracks, public places into armouries, the soil of caves shall be washed to extricate saltpetre. Measures shall be taken to establish without delay an extraordinary fabrication of arms of all kinds, which responds to the glory and energy of the French people."

Numerous savants, among whom were Fourcroy, Lakanal, Monge and Berthollet, hastened to respond to the appeal of the committee by manufacturing arms and ammunition. Then Carnot "organised victory" and the Fatherland was saved. The danger over, Prieur-Duvennais and Carnot had no trouble in making it understood that there was necessity of establishing a school for the recruitment of engineers, as the organisation of the diverse establishments then in existence left much to be desired. The spirit of routine was such in one school that Monge did not have the right to teach the application of geometry to the direction of a slope, while numerous gaps existed in the recruitment and functionment of the services. On the eleventh of March, 1794, the Convention named a commission charged with the preparation of the establishment of a central school of public

works. Among the members of that commission were Carnot, Guyton-Morveau, Monge and Prieur-Duvernais, all four from the Côte-d'Or Department. On the twenty-eighth of September, the organic law of the school was voted, and two weeks later examinations for admission began in twenty-two different cities. The programme of knowledge required was rather vague; candidates had to be especially recommended by the practice of Republican virtues and to have constantly manifested a love of Liberty and Equality as well as hatred of tyrants. The Palais Bourbon was arranged to receive the three hundred and ninety-six scholars admitted, one of whom, benefiting by the dispensation of age, was twelve and a half years old. Monge opened his class December 10, 1794. The pupils were day scholars and received a salary of twelve hundred livres—in assignats. The fathers, sensible and good patriots approved by the Committee of Public Safety, charged themselves with lodging and nourishing the pupils in consideration of nine hundred livres. A few months later the organisation of the school was modified. It was no longer to form engineers but to prepare scholars for the different schools of application,

artillery, engineering, mines and roads and bridges, and then the Institution took on the name of *École Polytechnique*.

The school had scarcely been founded than it found adversaries. Some pupils were accused of frequenting Royalist cafés; others did not listen with enough respect to the patriotic songs heard in theatres, and Deputy Baraillon demanded that the "axe must be used on this manchineel-tree, the fruits of which, seductive at first, will soon poison the Republic." For a time a general purification was feared, while constant depreciation of assignats rendered the situation of students deprived of fortune very critical. The "sensible fathers" found that it would be impossible to nourish them, and although wealthy scholars abandoned their pay to the profit of less fortunate comrades, as meanwhile Monge, and several other professors, renounced their salaries, three hundred young men were obliged to go back to their families for want of bread. But these difficulties did not long interrupt the classes, and several engineers came out of the school to accompany Monge and Berthollet on the expedition to Egypt.

Enthused by Bonaparte, the scholars found

a way of raising the money necessary to construct the *Polytechnique*, a launch, with which they rendered homage to him at the time of his threatened descent on England. These good relations between the school and the First Consul did not last long, however. The students, incorporated in the National Guard mixed in all the agitations of the streets, and acquired Liberal ideas. After having protested against the *Coup d'État* of Brumaire, they refused to sign an address of congratulation apropos of the discovery of Moreau's conspiracy. Napoleon was furious, and decreed the military organization of the school; and at the time of the distribution of eagles on the Champ de Mars, he gave to young Arago the flag of the Institution, one side of which bore the famous device, "Pour la Patrie, les Sciences et la Gloire." Furthermore the students, instead of receiving pay were obliged to give eight hundred francs annually. Napoleon's victories brought this youth of France to the Empire, but after the conspiracy of General Mallet they resumed their opposition, and one morning there was found on the blackboards these two lines written with chalk :

“Le monde est un atome ou rampe avec fierté  
L’ insecte usurpateur qu’on nomme Majesté.”

Exasperated to a high degree, Napoleon was for killing his “goose with the golden eggs,” and the project of a decree was elaborated by the Council of State to re-organize the Institution on a new basis. Then France was invaded and the Polytechnicians defended the barrier of the Trône against the Prince of Wurtemberg, with cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” Michel Charles, Enfantin, and Carnot, figured among the combatants, and on his return from the Isle of Elba, Napoleon was acclaimed.

The École Polytechnique could not pardon the Bourbons for having been brought back by foreigners, and, despite the apparent sympathy of Charles X, with the frequent visits of the Duke of Angoulême, the scholars were dissatisfied with the Government of the Restoration. Moreover the latter made its authority felt in a ridiculous manner. Under pretext of hindering the school from preserving the maxims of the Revolution, and of “transmitting to promotions a too faithful tradition of Republicanism and impiety,” it forced students to assist at mass and vespers, “provided with the book of services designated under the title of

‘Eucologe.’” General Pailhon, under governor of the school, issued an order forbidding any model of drawing or of sculpture to be entirely nude, and the Minister of the Interior effaced from the list of admissions all names which offended him.

In 1820 Cavaignac was struck off as the son of a Conventionnel; but he was reinstated on the intervention of Monsieur de Frayssinous. Ten years later, Charras was sent away for having sung the “Marseillaise” at the annual banquet of 1830. He was the fellow who went to seek his comrades at the first firing in the Revolution of July, and they all went out, *en masse*, but most of them were stopped by their parents or their Paris guardians. However about sixty of them spread through the different quarters, and put themselves at the head of the Insurrection. Bosquet took possession of the Louvre, but Vaneau was killed in front of the barracks of Babylone.

The battle finished, the school assured order everywhere. In a few hours it had won an extraordinary popularity. On all sides fêtes and banquets were organised in its honour. It was acclaimed in the theatres. Poets sang its praises. Rheims sent it champagne, and the

United States its congratulations. The people vowed it a respect and affection which should never be changed, and during twenty years it was counted on for the defense of liberty. Louis Philippe himself could not show it enough recognition. At the request of the young Duke of Orleans, who followed the course as a day-scholar, the Citizen King named several scholars lieutenants, by according analogous advancement to those who were destined to civil careers. He also invited them to choose twelve of their number for the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The scholars declared that they had not merited these exceptional recompenses, and the ordinance was repealed. The father of Vaneau, whom the school had recommended to the care of the Government, refused even the pension offered him.

Immediately after the Revolution of July, Arago was made provisional commander of the Polytechnique. Religious exercises were suppressed, the regular holidays of Wednesdays and Sundays were prolonged until midnight, and for a short while it was even a question of re-establishing the *externat*. The scholars opposed this, considering the régime incompatible to the calm required for their studies.

The nomination of General Bertrand, former companion of Napoleon at Saint Helena, as commander of the school, completely won over the youth of the Polytechnique, who went to the Palais Royal the day after the trial of the Ministers to assure the King of their good feelings. But politics then occupied many minds. During recreations, the older boys repeated to newcomers the exploits of their comrades with as much enthusiasm as were formerly read the bulletins of the Grand Army. Intoxicated by its popularity, the school hastened to aid the National Guard in repressing street movements, accentuated a kind of *rôle* of arbitrator between the people and the Government which had been created for it by events, was at all the fêtes and all manifestations, never ceased to sustain the part of order, and it soon became a real power in the State. Sixty-three scholars, despite formal prohibition, followed the funeral of General Lamarque. Six were arrested and one of them passed through the Assizes, where he was acquitted.

The “conspiration des poudres,” imagined in 1833 by an awkward minister, had serious consequences. Four scholars, found by the police in a house suspected of secretly making

ammunition, were pursued with Raspail, but the process terminated by a check that was pitiable for the Government. The monarchy of July had henceforth an irreconcilable enemy in the École Polytechnique. After having struck the word "Royal" from the inscription placed above the entrance of the school, the scholars decided to no longer salute the king. One of them, being near the gates of the Louvre when Louis Philippe left in a carriage, carried his hand to his hat to keep it ostensibly on his head. The aide-de-camp who galloped before the royal carriage struck the hat off with his sabre, whereupon the student drew his sword and sprang at the over-zealous courtier. For this he was arrested and taken back to the school, but next day two of his comrades demanded reparation from the insulter, who refused to fight under pretext that the scholar was not an officer. Thereupon one of the young men struck the fellow, and, to avoid, further scandal, the king got rid of his aide-de-camp.

On the twenty-fifth of February, 1848, the students, hearing of the events of the day before, gathered together in the Amphitheatre. Young de Freycinet first spoke, and the Gen-

eral himself applauded the future organiser of the National Defense, when he declared that the duty of the school was to join the National Guard and throw itself between the combatants to stop the spilling of blood. During this time the crowd cheered, the students threatened to force the gates if they did not come out, which they did in a few moments, and after joining the authorities united at the Pantheon, they divided into groups which went to the different Arrondissements, where the battalions of the National Guard immediately put themselves under their orders. At the sight of their uniforms the troops fell back and the insurgents lowered arms. Monsieur Fargue, afterward Inspector General of roads and bridges, arrived at the Tuilleries in time to preserve it from being pillaged. Monsieur de Freycinet hastened with several comrades to the Hôtel de Ville, where he guaranteed tranquillity to the deliberations of the Provisional Government. He was by the side of Lamartine when the latter pronounced the celebrated phrase: "I will repel until death this flag of blood, and you should repudiate it more than I; for the red flag that you bring us has only made the tour of the Champ de Mars, dragged in the blood of the

people, in 1791 and 1793, while the tricolored flag has made the tour of the world with the name, the glory, and the liberty of the Fatherland." Some hours later, it was sufficient for him to appear on a barricade to stop the fire of insurgents who were opposing the exit of a battalion by the Menilmontant gate. Twenty students put themselves at the disposal of the Government, which employed them as aides-de-camp, and after having fulfilled the most delicate missions for several weeks, they returned quietly to follow their classes.

In the days of June the school fulfilled the same *rôle* of conciliator between the Government and the Insurrection. The *épopée* was finished. Occupied in a military way during that memorable night the school could do nothing with the *Coup d'État*. It calmly hated the Empire, and, at the time of the review of the Crimean troops in 1855, the scholars defiled past Napoleon III without a single cry. Later on the Prince Imperial visited the school with his preceptor, General Froissard, and was welcomed with glacial silence. These manifestations were without consequence and were the last at the École Polytechnique.

On the declaration of war against Prussia

a party of students were sent to Metz, others were incorporated in the army of Châlons, and some remained in Paris. One of these, named Pistor, was decorated with the cross for heroic conduct at Froeschviller. In the month of January, 1871, the school opened at Bordeaux; it returned to Paris three days before the Insurrection, declared for the Government of Versailles, and went to install itself at Tours. Since then the school has been free of all the quarrels of parties and it took no part whatever in the agitations of the Boulangist period.

Since November 11, 1805, the school has occupied the site of the former Colleges of Navarre, of Boncourt and of Tournay, at the top of the hill of Sainte Genèvieve, down by the Pantheon. Arranged originally to lodge one hundred students, it now receives more than double that number, and although annexes have been built they are so narrow that each scholar has less than twelve cubic metres of air in which to live. A minimum of seventeen metres per man is required by the war plans for a soldiers' barracks. It is true that that quarter of Paris is healthful, and that young men, usually robust, appear to accommodate themselves well enough to their hygienic con-

ditions, but the state of exhaustion found among them after two years of sojourn at the Polytechnique seems to be due as much to the lack of food and air as to the excess of work. Admittance to the school is only by competition, and for this purpose public examinations take place every year. It is necessary to be French born, a Bachelor of Sciences or Letters, and more than sixteen and less than twenty years of age, on the first of January of the current year. The price of board is one thousand francs (\$200) a year, and of the outfit seven hundred francs. Received after the examination for admission, his board paid and the physician passed, the young man enters the school so ardently longed for. The duration of studies is two years and pupils are divided into two divisions, the first comprising those who passed the examinations the first year, and the second, the newcomers. The Polytechnician is submitted to the military régime and while at the school is considered as under the flag.

The aspect of the dormitories, or casernments, is especially lamentable, the general commanding the school seeming to be ashamed of them and very few strangers are ever per-

mitted to visit them. Iron beds are placed so closely together that sixteen or eighteen are in a low hall, lighted on a single side only and which should contain not more than half that number, if so many. Above each bed there is a board to support the hatbox ; there is a nail on which to hang the sword and belt ; there is also a bit of a carpet as large as a pocket hand-kerchief, a small locker called a "coffin" which serves as wardrobe, a washstand, a basin and a pitcher of water. Such is the furniture of a scholar of the "Grand School." Not the sign of a curtain at the window, not a chair to put their clothes on, nor on which to throw a towel. French Polytechnicians sleep in these over-crowded, illy-ventilated rooms, until the next to the last beat of the morning drum which calls them to work ; and when one of them descends too late and finds the grating closed he is called a "rat." The study rooms, which occupy the groundfloor and the first floor, are not clean or comfortable and their furniture is of extreme simplicity. Along either side of the wall a table, divided into four or five drawers closed with a key, is surmounted by a small *étagère* which holds a dozen volumes. In a corner a little fountain, or "corio," in

another a table wherein everything necessary to make punch is hidden. The seats are heavy stools, of a solidity equal to all trials. The two angles at the right and left of the glass door, where nothing can be seen from outside, constitutes the "desert." In this a Polytechnician passes half the day smoking, reading papers, brewing punch, playing whist, and studying. The surveillance is rather paternal than otherwise and authority does not interfere except in case of serious trouble.

At six o'clock in the winter, at five o'clock in the summer, drums beat the *réveille*; the boys wait until the third call is heard, then there is a rush for the stairways, and the adjutants give the last call in the study halls. At eight o'clock a breakfast of coffee, cheese or radishes is served; dinner is not eaten until two o'clock in the afternoon.

The refectories are down in the basements and run the length of the corridor. They are damp and cold, and receive light from the court-yard of the laboratories. Large tables with black marble tops, wooden benches, small cupboards where dishes are kept, and pigeon holes for napkins, compose all the furnishing. There are ten places to each table. As a drink

half a pint of wine at each repast; but for some time they have been distributing a ration of wine at half-past eleven. Certain dishes return periodically each week, and these bear the name of the professor who has his class that day; thus, the name of Zeller, professor of History, has remained synonymous with spinach. On Sunday morning are served "the cutlets of Madame Laplace," paid for with the income of a sum of money, left by the widow of the illustrious astronomer for that purpose.

Each morning at nine o'clock the students gathered in the amphitheatre, watch a gentleman in dress coat writing formulas on the blackboard for an hour and a half, and the lesson is given amidst perfect silence. There is a "Captain of Service," seated in his box, who has a plan of the hall; he keeps his eyes on the scholars and his mission is to punish those who sleep. This manner of understanding the liberty of work has never roused protestations. From time to time the professor announces that he will question at the beginning of the next course; then most of the students contract a kind of insurance, by making an assessment of two cents to form a "kitty" of consolation which will indemnify the stu-

dent designated by fate to go on the platform in presence of all the others. All scholars do not work equally. In general the five or six first ones, endowed with an exceptional organisation, work all the less because it is *bon ton* to preserve their rank.

The recreation court is large and airy. Billiard rooms, barber shop, fencing hall, and different other dependencies, occupy three of its sides, the fourth being closed by the Pavillion des Élèves. This building, constructed in 1738, is all that remains of the College of Navarre, the only one of the period it appears, where students had anything to do but promenade. It is three stories high surmounted by a mansard roof, the garrets of which serve as police hall ; its black walls, with severe but regular lines, give it a certain seal, and the clock that decorates it has inspired poetic minds with this legend :

“ A Swedish chemist named Berzélius, who was in Paris about 1819, came to make some experiments in Physics and Chemistry before the scholars of the Polytechnic School. To show the influence of air on the respiration of animals, he placed a sparrow under the bell of the pneumatic machine and made a vacuum. At the

moment when the bird was about to die, a cry of, ' Mercy, mercy ! ' rose from all sides of the amphitheatre. Berzélius had mercy on the bird, which flew out of the hall ; then for some while afterward a strange thing happened. Every Wednesday and Sunday at the moment when the large hand of the clock, leaving the fifty-ninth minute of nine o'clock, was to mark the fatal return to school an obstacle seemed to stop it and it was noticed that this last moment was of unreasonable length. When search was made, it was found that this delay was caused by a sparrow which, at the precise minute, posed itself on the large hand, and that was Berzélius' sparrow. The bird was caught and killed, the school had a superb funeral ; it was interred in a corner of the courtyard, and the clock that day received the name of Berzélius."

The school is commanded by a general, assisted by a colonel, a major and six captains bearing the title of inspectors of studies. The relations of these officers and the adjutants with the scholars are rather delicate ; but the understanding is based on a reciprocal esteem, and, in general, the authorities close their eyes to tricks which do not provoke a too manifest disorder. Just opposite the school, in the Rue de

la Montagne Sainte Geneviève, “la mère Prosper” keeps a little drinking place. Mother Prosper is a woman of thirty-five years, engaging, kind and virtuous, although she has to listen to some curious stories. She looks to be fifty, but she must always be just thirty-five years; when the titular of the *cabaret* passes that age she cedes her place to another woman. No sprees are possible at la mère Prosper’s; the liqueurs are very mild, and no boy is allowed to ever buy more than four cents’ worth of tobacco at a single time. In the summer when the water is warm, a “*tapin*” buys ice for the students. One *tapin* was quite an ice connoisseur, and called himself Beauvisage. When he paid out too much money for some the fellows complained. “What, Beauvisage, ten sous for ice to-day?” “Yes, you see, my officer” (Beauvisage called them thus, and that flattered them), “this ice is colder than that you had yesterday. It is Norwegian ice, sir.” In summer Polytechnicians often go to the shooting ground at Vincennes, and when they proudly march with guns on shoulders through the streets of Paris, la mère Prosper—never the same—accompanies them with her little sutler’s wagon; and then there are fine lunches on the grass; a litre of wine at fifteen sous, fried sausages, cookies, etc.

## CHAPTER XI.

The government of France—Meeting place of the Deputies—Once a mansion of princely pleasures—Two fronts to the Palais Bourbon—Hall of Lost Footsteps, and that of Four Columns—The reading room and the library—The Salle des Séances an imposing chamber—Five hundred and fifty-eight Deputies—Eight or nine political parties in the house—How members must address the assembly—Take their turn, as registered, in speaking—The Senate sits in the Palace of the Luxembourg—Two hundred and ninety-seven members—A quiet body—The presiding officers in both houses—How they are chosen—Anecdotes of different speakers—The standing committee—Official homes of the three Presidents—The Cabinet officers.

IT would be pleasant to describe in detail the political organisation of France, to expose successively the formation and composition of the Council of Ministers, its interior organism and its general *rôle*, its relation with the President of the Republic as well as its relations to the Chambers of Parliament, and also its authority in the administration of Government; how the

two houses put in action political responsibility of each ministry, and how the whole organisation is based on the English system of government, yet differing radically from it, but all that is impossible in this work. It may be stated, however, that while there is a President there is no Vice-President, that while his Cabinet consists of eleven ministers, they are not responsible to him but to Parliament alone. This Parliament, or Congress is made up of two assemblies, a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The latter body is the more numerous if not the most important. The house wherein the Deputies meet was originally a palace; indeed it is generally called the Palais Bourbon, because Louis XIV built it for his natural daughter, the Princess de Bourbon, from whose heirs the State subsequently purchased it. But it has gone through many changes and has been adapted to many purposes since it was the scene of royal enjoyment and princely pleasures. It has no longer a state bedroom with golden tapestries on the walls, nor does the famous boudoir, with its inlaid floor, which echoed to the orgies of so many gallant Condés and Bourbons, now exist. Gone, too, is the billiard hall where marble nymphs, indecently posing and crowned

with wild flowers, served as cue-racks to the palace courtiers. But the celebrated *salle à manger* with painted arcades, reflecting from a hundred mirrors its fairy splendours, is still to be seen by those who happen to be invited inside the mansion by its official occupants.

There are two fronts to the Palais Bourbon, and they are entirely different. Tourists see very little of the South side of the building. On that front is a triumphal portico gate, flanked by a double colonnade. Then comes a large court-yard, where the carriages of Cabinet ministers wait their owners, and this yard is followed by a smaller one, which has a stout bronze door to it that has not been opened since King Louis Philippe passed that way into the Chamber. He was the only monarch who ever entered by that door, just as Napoleon I was the only one who ever passed into the Palace by the North front portico. This river side has an iron fence with gilded gates in its front, also a magnificent flight of steps, at the bottom of which, seated on pedestals, are colossal statues of Grecian divinities, that are not at all of immortal appearance, but are decidedly weather beaten.

We enter the building on the northern side,

through a small court-yard and thence into an ante-chamber, which is reserved for a patient public, and where we send our names in to some member. Doorkeepers in livery pass on our cards, and presently our friendly Deputy comes and conducts us to the reception room. It is known as the *Salle de Pas Perdus* (hall of lost footsteps), and it is adorned with Corinthian columns, marble statues, and bronze groups, the ceiling being finely painted. Beyond this lobby is the *Salle des Quatre Colonnes*, at the other end of which are the offices of the sergeants-at-arms, committee rooms, etc. Very few outsiders ever gain admittance to that part of the palace. The Hall of the Four Columns is furnished with a few velvet-covered benches and there are some marble statues. Through a passageway full of statuary, we go to the reading room, which is a well-lighted hall with a glass roof, and decorated with fine paintings. It is the only room in the building, except the Chamber itself, where smoking is not permitted. At one side, facing an enormous chimney shelf, is a colossal statue of Henri IV, surmounted by flags captured at Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena. Successive governors of the Hôtel des Invalides have tried

in vain to get hold of these battle trophies, and, more wonderful still, all the invaders that have occupied France have left them undisturbed. Near by is the *buvette* or bar. Here beer, wines, sandwiches and cold meat or fowl can be obtained from one of the questors; this is his perquisite. The library is in the same eastern wing; it has about one hundred and thirty thousand volumes on its shelves, including many documents from Washington. The original manuscript report of the trial of Jeanne d'Arc is among the most valued contents of this library. At the end of the corridor is a small room termed *le petit local*, wherein Deputies are locked up whenever they become too refractory.

The *Salle des Séances*, or chamber proper, is a handsome and imposing room, although not half as large as our House of Representatives, nor is it so well ventilated. Viewed from the galleries, the Chamber of Deputies presents an interesting sight. The Deputies' desks are arranged in a semi-circular way on the floor of the house, and, as there are five hundred and fifty-eight members, everybody is quite crowded. The hall is surrounded with twenty columns of white marble, of the Ionic order,

having capitals of bronze gilt. There are two galleries running around two-thirds of the room. The first is reserved for the diplomatic corps, ex-Senators and Deputies, and the invited guests of the President of the Chamber; the second is for the public, who can only be admitted by members, and for representatives of the Press. The President is liberal enough with his tickets, but members have to be more careful. Indeed, it is not permitted them to issue tickets at will; they must do so in alphabetical order.

The five hundred and fifty-eight members are divided into several political divisions, some eight or nine of them, in fact, but only six are, so to speak, officially recognised. These parties are named according to the position in which they sit in front of the President of the Chamber. The party which sits on the Speaker's extreme left is called the "Extreme Gauche," next to them is the party "Gauche," or Left Radicals; next, almost in front of the Speaker, is the "Centre Gauche," or Union Democratique; next, is the "Centre," or Moderate Republicans, and finally, on his extreme right, are the "Droites" or Royalists and Bonapartists (some of them are Re-actionaries) combined.

The members do not address the Chamber from their places in the house. They must climb up into a sort of pulpit called a tribune, which stands directly below and in front of the President's desk. The speaker turns his back on the presiding officer and goes on as long as he pleases ; but French Deputies are seldom long-winded orators. It is known beforehand what the *ordre de jour* (question of the day) will be, and if members wish to talk on that subject they must write down their names in a book kept for the purpose. They take their turns in speaking as their names are registered, although any member thus listed may yield his turn to whoever he pleases.

Deputies of France may dress as they like, but custom compels the President of the Chamber to wear a swallow-tailed coat, with white cravat. It looks curious to Americans, a gentleman in evening dress during the day time, but such is the rule in France. On the days when the Chamber meets a platoon of infantry lines the corridor that communicates between the President's mansion and the legislative hall. As soon as he leaves his house two commissioned officers walk on each side of him, drums beat, the soldiers present arms, all persons



THE SENATE HOUSE.



present uncover, and, at the threshold of the Chamber, the military officers salute with drawn swords as the President passes in to his platform. No such courtesy is shown the Vice-Presidents. The Chamber begins business at two-thirty or at three o'clock in the afternoon, usually rises at six, seldom sits beyond seven o'clock and a night session is a thing of rare occurrence.

The Senators of France are chosen by an electoral college composed for each Department of the Deputies, the Councillors Général, the Councillors of the Arrondissement and certain delegates named by the Municipal Councillors of the Commune, all of that Department. Life Senators are no longer chosen, they having been done away with by a law passed in 1884, but a few such are still living. In all there are two hundred and ninety-seven Senators, and they are paid each \$1,800 per annum, the same as the Deputies. The Senate sits in that beautiful Palace of the Luxembourg, which Marie de Medicis, when she was Regent, and in all the éclat of her power, built in 1612. The Revolution made national property of the place, and the Terror changed it into a prison den. Beauharnais was incarcerated there with his wife, she

who became the Empress Josephine, and Camille Desmoulins only came out of it to go to the guillotine. The Directory installed itself in the Luxembourg and gave a triumphal fête to Bonaparte, conqueror of Italy, in the Court of Honour. Consuls succeeded Directors, these in turn made way for the “little corporal” who wanted the palace for himself alone, and there he surrounded himself with a military court which obeyed his every wish. With the Senate of the First Empire, the Luxembourg became a parliamentary palace, and it remained so until the fourth of September, 1870, when war transformed the house into an ambulance hall. After the burning of the Hôtel de Ville the Municipal Councillors established themselves in it until October 15, 1879. The twenty-seventh of November of the same year the Republican Senate held its first session there.

The Senators and the public enter the Luxembourg Palace by a monumental gate opening on the Rue de Touron. The former mount a marble stairway which leads to the “Hall of the Fêtes,” while journalists, office-seekers, and the public generally, cross a court, escape losing themselves in numerous small halls that lead to committee rooms and to the galleries, and reach a circular

corridor which precedes the Session Chamber, where carpets deaden the sounds of footsteps and where upholstered partitions muffle the noise of members. All Senators have large movable arm-chairs, well upholstered; the ventilation is perfect, the acoustic arrangements good, the decorations rich, and the galleries large and elegant. It is a peaceful center, where habits of courtesy prevail and where there is little noise. The Luxembourg forms quite a contrast with the Palais Bourbon; as the one is full of life and animation, is even tumultuous sometimes, so the other holds agitation and noise in horror, and if there is occasionally a small storm the accustomed calm soon re-establishes itself. In brief the Senate is a great political salon, where one discusses but never quarrels, even as the Chamber is ever a political fighting ground.

In Paris, as at Washington, the President (Speaker) of the Lower House of Parliament is a moderator of debates, a sort of schoolmaster, controlling pupils who are more or less fractious; but the American Speaker has no power to stop a great noise, while the President of the Chamber of Deputies has the recourse of putting on his hat, and this mere act adjourns the session.

The Speaker of the House of Commons can leave the chair, and thus suspend a sitting when his boys are ungovernable. In both Paris and London the presiding officer can "name" a member, fine him, or suspend him temporarily from membership. The Speaker at Washington has no such power conferred on him by rule or law. Neither in Paris nor in London is such a thing permitted as appealing from the decision of the Speaker, and in Paris there is no such padlock game as moving the previous question. The English Speaker shouts, "Order! Order!" the American Speaker raps with a gavel, the French Speaker rings a bell when he wishes to stop conversation or quiet an uproar. The House of Commons chooses its speakers rather for their popularity than owing to any gifts of firmness or intelligence which they are supposed to possess. With experience they increase in excellence, but practically the task of keeping order during the debates devolves on the two party leaders.

The President of the Chamber of Deputies is chosen by the members who are in a majority, and he is a favourite of or supposed to represent the ideas of the party in power. As a matter of fact there are more than half a dozen parties

in the Palais Bourbon, not one of whom has an absolute majority, but when it comes to electing a Speaker several of the more moderate Republican groups combine their strength on one candidate, so as to prevent the election of a Radical or a Royalist.

At St. Stephens refractory members can be imprisoned in the clock tower. At the Palais Bourbon there is a little room known as "Le petit locale," wherein they can be locked up until released by the President of the Chamber. Its creation is due to the turbulent Baudrey d'Asson, who so insulted the Republicans one day that the sergeant-at-arms and a file of soldiers were called in. When the colonel and his men succeeded in getting their prisoner out of the Chamber they did not know where to put him, but presently an empty room was found, and the key of it being turned, the Royalist Deputy was permitted to remain there for a few days as a sort of example to those of the same opinion as himself, and to teach them that there was a limit to the endurance of their confrères. It still contains the iron bedstead and two chairs which were placed there for the accommodation of Baudrey, but it has only been occupied by one other person than that member.

The present President of the Chamber of Deputies is the fifteenth Speaker since the National Assembly met at Bordeaux. The first under the Third Republic was Jules Grévy. As a presiding officer he had a grave air and looked calm and happy. Of an honesty which had never been doubted, and which had earned him the surname of "The Virtuous," he was an impartial presiding officer and passed through the difficulties of the Versailles assembly to his own and his country's honor. But he was susceptible and rash occasionally. One day, in a moment of ill-humour, he sent in his resignation, and Buffet, a Royalist, replaced him. Monsieur Buffet was squint-eyed and sharp-featured, and believed in what he called "true impartiality." Each time he made an appeal to this particular kind of fair play he tightened his teeth together and rang the speaker's bell as though he were a town constable looking for a lost child. When he did this, members looked at each other in a knowing way, for they were sure he was getting ready for a "true impartiality" which was going to be disagreeable to somebody. When Buffet was called on to constitute the Cabinet of March, 1875, by the Marshal-

President, MacMahon, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier ascended the chair and became Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies. The Duke was always ready for a fight, and he presided with a stiffness and a fiery temperament that often gave Deputies great pleasure. He was not lacking in eloquence, had some magnificent points, and a good many weaknesses ; but he was small in size and looked lost in the big arm-chair. Hot-tempered and of vulgar manners, he was not over popular with the members ; his presidency was only an interregnum that nobody cared to remember.

Toward the end of the year 1875, the Chamber recalled Jules Grévy to the chair, and he occupied it until he was elected President of the Republic. Then Leon Gambetta was chosen Speaker, and the mahogany chair with gilded arms was hardly big enough for the "Eagle of Cahors." Still, for four years it was the seat and tribune combined of Gambetta, and from it he in turn directed and interrupted the discussions. Whenever overcome with an irresistible desire to intervene more directly he would ask permission of himself to speak, he would grant himself this permission, he would leave the chair, placing one of the Vice-Presi-

dents in it, take his place in the tribune, make his speech, then step back and ask his friend to vacate the mahogany fauteuil. Gambetta was cut out for conflicts and his voice was as big as his heart. He was often energetic, it might be said that he was sometimes too energetic, especially so toward adversaries, concerning whom he held that courtesy was not always requisite; but he was an all-round good fellow and a great man.

When the prime ministership took Gambetta out of the speaker's chair Henri Brisson was elected President of the Chamber. Then the House returned to days of penitence, abstinence, contrition, tears and funeral emotions. It used to be said of Brisson that his laugh was three times as sad as the sob of other men. He left the speaker's chair to accept the portfolio of a Cabinet officer, and was one of the candidates for the presidency when Monsieur Carnot was elected. He was afterward chairman of the special committee of the Chamber charged with investigating the Panama scandals, and subsequently was re-elected Speaker. But the House resumed its smiling appearance and the winter of discontent was suddenly replaced by genial spring, by sunshine and by animation,

when Charles Floquet was elected Speaker. Until then he had always appeared stiff in style and overdignified, but in the chair he gave proof of charming familiarity and of an intelligent manner. He was a model presiding officer. Up to all parliamentary tricks, a witty reply to an impudent question fell from his lips without any effort. He knew nothing about topical songs, but he knew all about topical subjects, and he soon became esteemed by all parties. But he too got the Prime Minister bee in his bonnet and resigned the speakership to become a Cabinet officer. The one striking act of his ministry was the duel he had with General Boulanger. Everybody thought the soldier would kill the civilian, everybody was glad that the civilian thrust his sword into the soldier's neck. There were those afterward who regretted that that wound had not been a fatal one.

After Floquet came Meline. Nothing can be said against him as a man, as a citizen, or as a politician, but at first he did not know how to rule the members or to give decisions that were correct. In November, 1889, Meline became a minister, and Floquet was re-elected to the speaker's chair. Every year he was re-elected,

and he held the office until the Panama scandals touched his name, when he resigned. Then Cassimir-Perier was chosen President of the Chamber of Deputies, and proved himself to be an able man. He was followed by Henri Brisson, who in turn was followed by Meline again, and then the latter made place for Monsieur Paul Deschanel, one of the most intelligent of foreign statesmen. He has long occupied foremost rank among European politicians, besides which, he is a publicist of profound thought, originality and power, and he is also a member of the celebrated French Academy.

Besides a President, there are two Vice-Presidents, two secretaries and three questors, all being elected for the term of one year each. The Chamber is divided into eleven *Bureaux* or standing committees, each containing about fifty members, or a few more, and this division is made by drawing of lots and not by appointment. The French Chamber is only considered regularly constituted after the verification of more than half the actual number of deputies have taken their seats, the permanent officers all being elected by ballot. An absolute majority is necessary to make a quorum, and

the successful candidate for Speaker must receive more votes of all those present at the time than all other candidates combined. At one election two candidates each received exactly the same number of votes, and yet this tie resulted in the choice of one of them, because the law is, where the two highest receive the same vote the one who is oldest in years is elected. All Deputies receive each a salary of \$1800 annually. The three questors of the Chamber are lodged in the building, and they receive a salary double that of a simple Deputy. But the President of the Chamber is paid \$24,000 a year, plus a magnificent residence, plus gas or electricity, plus free fuel, plus horses and carriages.

During the past one hundred years the Chamber of Deputies has had about forty presidents. Under the First Empire the office was purely honorific; the Corps Législatif counted so little with the conqueror of Europe that one year (1812) he quite forgot to call its members together. During Napoleon's reign the Assembly had four Presidents, but it was with the Restoration that the defile of a certain number of remarkable men whose names are illustrious, began. The Assemblée Constituante

of 1848, which lived for one year, had four successive Presidents, not one of whom was of great importance. With the Assemblée Législatif of 1849, the elder Dapin, who had been President under Louis Philippe, made his re-appearance in the speaker's chair and he presided over the Chamber until it died with the Coup d'État of December 2, 1851. The Corps Législatif of the Second Empire had four Presidents all named by Louis Napoleon. These were: Monsieur Billault, who held the position until he was appointed Minister of the Interior; Duc de Morny, who was in the fauteil for eleven years, until his death—he was a model presiding officer—Monsieur Walewski, and Monsieur Schneider, who presided at the last session of the Corps Législatif.

The mansion occupied by him as President of the Chamber of Deputies is locally known as the "Petit Bourbon." Built in 1722 by the Marquis de Lassai, it was called the Hôtel de Lassai, and was so known until it became the property of the Prince de Conde when it became the "Petit Bourbon," so named because of its nearness to the Palais Bourbon. Confiscated during the Revolution, it was returned to the Duke of Bourbon in 1814, to become

afterward the property of his heir the Duc d'Aumale, from whom the Government bought it in 1832 to make of it the official mansion for "Mr. Speaker." In 1846 a story was added, the rooms of which were intended to serve as the private residence of the President, and when Morny went to the place he embellished the house superbly, put in fine furnishings, and besides which added a large gallery for festivals, so that an incomparable splendour reigned about the Petit Bourbon. Until his death the Duke was a sort of vice-Emperor, and his residence was a petit Tuileries, so to speak, whose fêtes attracted all Paris. Count Walewski, who succeeded the Duc de Morny, continued those gorgeous traditions, but the Hôtel took on a modest style when Schneider went in.

From the downfall of the Empire and until the Chamber returned to Paris from Bordeaux, the mansion was unoccupied; but Gambetta made it once more a famous house. He was a "royal host" as well as a man of much *esprit*, and all his salary as President of the Chamber, and what he earned with his pen, was spent freely in keeping up the Morny traditions. It was there that Trompette first became famous. Trompette was the *chef* whom Gambetta took

from the Duc de Noailles at wages of twelve thousand francs a year, something enormous for Paris and, as "Mr. Speaker" was a bachelor, he put a great deal of luxury into his cuisine, his *déjeuners* being celebrated. One evening he gave a grand fête to which almost everybody was invited. A small stage had been constructed in the large gallery, and we witnessed some curious divertissements danced and pantomimed by the *corps de ballet* from the Grand Opera. There are seven splendid reception rooms or parlours on the grand floor. Of these the "Salon des Sciences" is the most magnificent. Its walls are covered by rich tapestries and rare paintings, while the ensemble, of the finest Louis XV style, is lighted at night from two lustres, each having one hundred and fifty burners, by electricity. The gallery of fêtes and several other salons are entirely furnished in the taste of the Second Empire. All the rooms "des premier etage," or second floor, as we say, are well distributed and here is where one finds the President of the Chamber of Deputies in office hours.

Ever since the French began to have legislative assemblies the post of presiding officer has always vexed the temper and judgment of its

many occupants. In the Chamber of Deputies "Mr. Speaker" must scold, lecture, menace; he may even launch epigrams at honourable members, and the more readily he does this so much the more will he be respected. As a rule his troubles come less from the members ranting in the rostrum than from the loud cries of dissent, the banging of desk lids and paper-knives, the derisive laughter, and general disorderliness of other members. To quiet such uproars the President has a bell, which he rings; and if the commotion becomes ungovernable he has the resource of putting on his hat. This is tantamount "to leaving the chair," and suspends the sitting. Under the speakership of Monsieur Buffet all the factions of the National Assembly once waged a regular fight over the President's hat. A not over-scrupulous Republican had obtained furtive possession of this headdress, with a view to preventing Buffet from pronouncing the "cloture"; but his manœuvre was seen, and some Royalists, making a spirited charge at him, recovered the hat and flung it up to the chair. It is pertinent to add that the Presidential hat forms part of the parliamentary "properties," and has no connection with the Speaker's ordinary outdoor head-gear.

A leading French Deputy once said: "The hardest thing to get those Deputies who don't speak to do is to keep quiet." He alluded to members who rarely if ever show themselves in the tribune but who are strong in the art of interrupting and annoying those who do. They are the ones who get up the rows, who exclaim, "Très bien!" when the speaker belongs to their side of the house but who give vent to "Oh's" and to "Ah's" when he is an opponent. It is these members who utter such exclamations as: "Let him explain!" "How about the mixed committees!" "Do not seek to palliate the twenty-eighth of December," etc., which appear on the verbatim reports of stenographers.

There are plenty of Deputies who have reduced the art of oration to a series of interjections, but the greatest interrupter of them all was the one alluded to as the first and last tenant of *le petit local*. He was all the more dangerous because he prepared his little *pétards* in advance. One day when the Chamber was sitting some of the Deputies heard what they thought was a quarrel going on in one of the committee rooms. There were two voices, the one grave and paternal, which said: "Do you

withdraw the remark?" and another, loud and furious, which retorted, "No, I maintain it loudly and furiously." They opened the door and found this particular Deputy practising at interrupting an imaginary orator. The calmer voice was an imitation of that of Monsieur Meline, the other that of the man himself.

The acoustics of the Chamber of Deputies are more defective than the ventilation; the semi-circular walls give back strange sounds when a member is speaking and makes his voice degenerate into a hoarse murmur that is fatal to eloquence. Perhaps this may not be of much importance, as the French Chamber is no exception to the rule laid down by Disraeli as to the effects of parliamentary eloquence. "I have heard a great many speeches in my time," said that English statesman, "I have heard some which changed my opinion, but never one that changed my vote." There is one messenger, who has nothing to do but to see that each speaker has a glass of his favourite beverage within reach while he is in the tribune. French Deputies are very eclectic in their oratorical tipple. Some take cold black coffee, others Bordeaux or Burgundy; I know one who had a preference for "grog Americane," a

villainous compound unknown to any American barkeeper.

So much for the legislative branch of Government; the administration thereof at Paris rests with the President of the Republic and his Cabinet officers of whom there are eleven. These are: *Ministre des Affaires Étrangères*, or head of the Foreign Office; *Ministre de l'Interieur*, or Secretary of the Interior; *Ministre des Finances*, or Secretary of the Treasury; *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, Beaux-Arts et Cultes*, or Minister of Public Instruction, Fine Arts and Religions; *Ministre des Justice*; *Ministre de Travaux Publics*, or Chief of Public Works; *Ministre de la Guerre*, or Secretary of War; *Ministre de la Marine*, or Secretary of the Navy; *Ministre de l'Agriculture*; *Ministre de Commerce*; *Sous-Secrétaire d'État aux Colonies*, or under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. All of these Cabinet officers not only have an official residence, but a part of that same building is occupied as their private residence, and besides having it free of rental, a Minister is also allowed lights and fuel, horses and carriage, and a large sum of money annually for entertainment purposes, in addition to his regular

salary. These ministers are spoken of as Cabinet officers, but they are not responsible at all to the President. They are chosen from among the members of the Chamber of Deputies or the Senate, and are responsible to the former branch of Parliament.

The President of the Republic also has his residence, the White House at Paris being known as the Élysée. It is a famous mansion, and the present occupant, President Loubet, is the seventeenth official, native or foreigner, who, during the past century and more has in turn occupied that palace. The grounds of the Élysée are as pretty as any small park in the capital, while the house itself has quite a history. Count d'Evreux, ex-colonel general of cavalry, was its first owner, and it was built on land that he purchased from the widow of Louis XIV's head gardener. He sold it to the Marquise de Pompadour for the sum of six hundred and fifty thousand livres, and she expended ninety-five thousand one hundred and sixty-nine livres on repairs and improvements. She enlarged the park by encroaching on the Champs Élysées, and this accounts for the projection of the rear line of the garden into the Avenue Gabriel.

The garden was not then enclosed by stone walls topped by iron palings. It was protected by a “saut de loup,” or ditch, inside of which was a fence, painted green, and made of flat iron. The bedchamber of Madame la Pompadour was sumptuous; it was hung with gobelin tapestry, while four palm trees ornamented with wreaths of roses supported the hangings and baldaquin of a very coquettish-looking bedstead. In the “Salon de Musique” a painting of the nine muses in relieved gold filled the panels, and there was a white marble statue representing Louis XV as Apollo. In an adjoining room was another statue representing the Pompadour as chaste Diana. As she held office at Court the Marquise had apartments at the Palace of Versailles also. She died there in 1744, and hardly were her eyes closed when they started with her body for the mansion in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré. Her brother, Albert Poisson, Marquis de Marigny, inherited the place and still further enlarged it, but it was soon purchased by the King to serve as a palace in which to lodge special ambassadors from foreign princes.

It was also used as a “Garde Meuble,” or



PARK AND PALACE OF THE ÉLYSÉE.



place where State furniture was stored, until the architect finished the two buildings that now occupy one side of the Place de la Concorde. In 1773, banker Beaujon became the owner of the house and grounds. He made considerable alterations, and then sold the property to the Duchess de Bourbon for the sum of one-million three hundred thousand livres, of which two hundred thousand were for the mirrors. When the Duchess entered into possession she called it the Élysée, and to the group of cottages which she constructed in the gardens she gave the name of "Hameau de Chantilly." This village of little hamlets was an imitation of one which the Prince de Condé had constructed at Chantilly. Pastorals and shepherdesses were all the fashion in those days, and the mad world liked rural fancies.

But the Duchess de Bourbon did not long enjoy her purchase ; the Revolution broke out, and she was among the first to flee the country. In 1793 the Élysée was confiscated and became national property. It was leased to speculators, and still under the name of "Hameau de Chantilly," was the scene of fêtes champêtres, like those that were being held in the Parc

Monceau, at the Tivoli, at La Chartreuse, at Idalie and at Paphos. The rooms were turned into gambling houses, wherein could be seen the “Inconceivables” and the “Merveilleuses,” perfumed with essences, crowned with roses, shod with sandals and wearing dresses made out of transparent materials, promenading, dancing and gambling. In 1803 the place was sold to Joachim Murat, whose wife, Caroline Bonaparte, held a sort of court there until he left to take possession of the kingdom of Naples. In 1808 it was sold to the Emperor, who made it his “buen retiro,” and, as he used often to go to it to seek relaxation, it was called the Élysée-Napoleon.

On the twentieth of June, 1815, at eleven o’clock at night, a postchaise, preceded by an outrider arrived in the court-yard of the palace, and in that carriage was the defeated man of Waterloo, who had hurried from the battlefield to arouse exhausted France to a last effort. He was received by Caulaincourt, to whom he said, as he got out of the carriage: “The army performed prodigies of valour, but it was conquered by a panic.” Then, after a moment’s pause, he added: “I am worn out. I must have a few hours of repose before I can attend

to business." The day of the twenty-first was passed in interviews with Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, with his Ministers, and with representatives of the Liberal party. The question of abdication was discussed at length. Next day Napoleon signed that act, and on the twenty-fifth he left the Élysée forever.

During the invasion of 1814 and 1815, Alexander I of Russia lodged in it, and in 1816 the Élysée-Bourbon, as it was now called, was the residence of the Duc de Berri. The night of the thirteenth of February, 1820, he was taken there after he had been assassinated. After that tragic event the Duchesse de Berri abandoned the house, but later on she again took up residence in it with her children. From 1830 it formed part of the palaces belonging to the civil list, and on the twentieth of December, 1849, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, after having read his political programme, was conducted to it by three questors. During the Third Empire the Élysée played pretty much the same rôle that it had under the First Empire, and it was the quiet retreat to which Napoleon III sometimes went to seek rest from the fatigue of the *mise en scène* of the Tuilleries. It also served from time to time as the

residence of some illustrious guests passing through Paris, but, finally, under the Third Republic, it became the official home of the President.

## CHAPTER XII.

The parks of Paris—The art of gardening—Jardin des Tuileries and that of the Luxembourg—The plus belle parure of the capital—Sketch of the Bois de Boulogne—Once a forest where wolves and bears abounded—Now the favourite resort of “Tout Paris”—Two large race courses—Seventy miles of carriage and bridle roads, forty-five miles of lakes and twenty miles of running waters—How the city makes money out of its parks—the wide thoroughfares of the capital—Over one hundred thousand trees in Paris outside of its parks and gardens.

IT would seem but proper to place the entire park system at Paris under the domination of that sometime and saintly cultivator of flowers, shrubs and trees known as St. Fiacre, but it has never been done and perhaps never will be. This need not prevent our continuing the subject of this present chapter, which, however, is not intended to be an historical, much less a philosophical treatment of landscape gardening. For that matter it would perhaps be difficult to make a hierachial classification of the arts, or

to say which one of them is the most elevated or should be given first position, still we do know that nearly all of them are grouped in a category called in French the "Beaux Arts," and in English Fine Arts. But of those included within this category none seem particularly devoted to landscape gardening, hence a new term or expression is needed. That of "Jolis Arts," or beautiful arts, would hardly answer for the use of those who create parks, or who write and talk about them. Nor will the expression "Art de Luxe," answer the purpose, although landscape gardening certainly is a luxury. Why not say "Art des Jardins," or art of gardening, precisely as one says the art of painting, the art of singing, the art of acting, the art of writing, the art of this that or the other thing. Certainly the art of gardening has always held its own with the *beaux* or *jolis* arts, and, indeed, it has maintained its vitality and dignity for a much longer period than the most ancient of these others. We find mention of Paradise long before the world had ever heard of painting; and the gods passed their idle, if not their thoughtful hours, in the Elysian fields, ages in advance of the period when Greek sculptures were created. "God

Almighty first planted a garden," wrote Bacon, "as was right, for that is indeed the purest of human pleasures."

A large city without public parks will not live long, or at least will continue to exist very badly. For centuries Paris was in this unfortunate condition. Her four gardens within the walls were altogether too few and too small for her great needs. These four were the *Jardin des Tuilleries* the *Jardin du Luxembourg*, the *Jardin du Palais Royal*, and that of the *Museum of Natural History*. It was the Restoration which embellished the *Tuileries* garden, put statues in it and replaced the thick stone wall running along the North side, next to the *Rue de Rivoli*, by the iron-barred fence which is now in use. Under Louis Philippe the terrace which extended before the *château* was destroyed, and replaced by a reserved *parterre*, but Napoleon III enlarged this *parterre* at the public expense, meanwhile reserving a considerable part of the garden to his family purposes, including the "Terrasse des Feuillants," where a tennis court was constructed for the Prince Imperial. Next the whole character of the garden was changed, and by degrees the wide alley before the ground where the *Tuileries* stood became a perspective

part of the magnificent panorama stretching from the Louvre, westward to the Arc de Triomphe.

In the meantime, the Jardin du Luxembourg was also being cared for. The Convention did something, the Empire a little more, and Louis Philippe a good deal. It was he who first had the idea of getting rid of antique and mutilated statuary, and of creating monumental works of art to the most illustrious women of France. Then came the turn of Baron Haussmann, who, while beautifying the ancient Quartier Latin, also increased the pleasures to be found in the garden of the Luxembourg, although it was not the Baron but Monsieur Alphand who really finished that Park, as well as the avenues and boulevards to the South, which are so splendidly united to it and form so large a part in its real magnificence. Monsieur Alphand was a fairly good Democrat, who willingly accepted the Republic and worked well for it, therefore it is not true that Paris was beautified only during the Second Empire.

It is altogether too much of a habit among peoples to connect city improvements with some form of autocratic or monarchial government. Nothing could be further from the truth than

that idea. In the whole of Europe there is nowhere any country to be found which is doing so much in the way of park and other city improvements of almost every kind as is the United States. Furthermore the French Republic is doing more in that direction than any kingdom or empire, and the best effects on the beauty and salubrity of Paris, especially in its parks and gardens, have been carried out more vigorously, and yet more economically, since the foundation of the Third Republic than ever before in the history of the capital. There are good reasons for this splendid work; one is that in garden or park there is practically no limit to variety, while in buildings there are many. Vegetation varies every day in the year, but houses bear the stamp of unchangeableness.

But what Paris needed most, in addition to these luxurious public resorts within her very heart, so to speak, was broad open spaces for the health and pleasure of her inhabitants, further away from the centre of life and activity; and so it happened, by a series of successive transformations, that the Bois de Boulogne became the *plus belle parure* of the capital. The name which this park bears is of relatively

recent creation. It used to be called the Forest of Rouvray because of the *rouvres* (English oaks) which then grew so abundantly thereabouts. It was a forest where wolves and bears abounded, and which was frequented only by wood choppers and charcoal burners. When Philippe V posed the first stone of Notre Dame de Boulogne in the hamlet of the Ménus-lez-Saint Cloud, which afterward became the village of Boulogne-sur-Seine, the Forest of Rouvray was placed under the invocation of the new church and called Bois de Notre Dame de Boulogne, from which, by abbreviation, came its present name.

Before the Revolution, the Bois de Boulogne was not much frequented except by those gay gallants who aided in making a convent at its Longchamps the scene of frequent orgies. It was almost wholly during the nineteenth century that the Bois became the favourite promenade of that elegant, fashionable and also common crowd known as "Tout Paris." If it were not for its race-courses, the Bois would be an ideal park, such a one as any great cosmopolitan capital should possess. A splendid system of wide driveways, public and private paths, fine sheets of water and ample open spaces of extending

turf in a delightful forest contribute to render it deserving of highest praise. In its magnificent avenues are noble oaks, elms and acacias, whose leafy branches form shaded vaults beneath which the *monde* and the *demi-monde* are constantly passing afoot, on horses, or in carriages of every kind. In its lakes are islands made beautiful by a varied collection of the finest trees and shrubs, while along its streams are numerous cascades. In Summer, on the margins of these islands, fresh pyramids of the deciduous cypress start from graceful surroundings of hardy bamboos and pampas grass, and far beyond is a group of bright silvery negundo in the midst of green vegetation, with an infinite variety of tree form around. In Autumn the number and richness of the tints of the foliage afford a varied picture from week to week; in the Winter the many graceful forms of the deciduous trees among evergreen shrubs and pines offer much interest to an observant eye; in Spring the scene is animated by the cheerful flush of a bloom that comes with the help of a strengthening sun, when the still leafless oaks and magnolias begin to show signs of early awakening.

The forming of race-courses in important

positions at the Bois was a great mistake. Paris is large enough and rich enough to rid her beautiful park of such fungi as horse-trainers, "touts," book-makers, and turf-men generally, many of them at best but a sorry lot. It was an error to let Longchamps and Auteuil over to flat-racing, steeplechases and hurdle-jumps. Imagine the best part of Central Park, New York, of the Boston or Chicago system of Public Parks or of Regent's Park, London, set apart for horse races! And yet not only is the Bois de Boulogne thus misused from time to time in two different places, but a large space is railed in, with a grand stand and all its appurtenances, which are in permanent occupation of what should be the most beautiful spot in the capital.

The Bois de Boulogne is hardly so large as the Bois de Vincennes, but is more beautiful and more popular. It has two thousand acres, and includes nearly seventy miles of carriage and bridle roads, forty-five miles of lakes, and some twenty miles of running water, which does not embrace the River Seine that bathes its western boundary. It has cost the city over \$3,000,000, while the Bois de Vincennes, which has two thousand three hundred acres, has

cost only a little more than \$1,000,000. Aside from the old palace or château of Philippe Augustus and of Saint Louis, Vincennes Park has no houses to boast of, but that of Boulogne contains many.

There is, for instance, La Muette, commenced by Charles IX, enlarged by Louis XIII, and rebuilt by Louis XV; La Bagatelle, where Mademoiselle Charlaois was fond of living; later it was the house of Comte d'Artois, and finally became the property of Sir Richard Wallace; the Café Madrid, which used to be a chateau, was occupied by François I, and was given by Henri IV to his first wife, Marguerite of Valois. A crenelated tower in the Bois de Boulogne is all that remains of the ancient Abbey of Longchamps, where Henri IV made his headquarters when he was besieging Paris, and whose Abbess capitulated to that gallant King long before he gained the capital. The first balloon ascension was made in the Bois. The old mill, once run by wind power, that is still standing dates from 1648. The Pavillon d'Arménonville, now a popular but expensive restaurant, was built in 1730 as a factory for silk stockings. There is an old cemetery in the Bois, so well hidden, however, that few

persons ever see it ; and, it may be added, the park has been the scene of many celebrated duels. Its large cascade and its lakes were not in existence prior to 1858. Of its two thousand acres fully one-half are covered by trees, one-fourth by lawns and meadows, the rest by roads, waters and nurseries. There are more than two thousand wooden seats for those who are tired, also some fifty drinking fountains for man and beast in the Bois de Boulogne.

But after all that is said and done the place is not what the Parisians term *très campagne*, that is to say, is not like real country. It is rather prim and precise, every thing being too much labeled. Still in the season of verdure, when the grass is green, the leaves are out, and the flowers blooming, the *routes*, the *allées* the *sentiers* are alive with people, horses and vehicles. When there is the fresh perfume of woods and blossoms, the music of sighing boughs, the twitter of birds, the murmuring waters and the bounding deer ; when Spring has made her toilet to coquette with Summer and even with early Autumn, then there is no Park that will excel the Bois de Boulogne of Paris. Not Hyde Park, most assuredly, so correctly arranged, so proudly freed from all public cabs,

nor even Regent's Park. Not the Prater nor the Thiergarden, nor Central Park; and yet with all its splendour the Bois de Boulogne has been lent to some base uses.

The year before I gave up my residence at Paris the Municipal Council had something like a hundred of its finest trees cut down so as to establish a bicycle course in one of its most charming corners, and that was little less than vandalism. A large part of the Bois is occupied by the Jardin d'Acclimatation, which is not so bad; but the pigeon-shooting grounds, the polo grounds, the two race courses, the cinder-path and grounds for foot-runners, the uncovered riding school, the vélodrome or bicycle park, the training field for cavalry, the milk farm of the Pré-Catelan with its cowstables, the abandoned cemetery, the admirable but private *parc* of Bagatelle, the many drinking and eating places—all these things do not belong in a public garden.

It is true the city makes some money out of all these establishments, save perhaps two or three, still the annual rental paid by the Société d'Encouragement for the use of the hippodrome de Longchamps as a race course is only about \$2,400. The Steeplechase society pays only

\$2,000 yearly for the grounds it litters near Auteuil; certain refreshment places, of the smaller kind, but which are very numerous, bring in as much as \$3,400 per annum; the restaurant of the Grande Cascade pays \$1,200, that of Arménonville pays \$1,760; the skating pond rents for \$3,000; the pavillon Chinois for \$3,400; permission to fish brings in \$360; the mowing of grass at the Pré-Catelan \$3,300; the Jardin d'Acclimatation \$200, etc. These revenues offset the expense of keeping up the Bois de Boulogne, it is true, but that is not a sufficient reason for pushing the rage for renting something to somebody to such an extent, and this incomparable promenade might be kept up without having resource to such expedients. The annual cost of the Bois is only a little more than \$100,000 and this includes not only the salaries but the uniforming and housing of the park-keepers. As for the Bois de Vincennes it might be put aside as merely a vast training ground, mainly of young soldiers, although it is in parts a beautiful public park.

In the height of the season there is no other place so wide-awake and glorious as the Bois de Boulogne, so full is it of elegance and coquetry, so thoroughly cosmopolitan is it in

all its shade and sunshine. There is a great deal that is natural in that park but nature did not have all to do with its creation. It has often seemed to me as if the Bois were put together, as if it could be taken apart, were it necessary, as if it were washed, varnished and set out every morning for the gratification of human eyes. The birds in the Bois look and sing so differently from other birds that one cannot but think they were wound up at the same hour, that their plumage had been gently dusted, and that they were told to fly off and warble all day long. The sun condescends to lend its aid to make things beautiful, and from early dawn scatters golden rays over the entire scene, puts emerald tints on the trunk of oaks or sycamores, makes masses of thickets luminous with light. The clear waters of the lakes and streams reflect with discernment the equipages and people moving along, or bear on their placid waves an army of well-bred ducks and swans which come to beg for crumbs with all kinds of graceful and bewitching airs. Many of the equipages that pass are emblazoned—liveried driver and footman, harness monogramed or crested—in them loll “daughters of the horse leech,” ravishing under their face paintings, or behind

their rosy lips and sparkling eyes. But most of the private carriages carry persons who are altogether *comme il faut*, some being of the highest nobility.

The common people are numerous, however, and these are in public *voitures* which have the right to go wherever the stately landaus or phaetons from the Faubourg Saint Germain, the daumonts of ambassadors, the dog-carts of English swells, or the four-in-hand coaches of American nabobs dare to go. It is a constant *frou-frou* of silks and laces, of velvety flesh and discreet laughter, of easy chattering and kindly recognitions, an orgie of colours, a display of aristocratic pride and democratic simplicity, all that elegant side for which Paris is so famous, and much of that wicked side for which the city is so notorious, moving on in three or four rows of carriages close together, to the sound of clamping bits, jingling buckles or trace-chains, as, meanwhile, heads are held high with that satisfied beatitude of riches which can command the luxuries of life, even love itself. From four o'clock till half-past six of every afternoon the allées, the roads and the paths are crowded, but before seven o'clock almost every one is on his or her way back to Paris,

for the dinner hour is near, and we may as well follow the crowd and return also.

Here is the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, incomparable in its width and splendour; here the triumphal arch looms up grandly in the midst of stately mansions. People, still lounging on the iron chairs by the wayside, watch us with curiosity as our carriages rattle down the Avenue of the Champs Élysées, and very likely among those younger girls seated under the trees is some one already dreaming of the future days when she too will be old enough or able to join the throng of pleasure seekers. We see the stone horses of Marly glistening beneath the glints of a setting sun; the obelisk points skyward with all its oriental mysteriousness; the ribbon of the Champs Élysées unfolds with its dull golden-tinged dust; off on the right the Palais Bourbon shows its Grecian outlines; the fountains in the Place de la Concorde are casting up their feathery masses of liquid silver; omnibuses, drawn by three powerful horses abreast and loaded with passengers, rumble through the place; club terraces are filled with gentlemen who smoke and yawn while waiting for their *table d'hôte* dinner, after which they will dash into the gambling rooms, or hurry off

to smoke and yawn elsewhere ; shops are brilliant, the sidewalks thronged, and Paris, the smiling, laughing, busy capital, the *ville lumière*, whose virtues and vices are the envy of all other cities, bursts into a blaze of light, for night has come down.

These two great parks—the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes—are both excellent in their way, still they would produce only a partial good if vast areas of densely packed streets within Paris were unrelieved by open spots where the air is comparatively pure and free, and where the eye may be refreshed with green at almost every point. Besides the public gardens, the avenues and boulevards are such open spaces for the benefit and enjoyment of Parisians. The great city is pierced in every direction with magnificent wide streets flanked with rows of trees, which relieve man's work in stone with the changeful beauty of foliage. The numerous visitors to Paris see little more than the boulevards—that long thoroughfare extending from the Place de la Bastile to La Madeleine which we followed in another chapter, and altogether too many strangers “within the walls” have but a meagre idea of the vast extent of the Paris boulevards in the

outward and less known regions of the capital. The elm-bordered boulevards of Sebastopol and Saint Michel cut through the city from north to south in a straight line, and on their way effectually open up several old quarters; while beyond their outer extremities, and between the fortifications and the central districts, still larger boulevards sweep round, wide enough to be planted with groves of trees, and to prevent overcrowding for all time.

Immediately within the fortifications there is a wide boulevard running completely around the city for many miles, but under various names, while from every circular open space, like the Place du Trône, Place du Trocadéro, Place d'Italie, or Place de l'Étoile, broad tree-planted streets radiate. These boulevards are, generally speaking, so very much alike that to describe them in detail is needless. From house to house they are usually, in the most frequented parts, over one hundred feet wide, occasionally reaching between one hundred and forty and one hundred and sixty feet, even much wider than that in the outer boulevards, which are sometimes large enough for half a dozen lines of trees in addition to very wide footways, two roadways, and a broad central one,

as is the case with the Avenue de la Grande Armée. The footways of the most frequented boulevards are about twenty-six feet wide on each side, and sometimes more.

The Boulevard Beaumarchais is one of the most remarkable in Paris, being more than usually ornamental ; it is two thousand yards long, and is in great part built over a canal. The openings into this canal are wired over, and are surrounded by a thick low hedge of close evergreens. Of avenues, however, the largest and most picturesque is the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, leading from the Arc de Triomphe to the Bois. This handsome thoroughfare was formed in order to put the centre of Paris in communication with that park by means of a wide direct road. Half the expense was borne by the State, under the conditions that an iron railing of uniform design was to be constructed along the whole length of the road in front of the private properties, that a strip of eleven yards in breadth be left for a garden between this railing and the private mansions on each side, and, further, that no kind of trade or manufacture should be carried on in any of the houses adjoining. The total length of this avenue is one thousand

four hundred yards and it has a width of one hundred and fifty yards. It consists of a central drive twenty yards in width, of two large sidewalks, each measuring fifteen yards wide, of a wide path, or "Rotten Row," for equestrians, and of two long strips of grass with shrubs and flowers.

Outside of its gardens and parks, the trees of Paris, those which ornament the public thoroughfares alone, number more than one hundred thousand. These are plane trees, elms, lindens, maples, sycamores, poplars, etc., and, as has already observed, the average cost to the city of each of these amounts to \$40. Therefore the trees of Paris in the streets—boulevards, avenues and rues—alone are worth \$5,000,000. This expense is not at all excessive when compared with the gain to public health. Trees are indispensable to renew the vitiated air of a large city, by absorbing the carbonic acid which they decompose and transform into oxygen. They furnish shade in summer to those who are obliged to circulate in the larger streets; and furthermore, they contribute greatly to the beauty of a place. It is perhaps well to know exactly the cost of all this charming luxury of parks and promenades to the

capital. Without counting the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, both of which belong to the State, and leaving out the “two lungs” of Paris, as the Bois du Boulogne in the West, and the Bois de Vincennes in the East, are justly termed, there exists in the city, under the form of parks, gardens, squares and places, that have grass or shrubbery, a total surface of about seven hundred acres. If we add the two Bois we have a grand total of five thousand acres, laid out and kept up for the good health and great pleasure of Parisians; and all this costs the capital something like \$700,000 annually.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The paths of knowledge and enlightenment—An institution of incomparable greatness—Over three million printed books in the National Library—Its reading rooms—The hôtel and family of De Nevers—Financial establishments in Paris—The Bank of France—Its governor and board of directors—The annual balance of sheet—A most extraordinary cash box—The Bourse, or stock exchange—Membership limited to sixty brokers—Seats worth over \$325,000—The Coulisse, or street board—The Petit Bourse.

HAVING thus clearly indicated the paths of pleasure, let us now return once more to the paths of knowledge and enlightenment, and thence take in some of the financial and commercial institutions of the capital. An institution of incomparable greatness, one which has long been the admiration of the world, is the National Library at Paris. Since the days of Alexandria there has never been a city on earth where so many works of literature and art were stored in one building as are now in the library of the Rue Richelieu. The Bibliothèque Nationale,

as it is called, after having been successively, and during many years, Bibliothèque Royale and Bibliothèque Imperiale, is situated in the street named in honour of the great cardinal. Charlemagne was the first French monarch who attempted to form a collection of books, and as some of those which belonged to that sovereign are still in the Bibliothèque Nationale, he may justly be looked upon as one of its founders.

After numerous vicissitudes, resulting from the foreign and civil wars of the succeeding centuries, we find a library under Charles V of nine hundred and ten volumes. At the death of François I it had a little more than doubled the number of its volumes. Louis XIV found five thousand works in the Royal Library, and during his long reign added sixty-five thousand more, leaving at his death the richest library in Europe. With the Revolution the library became suddenly enriched with the spoils of the libraries of all the religious houses in France which had been suppressed by the Republicans, and many of its rarest manuscripts and choicest treasures were the result of this measure. To-day the library is no longer able to count its wealth. It is known to have over three million printed books, one hundred thousand manu-

scripts, two million five hundred thousand stamps, engravings and maps, and one hundred and twenty thousand medals or historical inscriptions.

All of this wealth is placed at the free disposal of the public, under certain conditions. For the printed works there are two departments. The public reading room, entrance to which is in the Rue Colbert, where some sixty thousand volumes are placed at the disposal of the general public, is a room capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty readers. This room closes at four o'clock and is open to the public on Sundays. The other department of printed books is the Salle de Travail, or study hall. In order to procure admission to this, a reader's card is needed, but they are not difficult to procure on application to the general manager of the library, after furnishing him with satisfactory evidence that the card is wanted for the purpose of study. Even without a card, a stranger who may desire to consult some work will, on stating the motives of his visit to the librarian in charge of the room, be at once admitted for the day.

The Salle de Travail is a large hall with a lofty roof lighted by nine glass domes and a

window which occupies nearly the whole of one end. The walls are covered with books from floor to ceiling. The floor is carpeted with linoleum, so that the heaviest tread makes no noise. Comfortable arm-chairs and convenient tables and inkstands are at the disposal of the readers in sufficient numbers to accommodate three hundred and fifty at a time. Every printed work in the library, except novels, is at the disposal of the reader, while around the rooms are cases containing some three thousand works of reference which can be used without any formality. Certain books can only be consulted at a special table, under the eye of an official, and on another table lies a very rich collection of the leading periodicals in all languages.

The hours in the Salle de Travail are the same as in the public reading room, but it is not open on Sundays. At three o'clock no more books are given out unless they have been called for before that hour. Five minutes before four o'clock one of the guardians announces in a loud tone: "Gentlemen, the library will close soon," which is the signal for the return of the books and the obtaining of passes for the portfolios, etc., with which nearly every

habitué of the Salle de Travail is pretty certain to be supplied.

The department of engravings and stamps and the collection of geographical charts and maps are also, like the Salle de Travail, on the ground floor. In the former a copy of almost any engraving that has ever been struck in France may be seen arranged and classified in large volumes. Those charts and maps which are at all curious or interesting are arranged in glass cases. These departments, like the gallery of rare manuscripts, are open to the general public twice a week, but readers with tickets to the Salle de Travail are always admitted to them on any day. On the second floor one wing is occupied by a splendid gallery whose decoration dates back to the eighteenth century, and in which, arranged in glass cases, are all the rarest manuscripts in the possession of the library. Although placed here for exhibition, any of them may be called for and examined, or used, under the eye of one of the librarians, in a room specially arranged for the purpose, where there is every accommodation that can be desired for some seventy readers at a time.

The buildings occupied by the National Library became the property of the State in 1721,

when it was purchased after the failure of the notorious "Mississippi" Law. It had been occupied before that failure by the Banque Royale, and prior to its having belonged to that bank it had successively been the Palace of Cardinal Mazarin, the property of the Marquis Mancini and the mansion of the family of De Nevers. It is as the Hôtel de Nevers that it was best known, and the name has clung to the older portion of the building to this day. A strange family were the De Nevers, and the *chroniques scandaleuse* of the eighteenth century are filled with their exploits. One Duchesse de Nevers was made out of La Quinault Dufresne, a *danseuse* of the Opera, who had been successively the mistress of Samuel Bernard, of the Marquis de Nesle, and of Phillippe d'Orleans. It was in this building that the library was permanently located in 1724, and became known as the Bibliothèque du Roi. Then it was only open to the public twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, from nine A. M. till mid-day, and it was not until 1792 that it was opened every day. Before the Revolution the Bibliothèque du Roi was one of the chief curiosities of the capital, and among the souvenirs of the State Department at Washington

may be found Benjamin Franklin's report of his visit to it. Later, in 1776, Franklin was a frequent visitor for the purpose of study. One day at the door he was accosted by a man from Brittany, whose name was Franquelin, and who was armed with family papers which he believed established a relationship between him and the American minister.

The financial establishments are in keeping with the other institutions of the capital, the leading ones being the Bank of France and the Credit Lyonnaise. Mention has elsewhere been made of the latter as being located in the Boulevard des Italiens. The other, the Bank of France, took the place of the Oasis des Comptes Courants, and when Napoleon I established it, he also gave it a home by placing the national building in Paris, known as the Oratoire, as well as the church that formed part of it, at the disposal of the Minister of Finances for a new bank. It did not long remain in such narrow quarters, however, first moving to an old mansion in the Place de Victoires, and when that became too small for its business, the splendid Hôtel de Toulouse was purchased. That mansion is still its home, although it has been necessary to enlarge the

building several times to accommodate the many needs of the bank.

The officials of the institution are a governor and two under governors, all three of whom are lodged in sumptuous apartments within the walls of the bank, their light and fuel being also at the expense of the institution. The Board of Directors is composed of fifteen regents, three censeurs and twelve conseilliers d'escompte. Of all the financial institutions of Europe, the Bank of France is unquestionably the one which enjoys to the largest extent the confidence of the Continental public. The annual balance sheet shows on the average a circulation of \$642,000,000 in paper money, payable at sight to bearer; the same balance sheet shows over \$300,000,000 in gold and over \$260,000,000 in silver, on hand, besides which there is always about \$125,000,000 worth of commercial paper on deposit in the bank's vaults and strong boxes. The Bank of France is the only bank in the Republic that may issue paper money.

It will be seen that this institution possesses a cash box such as no other country in the world can show. The amount it had on hand at the time of its last balance sheet was more



THE BOURSE, OR STOCK EXCHANGE.



than the combined accumulations of the banks of England, Germany, Italy and Austro-Hungary at that same period. Is it any wonder, then, that the people of Paris and of the Republic should have confidence in the bank of France, presenting as it does this unheard-of phenomena, which practically seems impossible, that no matter what happens its metallic resources cannot be exhausted ? The bank is a private society, it is true, but it is under the guardianship of the State, even while enjoying the management of its own proper interests under its own shareholders. There are more than twenty-six thousand of them, and these delegate their proxies to two hundred of their own number who manage the bank. They elect their own regent, but the State appoints the Governor, who oversees everything. Without his signature the bank of France cannot discount a paper worth even as little as ten dollars. Placed between two powers, the one carrying credit, the other the authority of the Government, the bank can, in moments of great need, furnish the State with a help which all the banks in neighbouring countries combined cannot furnish any other country.

The Paris Bourse, or stock exchange, owns

its own temple of speculation, a massive pile, surrounded exteriorly by sixty-six Corinthian columns, and crowded interiorly by a maddened throng who do all their dealings through sixty brokers. The number of people in one way or another on the Bourse is, possibly, two hundred thousand, but there are only three-score men who hold seats in that famous house. They are known as “agents de change” and have the exclusive privilege of negotiating transfers of public funds and the sole right of buying and selling securities of all kinds. The seat or charge of each agent de change is worth from \$325,000 to \$360,000; the charge is held for life and can be willed to a son or nephew; but such heir may only become a member of the Bourse by appointment of the President of the Republic.

The Bourse opens at twelve-thirty o'clock noon, and closes at three o'clock every day in the year except on Sundays, New Year's Day, Ascension Day, July 14 (the National holiday), Assumption Day, All Saints Day and Christmas. The building is open to all French citizens in full enjoyment of their civil rights, and to all foreigners; but women, and bankrupts who have not paid their creditors in full,

are not allowed on the floor where transactions are carried on, although they may watch the proceedings from the galleries. Cash sales are usually settled the same day that the order is given. Speculative transactions are spoken of as being *à terme*, and they are always closed at fixed dates, which in nearly all cases, are the fifteenth and last day of the month. Settling day is called *liquidation*; when it falls on a Sunday or legal holiday it is advanced twenty-four hours.

There is another stock exchange, run by what is termed the *coulisse*, where business is conducted in the street, even on the steps and under the portico of the Bourse. There is also a *Petite Bourse* carried on after the regular Bourse has closed, also a *Bourse du Soir*, run in the evening by speculators; these other exchanges are infringements on the monopoly of the agents de change, but they do not find it to their interest to interfere with them. As long as the transactions of the coulissiers are purely speculative, they can get along without the assistance of the agents, but when a cash sale is made, or there is a purchase of *Rentes*, the assistance of an agent de change becomes necessary.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A subterranean city beneath Paris—The capital built over a series of chasms—Sewers, catacombs and old stone quarries—Those who are down in the classic under-town—Eight hundred miles of drains—The principle posed by Professor Pasteur—Essential conditions of salubrity—Three main sewers and numerous secondary ones—The Collecteur d'Asnières—That of Marceau and that of du Nord—Siphon under the river—Vegetable gardens of Genevilliers—All telegraph wires and water pipes are in the sewers—How the Paris sewers are constructed—Immense amount of water consumed—The site of Paris, and how the city came up out of it—A visit to the Paris sewers—Banqueting beneath the capital—Miles on miles of catacombs, and over five million human skulls.

BENEATH this brilliant, intelligent, hospitable city that we are here dealing with, there is a wonderful subterranean city, and as it is necessary to see everything we will now go down into the sewers and the catacombs. Babylon was a city five times greater than Paris is, but the soil where her ruins lie scattered round about is a perfectly flat plain. If

Paris should happen to tumble into ruins, which I hope may never be, her soil would present the aspect of a corner of earth bristling into mountains of débris, scooped with gulfs. For, besides the several hills on which she so proudly sits, Paris is built over a series of chasms superincumbent or crossing each other. Sewers, catacombs, and old stone quarries form three under-Parisian worlds, unknown, mysterious, terrifying sometimes, and wherein are unfolded a series of scenes that often take on an interest which is both gloomy and fantastic.

Down there live in peace or at war, something after the manner of mankind, an extremely variegated, strange and unexpected fauna, such as rats, cats that have "gone astray," moles, bats, lizards, toads and numerous other things and creatures of the insect, reptile, and animal kingdoms. There are men, too, sewer labourers, city engineers, custom house officers, and vagabonds. Moreover, there are tourists who occasionally promenade in this classic under-town while "studying" Europe; and yet what is the short bit of canalisation shown to them, compared to the eight hundred miles of subterranean drains that are actually underlying the capital? and what is

the short space of prepared “catacombs” exhibited to passing travellers, alongside of the immensity of real catacombs beneath Paris which are never opened to public view? In this lower and obscure city many a being who went down merely to look from curiosity has remained to die, being lost forever in its dark labyrinths.

This immense subterranean Paris is a second city under a capital which all the world admires, and in it, besides the living and the dead creatures, many kinds of apparatus are concentrated. Under gloomy vaults run masses of water pipes, wires for telephones, electric lighting conduits, telegraph lines, pneumatic tubes for working street and office clocks, or for sending written messages, etc. These cross and recross each other, forming thus an enormous network of iron and pottery that is apparently without beginning and without end. Below this net of pipes, tubes and wires, under the arched roofs of big and little sewers, slowly descends a heavy flow of water that has no reflex and is without noise. On the right or on the left side of each of these canals is a *trottoir* or walk, and this labyrinth is, strange to say, as clean as it is mysterious. Indeed, the streets

of Paris themselves, noted the world over for their cleanliness and good condition, are dirty and muddy when compared with most of these underground passages.

The principle posed by the late Professor Pasteur, one of the grandest geniuses and greatest benefactors of the nineteenth century, “*Quel que soit l'état de misère physiologique de l'organisme, il ne peut pas créer une maladie; la maladie vient du dehors et est produite par des germes*”—is no longer contested in Paris. To guarantee the human body, whether it be robust or weak, it is necessary to get rid of all the pathogenic microbes which swarm in cities, especially in all the material used for living purposes. To do this it is obligatory that these materials must be removed promptly before putrefaction sets in, and this is done, as a rule, by an arrangement of subterranean drains which convey the filth and slops (*ordures*) to a place chosen afar off. This is done more completely and satisfactorily in Paris than it is in any other city, all the underground canals called sewers being transformed into a real tributary, the waters of which, pushed along by machinery invented for that purpose having a drainage toward the sea of one hun-

dred and forty million cubic metres of liquid matter.

In every modern city, no matter where situated or what its size, one of the essential conditions of salubrity is the rapid evacuation of all kinds of débris such as surface waters, household slops, excrementitious matter, dust, etc. This problem, most arduous where there is no sea to help, with its strong flow of tides, in the cleansing work, was one that presented particular difficulties at Paris by reason of its large population, and because of the precautions which had to be taken not to break in on the old galleries that are under so much of the capital. The system of sewers now in general use was planned by Belgrand in 1854, and his "collectors" all empty into the Seine, far down the river. This system, execution of which was begun in 1860, was interrupted by the war of 1870, but it was resumed in 1881, with important improvements and is now universal throughout Paris. In 1895 the galleries of all kinds totalled one million three hundred thousand meters (over eight hundred miles), and the public sewers alone were six hundred miles long. They had much more than doubled inside of twenty-five years, as

they have also been improved in almost every particular. The money devoted to the salubrious work of sewerage during this short period has amounted to about eleven million of dollars, not including certain accessory expenses and wages shared with the Water Department of the French capital.

This evacuation system of Paris is composed of three general collectors and an ensemble of secondary collectors which carry off all the waters coming from tributary galleries. The first general collector at the right hand side of the river, and known as the *Collecteur d'Asnières*<sup>1</sup> follows the line of the quays, or river embankments, from the arsenal basin to the Place de la Concorde, which it crosses, goes up the Rue Royale and the Boulevard Male-sherbes, passes, subterranean, under the hill of Monceau, follows the road to Asnières and empties into the Seine at the village of Clichy, a distance of seven miles from its starting point. The *cunette* or canal of the main sewer is eleven feet four inches wide by four feet four inches in depth, and its vaulted roof is formed of a demi-ellipse, the grand axis of

<sup>1</sup> This great conduct can be compared only to the *Cloaca Maxima* of Ancient Rome.

which, situated at one metre and five centimetres above the “banquettes” is five metres and sixty centimetres, or say eighteen feet and two inches, and the small axis is at two metres. These banquettes, or sidings are ninety centimetres wide.

The second collector or main sewer is on the left side of the river and is called the Collecteur Marceau. It leaves the Boulevard Saint Marcel, follows the Rue Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, where it receives the waters of the Bièvre, the Rue de Jussieu, the Rue des Écoles, Rue Monge, Boulevards St. Germain and St. Michel, line of the quays, passes by siphon under the Seine,<sup>1</sup> and by subterranean passage under the Avenue Marceau, the Place de l’Étoile (Arc de Triomphe), Avenue Wagram, Rue de Courcelles, Place Perière, and,

<sup>1</sup> The siphon under the river at the Pont de l’Alma is composed of two sheet iron tubes, each one metre (thirty-nine inches) in diameter interiorly, and the rivets and holes holding these irons together are finished so as to make them perfectly smooth. At the bottom of the Seine these two tubes are laid on a bed of concrete forty centimetres (fifteen and three fourth inches) thick, and they are also covered with a heavy coating of this same material.

after leaving Paris, goes under the streets in Levallois Perret to discharge finally into the Collecteur d'Asnières a little above the latter's mouth. Meanwhile it gathers in the waters of a surface of two thousand three hundred and four hectares on the left side of the river and of eight hundred and five hectares on the right, or in all about six thousand two hundred and fifty acres as against five thousand three hundred acres drained by the other main already mentioned. The length of this second one is also about seven miles.

Finally we have the Collecteur du Nord the purpose of which was to give a flow to the waters of the hills on the right side of the Seine which often descends in torrents and inundates large parts of the ninth, tenth and eleventh wards. This main sewer departs from the cemetery of Père La Chaise, follows the exterior boulevard (turning the Buttes Chaumont), and the Rue d'Allemagne, crosses the canal and a part of La Vilette and of La Chapelle, leaves the city by the Porte de la Chapelle and goes toward Saint Denis where it empties into the River Seine. But this result is not true of the present moment. Now its waters are almost all carried off by a gallery of derivation that conducts

them to Genevilliers.<sup>1</sup> The length of this northern main inside and outside of the city is over seven miles and a half. These three mains, whose combined length is therefore more than twenty-one miles, are by no means the only main sewers, as we understand the expression, in Paris, for they are fed by seventeen secondary ones which themselves receive the waters of other mains that connect with the different

<sup>1</sup> Irrigation of the lands near Genevilliers commenced in 1872. The sewage used comes from different collectors. That part of it from the great collecting sewer of the north is taken just before it reaches the river, carried across by means of one of the bridges and conveyed thence by trenches. Being drawn from the hilly parts of Paris, it is able to follow naturally the slope of the ground to its destination. The part of it taken from the Asnières collector, on the contrary, has to be raised at Clichy into a sort of gallery or reservoir, whence it is taken in a cast-iron conduit three feet seven inches in diameter and conveyed across the river at the Pont de Clichy. It passes under the sidewalks of the bridge and empties its contents into a conduit of masonry, which conveys it to the irrigated lands. Arriving at its destination, it is elaborately distributed over the plain by a network of ditches. The water, having deposited its fertilizing matter, is carried off into the Seine by a complicated system of drainage pipes which have an aggregate length of nearly five miles. The amount of land irrigated had increased

quarters where smaller galleries run their course.

Another thing, these inferior mains, also hold the water pipes, and besides they contain all the arteries for telephonic and telegraphic correspondence, the pneumatic tubes, by means of which written messages are sent, the pipes for compressed air that move the hands of public clocks in the thoroughfares of Paris, etc. The great advantage which the system has over that in other cities will be recognised at once; it does away with aerian lines of wires for the transmission of electricity and thus the danger, in case of storms, the breaking of wires, the

from one hundred and twenty-eight acres in 1872 to sixteen hundred and thirty acres at the end of 1890. The ground rent had increased during the same time from \$18 to \$30 the hectare, two and one-half acres, up to as high as \$2,400 the hectare, and some land has been sold as high as \$4,500 the hectare. The product per hectare has been forty thousand heads of cabbage, or sixty thousand artichokes, or two hundred thousand pounds of beets, while eight hundred cows have been nourished by the aid of the herbs and plants irrigated. The report of the engineers say that from the standpoint of health the irrigated lands leave nothing to be desired. Cultivators who came to rent the land increased the population of Genevilliers thirty-four per cent from 1874 to 1890.

inconveniences due to vibration, etc., is almost wholly escaped.

The manner of constructing these Paris sewers is easily explained. Formerly the foundation was made of blocks of stone. Now the ground is carefully prepared and there is laid on it a thick layer of concrete, like that used in paving the streets, as a bed for the stone, wood or asphalt. On this reposes the massive masonry which forms the sewer. Every collecting sewer is supposed to comprise two parts; the *cunette* to which the water is confined in dry weather, and the *gallery*—that is all the rest of the sewer, which is made large enough to permit the working men to circulate freely. The small sewers connecting with the houses or the sidewalks and gutters are also called galleries. Some of the smaller sewers have *cunettes*, the water flowing along the curved bottom. The curving bottom, even for the *cunettes*, is preferred by the engineers as tending to greater cleanliness, especially when the flow is slight, the stream being always kept in the middle and all impurities tending toward it. The ovoid form is everywhere acknowledged to be the strongest, and is almost universal in all the smaller sewers recently constructed. Formerly

cut stone was entirely used. Then the lower part of the sewer (*cunette*) and part of the walls of the gallery were made of cut stone and the upper part of the gallery of the light and porous meuli  re, filled in with hydraulic lime made into a concrete. To render the inner surface as smooth as possible it is usually covered with a coating of hydraulic lime. The general collector, that has been compared to the ancient *Cloaca Maxima*, was thus built of stone set in hydraulic cement, except where it was constructed by tunneling, where ordinary cement was substituted.

All the sewers of the Paris system are divided into fifteen classes the dimensions of which vary from those of the great *Collecteur d'Asni  res*, and which is known as class number one, to ovidal sewers two metres thirty centimetres high, and one metre thirty centimetres wide at the widest point, known as class number fifteen, and which connect each house with the main sewers. These are cut off from the house by means of an iron grating fastened by two different locks, the key of one being in the possession of the city authorities, the other in the hands of the owner of the building, and about every one hundred and sixty-five feet there is a

*chiminée de descent*, or manhole. As is well known, the usefulness of sewers does not consist merely in letting detritus run into them from kitchen tanks, closets, and other places, for such “drippings” would soon choke up the flow of waters if they were left to settle at the bottom of the canals, hence a constant working of them is absolutely necessary. In Paris this is called the *curage*, that is to say, the action of cleansing, and the importance of this work will be recognised when it is recalled that the actual development of the galleries to be kept cleaned reaches the formidable figure of eight hundred miles in total length. The *curage* is accomplished by an ingenious arrangement called a *bateau-vanne*, and these are boats or carts, at the front of each of which is fixed a shield having the exact dimensions and shape of that portion of the sewer through which the water flows. The shields or flood-gates are pierced with holes large enough to permit water to force itself through, but small enough to check more solid matter, and as the boats go down stream in the canals all solid accumulations are pushed along in front of the *vanne*.

It may be stated *en passant* that it is on these boats that visitors are taken through a small

part of the Paris sewers. Boats are used in the main conductors; in the smaller ones the work is done by cars running on rails set on each side the canal, and which of course are also supplied with *vannes*. In the smallest sewers all the cleansing process is accomplished by men, who, wearing stout leather boots, with leggings that come up to the thigh, and armed with brooms, sweep them out at frequent intervals. In the "mains" that have a *cunette* depth of three metres fifty centimetres and a width of two metres twenty centimetres, boats are used, while in those where the *cunettes* are no more than thirty centimetres to one metre twenty centimetres, rails are laid down on which trucks roll or wagons circulate. The flood-gates in the front part of the boats or carts are lowered into the current, and the body of water which forms before them makes an energetic wash when the vehicles move quickly. A great deal of sand gets into the Paris sewers. The streets are being constantly strewn with sand and gravel as protection for horses' hoofs against slipping, and most of this sand finds its way into the sewers. But it is not difficult to get rid of it as it is all pushed forward with the boat or wagon. The quantity of sand has greatly

diminished, however, since the introduction of wooden pavements. Moreover of recent years, it has been customary to supply certain sewer mouths with sheet iron baskets pierced with holes intended to let the water through but which are fine enough to catch the roadway sand, all manure, the vegetable detritus of the Halles Centrales or other large markets, etc., etc. As all the different galleries are easy of access to men, boats and cars, as the mechanical means are as simple as they are effective, and as the mouths or emptying ends of the collectors are large enough, a continuous movement of the fluid and materials in the Canals is insured throughout the entire system, and stagnation, always fatally accompanied by fermentation and infection, is completely guarded against.

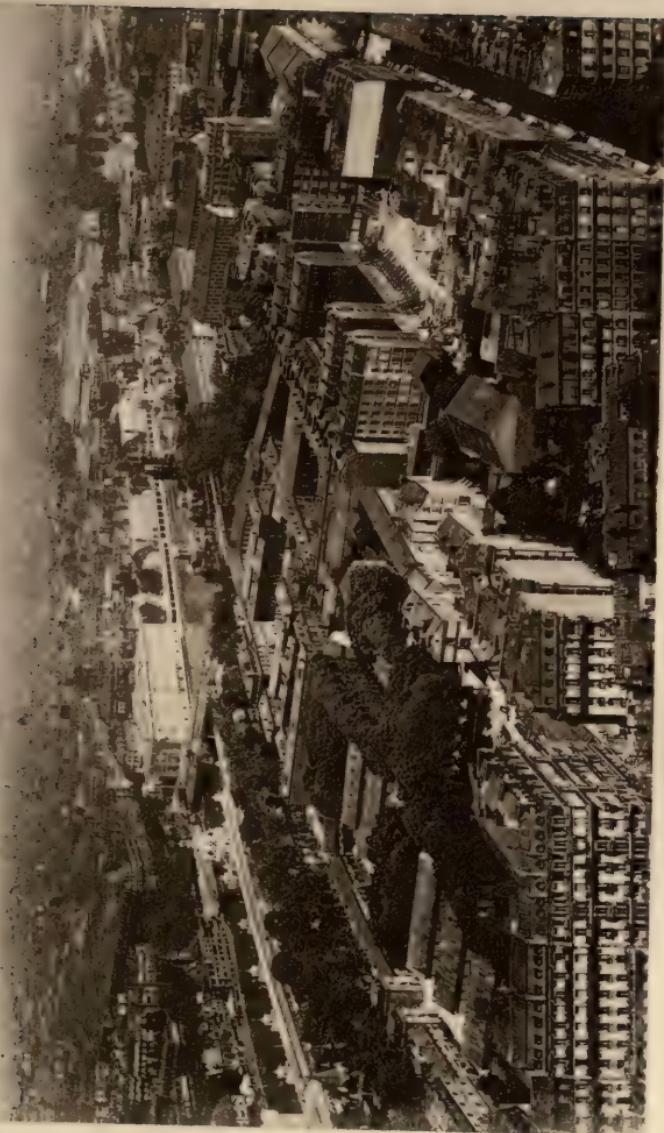
The amount of water consumed by the city of Paris and the people is immense. The streets are washed daily through a great part of the year. The public fountains are innumerable. There were formerly numerous springs in the hillsides, and there are also two streams of importance—the creek Menilmontant and the brook of the Bièvre. This last rises in a pond, not a great distance from Versailles and enters Paris at Gentilly on the south

side. It is twenty-six miles long. When swollen by rains it is the means of conveying a considerable amount of water into the collecting sewer that is obliged to receive it. This stream is walled for a part of its course within the city. In some places, it is covered, while elsewhere, for a short distance, it flows between natural banks. The Menilmontant, which has lost most of its original volume, was also gradually turned into a collecting sewer.

The only large area of the city which cannot be conveniently drained into the Collector Menilmontant, the Collector Marceau or the Collector Asnières, all of which are finally admitted into one sewer and empty into the river near Asnières, is the Northeastern district, whose drainage is collected into an independent collecting sewer that empties into the Seine near St. Denis. To give an idea of the quantity of water which these sewers receive I will state here that between the River Seine and the Place Perière the Collecteur Marceau carries an average of one hundred and ten thousand cubic metres. Of course this amount is considerably increased during rain storms, and sometimes the waters rise up to the summit of the arch. On these occasions the main

sewer leading to Asnières empties more than twenty-five cubic metres every second. The flow varies according to time of year and time of day or night. It reaches its average maximum at six o'clock in the evening, and it descends to the minimum about four o'clock in the morning. It is evident that these variations depend largely on the habits of domestic life, and at certain hours some of the lesser sewers are quite empty of water.

Until the year 1882 only the water of the sewers was used for sewer purposes, but in that year the city authorities began to substitute purer water for the dirty sluices, this by establishing reservoirs of from eight to ten cubic metres capacity in the sewers. Indeed no sewers are built now in Paris but which are supplied with these reservoirs, and they have also been placed in nearly all the old ones. They are placed, now at the point of depart of a sewer, now at its highest point, now at the top of a sewer which has two branches, and now at the crossing of the galleries, so that it can be made to flow in two directions. These reservoirs are filled sufficiently often to give two or three cleansings daily, and this cleansing and keeping in repair of the Paris sewers costs about \$480,000 annually.





The laying out of the principal subterranean arteries provided for by this system of canalisation had to be determined by the shape and nature of the soil, therefore it is well to know something of the configuration of Paris. The city occupies a broad deep basin,<sup>1</sup> nearly five miles in breadth from North to South and extending about eight miles along both banks of the River Seine from the East westward. On all sides are hills, woods and farming suburban lands that slope toward the town, and from any of these overlooking eminences a splendid view is obtained of the beautiful capital. And especially grand this urban panorama when seen from the top of Montmartre, from the heights of the Buttes Chaumont, or, better still, perhaps, from the colline of St. Cloud and its adjacent hill of Meudon. On the right bank of the river the heights of Belleville, at the extreme East of town, form, between the Faubourg St. Antoine and that of the Temple, a hilly chain of some relief which, from the barrier of Amandiers, dies off at the bottom of the Rue Meslay, the *buttes* of the Bonne Nouvelle and

<sup>1</sup> "Le basin de Paris est le *centre attractif*, comme le plateau central est le *centre repulsif*," says M. de Beaumont in his "Description Geologique de la France."

of the Moulins being, so to speak, the last ripples. To the Southeast of these *montacles*, and extending toward the river, is a wide plain forming the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the Marais. To the Northeast, at the foot of the Buttes Chaumont and the Hill of Montmartre, there opens a valley which spreads to the River Seine. On the West the hillock Beaujon and that of Chaillot, prolongation of the Buttes Montmartre (from which they are separated by the Plain of Monceau), closes this dingle.

The left side of the city is divided by the mountain or hill of Sainte Geneviève and the smaller hill on which stands the Church of Saint Germain des Près into three such dales or valleys. The creek called Bièvre, elsewhere spoken of as famous for its tanneries, and where the best French kip and other fine leathers are made, flows at the bottom of one of these valleys.

Another thing, Paris, with all its splendid monuments, has come up, almost entirely out of its own site. When constructing the earth, or when re-forming it, the Supreme Architect of the Universe put a profusion of different and excellent building materials in the ground where Paris now stands, and in the subsequent

epoch, when a city started into existence, man had only to stretch forth his hands and dig up all that was wanted to make the town. Here was rock for massive buildings ; there a stone of finer grain, which would receive the most delicate sculpture on its face ; further on a heavier sort that would do for rubble work, while next to it was a kind of millstone which makes the best of foundations, walls and arches ; near by was sandstone for street pavements ; and finally there were hard flint rocks with which to strew the roads.

It was because so much of this stone was used in building the old Paris of ages gone that modern Paris now stands, so to speak, over the gulfs and chasms thus excavated. All the stone quarries which furnished material for the construction of the city during twenty centuries are now within the walls of Paris. Those immense excavations, from whence millions of tons of building stones were dug during almost countless years are beneath the city now. These are enormous openings ; in numerous places they are two stories high ; gulf on gulf. The Luxembourg palace with its splendid park, the Observatory, the Panthéon, the Théâtre de l'Odéon—churches, houses, streets, gardens, etc.,

all stand on and above the tremendous gulfs of the long-since abandoned stone-pits and quarries which to-day are spoken of, and visited as the Paris catacombs.

It has already been declared that the cleanest city in the world is also attractive and clean underneath its cellars. The visit made to the sewers of Paris by Bruneseau, as told by Victor Hugo, was "a nocturnal battle against the pest and asphyxia," but there is nothing of that sort in the subterranean capital now-a-days. The sewer sidewalks are clean, there are no stagnant germs to destroy human health and there are electric lights, oil lamps and coloured lanterns to illume the subterranean town. Moreover there is an army of labourers clad in white, and there are open cars with brass finishings, boats that float on a sort of Stygian stream, with endless tunnels reaching away in every direction. Once upon a time the Paris Press, always prompt and earnest in works of charity, organised a *fête* for the benefit of sufferers by a terrible calamity in a foreign but neighbouring state, and the programme included a visit to the sewers, or, as the wits expressed it, "an excursion into the land of rats."

We assembled in a tent on the square close

by the Church of the Madeleine, where there is a flower market every Tuesday and Friday, and there we descended by a winding flight of stone steps, in groups of ten at a time, down into a main sewer, that of the Collecteur d'Asnières. Usually when people are taken through these subterranean canals the guides carry a few torches and nothing is seen except what is included within the zone of that rather uncertain light. But on this particular afternoon the entire length of the sewers visited was brilliantly and gaily illuminated. Chinese lanterns hung in festoons from vaulted roofs, and vines of electric flowers sparkled along the side walls. At frequent intervals stood men, statue-like holding lighted torches, while coloured fires floated here and there in the waters of the galleries. It was a wonderful sight in all particulars, and as we passed through the strangely brilliant underworld the rumbling of wheels and the sounds of the city was dimly heard, but it was not a noise of overhead, it seemed to come from around and under us. In places we could see ahead for several hundred yards while we could look back, into the shining colours, quite as far. Then when we came to junctions our eyes were interested in four or

five different directions almost simultaneously. There were no such smells as might be imagined of a sewer, but there was excessive dampness. It could be seen as well as felt; the walls and ceilings were literally dripping with the moisture that was being generated by the unusual warmth produced by so many lights. At our feet, between banks of solid masonry, flowed a sluggish stream and along each bank there ran level ways that seemed like sidewalks. Over these, but close to the walls, were earthen and iron pipes strung on stout hooks. The largest cast-iron pipes were conduits bringing pure water into the city above for drinking and domestic purposes. The telegraph and telephone wires were of copper, insulated, and enclosed in leaden pipes, but the pneumatic tubes were of cast iron, etc.

Floating on the surface of this Styx were a number of flat-bottomed boats, on which we were invited to take seats, and when we had done so a burst of music suddenly filled the tunnel world about us. It was more than an excellent melody of sounds, it was the tuned outburst of joyous welcome from the band of the Garde Republicaine. The music sounded well, although now and then, in the louder

parts some weird echoes were awakened. The band was on a barge some distance ahead of us, and when all of us had embarked it led the way. Each boat was towed against the slow current by ten men wearing white canvas blouses and overalls, who walked at a brisk pace along the banks. When we reached the "Station" under the Place de la Concorde, we got out of the boats and clambered on to cars that ran into another sewer. This sewer was beneath the Rue de Rivoli, and as we ascended it we came every now and then to still smaller ones, at the entrance to each of which was a name—Rue Cambon, Rue de la Paix, etc.,—a duplicate of that of the streets under which these sewers passed. The collector of the Rue de Rivoli was not only as brilliantly illuminated as the first one entered, but each of these smaller conduits were hung with coloured lights. The effect was quite picturesque, especially so at points where cascades of water were flowing down from the streets above through the grated inlets. And meanwhile all kinds of garbage and refuse was floating in the black water under us, but so well ventilated are these subterranean galleries that no disagreeable odour was encountered anywhere.

By and by we reached a point where several sewers met, and here we found the walls decorated with trophies formed by the tools used in caring for this underworld. There were flags, too, moreover the place was brilliantly illuminated, and here a banquet was given. On a number of small tables was food and wine, hot coffee, cigars, and fine liqueurs. The food consisted mainly of cooked vegetables: carrots, potatoes, peas, and beans, which had all been grown at Gennevilliers, on a tract of land which, until it had been richly irrigated with waters from the Paris sewers was a barren waste. Then, when we had finished our feast, cigars were lighted, we got on to the cars again and bade good-bye to the Place de la Châtelet. Now our course ran under the Boulevard Sébastopol and the Boulevard du Strasbourg, until finally we came to a place near the railway station known as the Gare de l'Est and there, almost in front of the Church of Saint Laurent, we came up into the city once more. Meanwhile, we had passed under many of the most busy thoroughfares of Paris, including that of the Boulevard St. Denis, or rather where that boulevard and that of St. Martin join, and in all, from the Madeleine to Saint

Laurent, we had travelled for at least five miles in the galleries of the Paris *égouts*.

On another occasion, the writer went down into the sewers disguised as a workman employed by the city, wearing a large pair of rubber boots, some old cotton trousers and a white blouse, and carrying a rather heavy lantern. We should have been lost without our lanterns, for the openings connected with the gutters above let in but a feeble glimmer, and even with lighted lamps our way was rather dim. The ledge or sidewalk is safe enough, but we had to look out and not hit our heads against the pipes, especially the water mains of which there are nearly always two. One of these is for the water of the river Seine, the other is the conduit of pure water from distant streams and springs that serves for household purposes. Generally the Seine water is used only for street sprinkling, for washing the street pavements, for supplying the many fountains and establishments where steam is used; but sometimes, when the season is excessively dry, there is not enough pure water and then the Seine water is turned on temporarily. It is full of germs, but when boiled and filtered, is as healthy and wholesome as need be. Gas mains

are never placed in Paris sewers, and there are several reasons for this. The one given to the public is that the rusting and leaking would render access to them both difficult and dangerous. The real reason, however, lies in the fear of Communism. In case of a "Revolution" or uprising, the Communists would in all probability be in possession of some locality, and so have access to the sewers. It would not be difficult for them to descend into the sewers and blow up the gas mains.

Carrying our share of light, we were in the subterranean place of existence of scores of workmen during four hours of time, and not for a single minute were we inconvenienced in the least. Now and then we heard a sharp rattling noise overhead which made us start, and wonder, at first, what it was, but the foreman explained the sound as that of a pneumatic message on its hurrying way to or from some post or telegraph office. Now and then we realised ourselves in the "land of rats," for multitudes of rodents were cornered at the extremity of a short gallery, whence they escaped by running over our feet and into other sewers. During all this time we perceived no bad smells, but the water was dark and greasy. So clean are

the sewers kept, and so thoroughly ventilated, that the mortality among the thousand workmen who spend most of their lives in them is about the same as that of the same number who follow trades above ground. Many of these fellows are old men who have never done any other kind of work ; they labour in the sewers until they die of old age or are pensioned off.

During the cholera visitation to Paris, in 1884, three of the nine hundred and odd sewer workmen died, a percentage in excess of the deaths among the general population, but this is the one exception. There is, however, reason to doubt the claim that those who work down in the Paris sewers are more healthy, or longer lived than other labourers. Nearly always under the earth, and working under conditions which certainly are at the best unsuited to excellent health, these men would naturally be exposed to rheumatism, sciatica, typhus, injury of the digestive organs, lung troubles, asphyxia from explosions of sewer gas, etc. There are numerous other contingencies to be considered, also the sore feet and legs caused by the boots which the men must wear. They have water in their boots nearly all the time they are below ; this macerates the skin of their feet so that it rubs

off easily and the ills which follow can be imagined. Their work, which is always terribly fatiguing, continues during ten successive hours, for the labourers are not permitted to "knock off" at noon to "casser la croute," as a bite to eat is called, for more than fifteen minutes. The time they are employed is therefore maximum, but the pay, alas! is only minimum, ranging from twenty-five dollars a month for the beginners (*stagiaires*) to thirty-seven dollars for the experienced first-class foremen.

Undoubtedly the Paris sewers are monumental, but for that matter everything in the way of stonework in and about the city is monumental; whether it is stone pavements, quays, fountains, sewers or public buildings. Masonry is laid in a solid and finished way, not for the present only, but for all time. The sewers constructed since the beginning of the nineteenth century are of the same substantial character, although they are not in form equal to present requirements, being often too low and narrow to be convenient. They have been designed with a view to their being entered and kept perfectly clean, the rule applying not only to the great collectors, and sewers of medium size, but to every lateral sewer con-

necting a private house with the main conduit of the street. A man must be able to stand erect in them, must have room to move freely and sufficient space to manipulate his tools or machinery without inconvenience. When there is not water enough in the sewers to permit of their being easily cleansed water is introduced from the Canal Saint Martin, or, in places difficult to reach, is drawn from hydrants connecting with the great supply from the Seine. Gates are used to stop the flow and force forward the deposit, whether of sand or ordinary sewage, some of which are simply held in the hand, others attached to a sort of wheelbarrow while the larger are manipulated by means of boats and carts as already described.

It having been found difficult or almost impossible to force all the sand and sewage forward by means of the gate-cars and gate-boats to the point where the great sewers empty into the Seine, it has been found necessary to construct at certain points two parallel basins to assist in removing the excess which accumulates naturally as it is forced down stream. To avoid the necessity of transporting this offensive matter through the streets, these basins have been generally constructed near the Seine or

the Canal Saint Martin, whence it can be transferred directly to boats. If taken from basins at a distance from the river, it is placed in dumping-cars that can be run to the place of embarkation on the rails which serve for the gate-boats.

The freshets to which the Seine is liable are a great inconvenience to the sewers, if they are abnormal. One that occurred in 1882 began the fifteenth of November and lasted till the eighteenth of January—more than two months. This half filled the channel portion of some of the great sewers—the part called *cunettes*—with sand, on which was deposited a layer of mud that covered the sidewalks of the sewers to a depth of from eight to sixteen inches. It took two months to remove this deposit. Nearly all the great collectors suffered at the same time, but especially those near the Seine, while fifty miles of smaller sewers were more or less encumbered.

To prevent the damage caused by freshets it was proposed to close the openings which admit the waters of the Seine. If there was usually too much water in the lower part of the course of the great collecting sewers, in their upper part there was hardly enough to keep them

clean. This was always true of the St. Denis collector, which it was proposed to extend so as to take a part of the excess of that of the Hillsides. To facilitate the cleaning of the sewers it is thought desirable by the engineers that reservoirs of clean water should be constructed in all places where the state of the sewers seems to demand this relief. The number that they have fixed on as necessary is nearly three thousand. There is always difficulty in keeping clean the smaller sewers which receive only the drainage of a few houses. Fortunately in this case there is not much to remove, and if a hydrant has been introduced into the sewer it is sufficient. A sewer that has a small natural stream flowing through it, needs less attention. In some cases the water from one sewer, which has an ample supply, may be turned into the upper part of another. In others a gate or other obstruction may be used for storing up the regular flow until there is enough to cleanse the regular sewer for some distance below. Several of the gates in use, either attached to cars or boats, are capable of retaining one hundred cubic metres of water each, which can be set flowing at a given moment. In this case there is a difficulty, the sewage accumulating

to a certain extent in the parts below left dry by the temporary stoppage. The Paris engineers have made exceedingly minute observations on the matter to be extracted from the sewers, the manner of doing it and the cost. The trouble and expense attending the removal of sand makes it desirable that as little as possible should find its way into the sewers.

As far as the sewers are concerned wood or asphalt pavements are preferable to stone blocks, which are laid, usually, in a bed of sand. When the Avenue des Champs Élysées was paved with stone, there was removed every year from the sewer under it twelve hundred cubic metres of sand. Since it has been paved with wood, the amount removed annually never exceeds one hundred and fifty cubic metres. To diminish the quantity of sand falling into the sewers receptacles shaped like a basket are placed immediately under the openings at the curbstones by which the wash enters from the street. These retain the solid matter, allowing the water to pass. They are removed at intervals by the manholes and carried off on wagons to the suburbs. It is not considered entirely safe to leave the workmen in the sewers without taking certain precautions. The principal

danger is of their being flooded by a sudden storm, in which case the sidewalks would be quickly covered, and the water, perhaps, nearly fill the sewer. To avoid accidents, watchmen are placed at intervals at the manholes to warn their comrades. Similar precautions are taken in Summer on the days when the route between the Madeleine and the Place du Châtelet, by the Rue de Rivoli, is given up to excursionists. Strangers passing by the Place de la Concorde, at the corner of the Tuileries Garden, may have noticed a man on guard at a subterranean stairway. It is the junction of the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli, where the change is made from cars to boats, or vice versa, and, if anything specially unexpected happens, either above or under ground, measures may be taken to meet the emergency.

The cost of every branch of the service is calculated by the engineers with scrupulous exactitude. A gate-boat is said to cost in the largest collectors forty cents an hour. In those of secondary importance, thirty cents an hour. The speed of gate-boats and gate-cars varies according to the accumulation of sand and sewage. In the Asnières collector the cost per kilometer is estimated at fifteen dollars. The

cost for the same distance in those who have boats a little smaller and in those that employ gate-cars is from five to six dollars. Regarded from the standpoint of quantity, it costs in the Asnières collector twenty-one cents to push a cubic metre of sand one kilometer, in the Marceau collector, eight cents; in the collectors that follow the banks of the Seine, forty cents, and in those which have gate-cars nearly four times that sum.

The more perfect the channel (*cunette*) of the sewer, that is, the trench at the bottom of the gallery, to which the water is ordinarily confined, the more easily it is kept clean; because the sand and sewage do not easily attach themselves to the bottom and sides. Sand is deposited in greater or less quantities according to the velocity of the current. To entirely prevent its deposit a velocity of one metre per second is deemed necessary. A bank of sand travels down a sewer very slowly. Taken at the Rue du Faubourg du Temple it requires ten days for it to reach the Asnières collector by gate-cars and thirty more to traverse the remaining distance from that point to where the collector empties into the Seine. The entire distance is from seven to eight miles. Of

course all the intervening accumulations are carried on with it.

If I were writing a history of the sewerage of Paris instead of a description of that system as it now is I should of course feel compelled to give quotations from dusty old documents, and make display of gathered up official information on the subject. That is not necessary, however, and we may only briefly make mention of the many centuries which have already gone something in this way. So long as the city was only surrounded by fortifications on the South the water from the Faubourg St. Germain followed the inclinations of the ground to the Bièvre. When the city was entirely surrounded by a ditch, in 1356, under King John, the water from the same locality was conducted into the ditch and fell into the Seine below the Palais des Arts. The city was then small, and the place where the Seine received the drainage of the left bank spoken of was opposite the Tuileries. On the other and more populous side of the city, the water coming from the Butte Montmartre, the most considerable elevation in Paris, and from the slopes of the hills extending round the North and Northeastern sides of the city, fell into a

creek called the Menilmontant. This was partly enclosed in the reign of Charles VI and, in time, covered entirely. It was the first sewer covered in Paris. The walls of the sewers were then, and for a long time afterward, perpendicular. Most of the sewers were still open, and, as the inclination was slight, they were exceedingly offensive, especially that passing near the Palace of Tournelles, which occupied what is now the Place Royale, between the Place Royale and the Louvre. Louis XII, who occupied this palace, complained of the odours, but, for reasons unexplained, nothing was done to remedy the evil. His successor, François I, unable to endure the nearness of the open sewer, built the Palace of the Tuilleries a quarter of a mile further down the Seine.

Things remained in this condition for nearly a hundred years when the sewer of Ponceau was covered by Francis Miron, *prevost* of the merchants, at his own expense. It was not so thoroughly done as to confine the odours and five years later (1610) Marie de Medicis charged the treasurer of France to see that it was thoroughly cleaned. During the reign of Louis XIV the total covered sewers were six thousand

two hundred and forty-two feet, which was increased shortly afterward to twenty-four thousand seven hundred and twenty feet, or nearly five miles. The sewer that inclosed the Menilmontant creek was not entirely closed until 1740. Gutters or drains were still to be seen in Paris fifty years ago in the middle of the street. There were few changes in the sewers during the last half of the eighteenth century. At the beginning of the nineteenth century about ten miles had been covered, an aggregate which was increased to twenty miles in 1835. In 1856 there were over one hundred miles.

During the Revolution and the early years of the reign of Napoleon, the sewers were almost forgotten and some of them became so filled up as to be unserviceable. When Napoleon reached Paris in 1806 the Secretary of the Interior informed him that a man named Bruneau had visited the Ponceau sewer (Rue Veille du Temple), which had been covered in 1650, and also the great collector, Menilmontant, vaulted in 1740. The exploration, which was really that of an unknown world, was accomplished in the face of many dangers, of asphyxiation, of being smothered in filth, of being

caught and imprisoned in places whence escape would have been impossible. Public attention being called to the subject, some effort was made at improvement, but as all the money that the country could raise was needed for military purposes, from 1806 to 1812 only a little over three miles of new sewers, or open sewers covered, were added. In 1832 came the cholera, which decimated Paris. Its ravages were attributed to the open drains and sewers, and the filthy condition of those already vaulted. Louis XVIII added nearly four miles, and Charles IX, during his short reign, nearly five miles as a result of the alarm caused by the epidemic. Louis Philippe, a public-spirited king, built about sixty miles, and the Republic of 1848, though it lasted less than two years, added to this nearly fifteen miles. What has been done since then has already been indicated. It is hardly probable that any other city in the world will ever have a sewerage system more efficient than the capital, and yet, the total amount of money expended in the repair, construction and cleansing of all the *égouts* of Paris during the past twenty-five or thirty years does not exceed \$15,000,000, not including certain expenses which had to be

shared with the Water Department. The French have a way of referring to all large appropriations, whether National or Municipal, as *la danse des millions*; but they do not complain on account of the size of these budgets so long as the expense is legitimate.

In another part of underground Paris there are twice as many human skulls collected in galleries as there are human souls in the capital itself. There are miles and miles of these catacombs, and the bones of millions of persons are in them. These subterranean galleries used to be rock quarries and time was when they were in the suburbs. The city grew, suburbs were built over imperceptibly, and much of what is now within the ancient limits is really wanting in solid foundation. In 1785 the city cemeteries were so full it was suggested the mouldering bones should be removed to the old quarries, especially from the cemetery of the Church of the Innocents. During more than five centuries this cemetery was the burial ground of the commercial classes, who inhabited the central quarters of the capital. In summer it was unhealthy, owing to the putrid exhalations which emanated therefrom and formed the germ of epidemics, while the ground had become so

thoroughly impregnated with corpses that it was soft, unctuous and pulpy with decomposing matter. Before that, however, vast quantities of bones had been transported to an open place where there were stores in which perfumes and the latest fashions were sold, and where, when dusk began to fall, fops and dandies went to flirt over the counter with shopgirls. When this place was closed by the decree of the Convention of 1793, more than four million corpses were interred under its sod. Soon a portion of the ground was allotted for building purposes, the work of digging up coffins commenced, and within less than two years two million skeletons were removed to the catacombs.

But the cemetery itself was far from cleared by this wholesale exhumation, and, in 1851, when the municipality resolved to build the present central markets, tumbrils were filled for week after week with the bones of the dead. Crowds used to congregate daily to witness the odd sight of skeletons being dug up by the thousands, and many valuables were brought to light which went to enrich the Museums of the Louvre and Cluny, also the Artillery Museum at the Invalides. But although thousands of skeletons were then unearthed the old

ground has by no means restored all its dead, and underneath, and in many cellars, between the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Montmartre skulls are still to be found without digging very deep.

In 1860 a large grave for two thousand corpses was being dug near the street of La Lingerie when the houses of that street nearly tumbled down and public health suffered. It was then decided to suppress the old cemeteries and transfer the numerous bones that they contained to the forsaken quarries situated under the plain of Montsouris, and these soon took on the rank of an underground necropolis.

The removal of the remains continued during fifteen months, and the bones which now form the heaps of these quarries are reckoned as representing about six million bodies. It was the original plan that the bones should be placed in regular rows, with appropriate inscriptions, serving as lessons, to the living. The skulls—there are more than five million by actual count—are placed in conjunction with the leg and arm bones in a manner that has a striking appearance. The different parts of the catacombs are named, with strange incongruity, after the purport of the inscription

which was placed there, or from the name of its author. Virgil, Ovid and Anacreon have each their crypts, as well as the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel, while Hervey, the author of "Meditations," takes his place with Horace, Malesherbes and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

A journey through these catacombs takes several hours ; it is very tedious and the damp, cold air is often attended with unwholesome effects. Not a few travellers have afterwards suffered from rheumatisms and coughs which they had brought up with them from those gypsum beds called catacombs, which now contain all the visible remains of human creatures that have filled the burial places within Paris for at least a thousand years. These visits began during the First Empire and they have ever since continued. The principal entrance is near the Gate d'Enfer, and before crossing the threshold of a heavy door that leads to a narrow and slippery staircase every visitor receives a candle, which he or she holds in the hand during the exploration. A keeper counts those who go in, and after having descended about one hundred feet underground they follow in Indian file the guide, who points out the curious arrangements, while city employés

close the ranks so as to prevent any one getting lost in the several labyrinths ; however, arrow-heads, as an extra precaution, are painted on the walls, to show any one who may happen to go astray how to regain his way, while heavy chains bar the avenues leading to dangerous thoroughfares.

Near the entrance the path is narrow for a considerable distance, but afterwards one enters large and spacious streets, all marked with names, as in the city above, so that the place has in some measure the appearance of a town swallowed up in the earth. The general height of the roof is about nine or ten feet, but in some parts it is not less than thirty. Under the houses and under many of the streets the roof seems to be tolerably well secured by immense stones set in mortar and forming pillars ; in other parts where there are only gardens above, it is totally unsupported for considerable distances, the roof being level, or a plain piece of rock. It used to be the custom, after visitors had walked about two miles, to show them into a kind of saloon cut out of a rock, and said to be exactly under the Church of St. Jacques. This retreat was occasionally illuminated, and contained representations in minia-

ture of the fortifications, with cannons ready to fire, etc. It is like entering the Palace of Death, for all around the walls are arranged arms and legs, and skulls, of course. Walking along, one notices several inscriptions, some in very poor Latin, as for instance: "Has ultra metas requiescunt, beaten spem expectantes." Further on some whimsical individual has put up: "Un homme dans la tombe est un navire au port," and by the light of his candle one reads again, "Tombeau de Gilbert," though it is not his tomb at all; it is only the name given to a pillar that supports the street above. Another column is called the "Obelisk," another the "Sepulchral Lamp," a third the "Pillar of Clementine Nights," in souvenir of an Italian poem.

In 1814, when the Austrian Emperor visited the catacombs in order to make sure that there was no powder concealed in them, he stood a long time before another pillar on which there is an inscription to the effect that sovereigns had better lay to heart the fact that kings and shepherds are made of the same common clay. There was one corner which produced a profound impression on me, that part which has received the dead who perished in French

civil discords. I stood for a short time before a tumulus bearing these inscriptions: "Combat à la manufacture de Reveillon, faubourg St. Antoine, 28 Avril, 1789"; "Victimes du 10 Aout, 1792"; "Combat au château des Tuilleries (*sic*)."  
A little farther on is a small chapel, with an altar, on which is written: "Dies manibus civium, diebus II. et III. Septembris, 1782; Lutetiae trucidatorum"; and there lie the remains of the victims of the massacres of September, 1792. Most of those decapitated during the Reign of Terror rest elsewhere. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, Les Girondins, Mademoiselle Roland, and many others sleep in the cemetery of the Madeleine, where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette once rested.

All those who during many centuries lived in Paris, from the time of the Capets to Valois, from Valois to Bourbons, from Bourbons down to Bonapartes—beggars and grand lords, Catholics and Huguenots, Leaguers and Royalists—all, or most of them, are now in these catacombs. All those bones ranged along the walls were once animated with the electric current of life; they once were beings who laughed, wept, loved and were being loved. In that confused equality Merovingian kings keep eternal silence

by the side of criminals executed on the Place de la Grève; there French monarchs are finishing their process of decay among the feeble of the Cour des Miracles, or of the two thousand put to death on the day of St. Bartholomew. But the level of eternity wishes for still more than that, and ribs, vertebrae, sterni and other bones are forever being heaped and piled in more or less cubical masses called "bourrages" that have façades made of skulls selected from those which are best preserved. There is not one of the old French families but which has some relatives in these catacombs, lying here and there among an innumerable crowd of the most humble and the most famous.

For some years past the authorities have tried to prevent bones from different sources being mixed up and confused, and stone inscriptions indicate that this mass came from Picpus, where Lafayette lies; this other from the Cordelien Convent; that other from the market of the Innocents, etc. A tombstone, the only one to be found among so many thousands of others of more urgent interest, is set up to inform visitors in prose and poetry that it covers the bones of Françoise Gellain wife of Legros, she who assisted Latude to escape from the Bastile.

Here is the provisional altar where at least once a year mass is said for many trespasses. That enormous pile of bones, the top of which pierces the vaulted roof, came from the graves of the Rue de la Tombe Issoire, and so on.

In these pits are the human remains that were upturned when digging foundations in suppressed cemeteries or when making new streets in Paris. Men heaped them into carts, and when these were full pushed them to the empty places that were still waiting to receive their "bourrages." Bones everywhere and inscriptions also. The aspect is not varied, the picturesque is exhausted; we see nothing but one thing, the bones of human bodies. After a few minutes in these subterranean passages curiosity finds itself more than satisfied. It is one of those places where everyone wishes to go and to which nobody ever wants to return.

Still there is an important reflection to be got out of the walls and battlements of skulls and crossbones of this subterranean dead city. Its grim visages of mortality suggest to us what a momentary space is the life of man, between the eternity of the past and of the unknown future. Where are the spirits, the souls that once animated all those millions of human

beings? Guess what we will, and as long as we please, knowledge is hidden from us completely. Thousands of years of philosophy have not yet answered the question whether or not our souls survive our bodies. Religion teaches us to believe it, and in our cares of life it is hope that sustains and cheers us in the belief that the grave is not our last home. Our destination is to a higher sphere than to catacombs and old cemeteries.

## CHAPTER XV.

The final one—End of an imperfect attempt to show why Paris is so attractive—A résumé of its almost countless splendours—Two hundred thousand trees and only eighty-five thousand houses within the fortifications—The striking statistics of daily existence—A great city for vehicles—The Octroi duty—Rental value of all private buildings—Annual expenses about \$65,000,000—A summing up of this study of the greatest of all great cities.

WE have now arrived at the finish of this attempt to describe the Paris of the past and of the present; to show why the city is attractive to strangers; why Frenchmen should be proud of it as their capital, and why Parisians look on it as the centre of the universe. We have strolled its clean streets, splendid avenues, magnificent boulevards and lovely parks; gazed at its triumphal arches, marble monuments and great institutions; looked in on its stately private palaces, public buildings, beautiful churches, and museums filled with rich treasures and masterpieces of art; visited

its scientific schools, colleges and universities ; walked on and along its numerous bridges, quays and attractive gardens ; enjoyed its **Opera** House and theatres.

Within its fortifications there is a forest of two hundred thousand trees, and there are over ten thousand wooden benches along the sidewalks, free to those who would rest themselves. There is a superficial area of ten million square feet of stone, and of eleven million square feet of wooden pavement. Paris eats, drinks, writes, learns, marries, defends itself against transgressors of the law, is ill and dies. On an average two hundred and forty million beeves, two hundred and fifteen thousand calves, two million sheep and five hundred thousand hogs are sent to the slaughter houses yearly for its consumption. But a century ago Paris ate only fifteen thousand beeves, one hundred thousand calves, and fifty thousand hogs. Of poultry, fifty million pounds ; of fruit, thirty-five million pounds ; of fish, sixty million pounds, are now consumed annually by its inhabitants.

On an average there are, annually, ninety-five weddings for every ten thousand inhabitants. In the populous centres, where the poor



MONUMENT TO JEANNE D'ARC.



live, Parisians never deprive themselves of babies; but in the rich quarters the average birthrate is quite small. Paris is a great town for vehicles. There are about seven hundred omnibuses which do a distance annually of about two thousand times around the globe. The horses for this gigantic journey number ten thousand. Comparatively speaking, there are but few street cars and yet they carry annually over eighty million passengers drawn by four thousand horses. One cab company owns six thousand nine hundred numbered cabs and one thousand two hundred and fifty carriages, with about eleven thousand horses. There are four or five more cab companies whose combined stock of cabs and animals about equal the first mentioned. There are innumerable steamboats on the river; one company carries seven million five hundred thousand, a second carries six million, a third two million passengers annually. From and to Paris thirty-five million letters, fifteen million postal cards, and three hundred million newspapers are handled annually.

There are only about eighty-five thousand dwelling houses in all Paris; there are over five hundred and fifty thousand of them in

London, and yet the population of the French capital is half as much as that of the British metropolis. This apparent scarcity of houses is because most of the buildings are tenements, where several families occupy a single structure. For instance these eighty-five thousand houses are divided into no fewer than seven hundred thousand apartments and lodgings: they rent for from \$60 per annum up to \$10,000 per annum. Independent of State taxes, Parisians pay over \$30,000,000 yearly in the way of octroi duties. Octroi is an extra duty which must be paid on all articles of consumption, building material, etc., that enter the capital.

According to the tax rolls, the rental value of all the houses amounts to \$135,000,000, on the basis of four per cent, which is believed to be the average yield of real estate investments in Paris. The built-up city represents a total value of about \$3,500,000,000, which does not include the value of public buildings, churches, and other structures that have no rental value. Paris has a standing debt of \$400,000,000, and has to raise something like \$65,000,000 annually to meet all the requirements. Among its expenses are: interest on debt \$22,000,000;





public instruction, \$8,000,000; public assistance, or charity, \$4,500,000; police, \$5,000,000; firemen, \$1,600,000; streets, \$7,000,000; sewers, \$2,400,000; apprentice schools, \$1,400,000, etc. It costs in the neighbourhood of \$2,500,000 yearly to pave the streets of Paris, exclusive of the sidewalks, which are usually paid for by the property owners. Every year the sweeping and sprinkling of the streets of Paris cost as much as \$1,600,000. There is an enrolled army of four thousand men and women, to whom the picturesque name of "Chevaliers of the Broom" is applied, who do this work.

When recalling the score or so of years which the writer lived within the walls of the wonderful capital, it seems to him almost like a dream, a strange and struggling dream which often moves his mind from its present happy surroundings to that pleasant past which began in 1875 and ended with 1895. But it is not all a dream. I have only to open my mental vision and gaze across the ocean to see, under the glare of bright sunshine, the great city stretching over its hills, nestling in its plain, a marvellous and imposing spectacle. "Voyez s'il est grand, s'il est beau, notre Paris!" its people will say to you as the capital is pointed

out from the heights of Saint Cloud, or from the Hill of Martyrdom.

But is it grand and beautiful only because of its material greatness, its immensity as a capital—second of all the world in population, first of all in its monuments—or because of the astounding amount of work accomplished within its precincts, or the accumulated efforts of brains and muscles that it represents? Is it not rather an immensity of civilisation more because of the human thought therein, cultivated as it is nowhere else on earth, because of its intense life of activities, because of its passions, its ideas and its beauties? So intensely is the attention of mankind fixed on the *rôle* which Paris has ever taken, and will ever take in the drama of history, before France, and before all the world, that more than once have I paused in this labour, almost impelled to draw back from the task of showing what it is, of making it understood, because of its immense past and its wonderful present.

In fine weather or in foul weather, the Paris of to-day is superior in every respect to all other capitals. In Spring-time, in Summer, or when Autumn comes Paris is always beautiful. After March she begins to put on her lovely





toilette. After June her flowers bloom in unbounded profusion and she is adorned with these. Even in September, when fields and forests are ringing with hunting horns or the snap of guns, when vine-growers are harvesting their grapes, when the fruit is being gathered and the long days are beginning to shorten again, it seems as if Paris were more lively than ever before, there are so many people to fill her public squares and gardens and boulevards with their charming presence. Nor is Winter so disagreeable as elsewhere, for the cold weather at Paris lasts no more than four or five weeks at most, and the season is gay with receptions, and full of knowledge, with schools and universities.

Then when Spring comes in there are the annual art exhibitions, closely followed by literary congresses or by scientific conferences.

It is a gay capital, but it also is a serious capital. There are plenty of idlers within Paris, but there are also plenty of workers who are never tired. It has been called a "modern Babylon"; it is a modern Palmyra in its wisdom, an Alexandria in its books and precious parchments, a Nineveh in its many statues and monuments, an Athens for its learned men and

women. In all things and in everything Paris is most beautiful, most lovely, most adorable, most intelligent. It is an immense vat in which boils and ferments the vintage of humanity. There are many things, many mysterious, terrible, infamous things to be found in it. It burns, it foams, it stains, it growls it threatens, it roars, it frightens, it stifles sometimes ; but in the end there comes out of and results from all this fermentation the elixir of life, genius, learning, industry, the beautiful in every form.

It is the eternal fountain of Jouvence, at which ancient Europe has bathed for centuries, and to which the New World makes yearly pilgrimages. It is the unfailing spring of letters, science, arts and industry, one at which humanity quenches its thirst and is renewed again. Paris is a magnet which draws to itself everything that is superior, intellectually so, or otherwise. It is a pole towards which all intelligences turn, and not only does it attract but it retains. Whoever has never seen it wishes to see it; whoever has seen it leaves it with difficulty and returns to it with enthusiasm. In all that relates to intellectual, industrial and social life, the pre-eminence of Paris is incontestible and uncontested.

SCENE IN PARC MONCEAU.





This curious, immense, unique city, in which no gleam of the intellect is ever lost, is equally sensitive to moral and to plastic beauty. It applauds with an equal enthusiasm a *bon mot*, and a noble act. It is the living and triumphant demonstration of the axiom that the mind is the right hand to the human heart. It is compassionate for all, because it understands all. It has an apotheosis for every glory, crowns for all talents, satisfaction for all appetites, balm for all wounds. It takes in every misery, it pardons all faults. It does even better than that, for it forgets; and of all forms of pardon and clemency, forgetfulness is the most complete, the most generous. This is the reason why Paris is equally dear to mediocrity and to superiority, to the humble and to the powerful, to the vicious and to the virtuous, to the poor and to the rich.

In Paris each person finds what he seeks, even more. It is a pedestal for genius and talent, an arena for those who are active and ambitious. It is a desert also for the dreamer, or for him, who, bleeding from some secret wound, seeks for solitude in which to suffer and to die in peace. For solitude is not to be found alone in the forests, or upon inaccessible

summits, or far away at sea. Chateaubriand said, "There is no desert which is so deserted as a great city," and Paris is the greatest of all great cities. Generous beyond compare in its hospitality, it is also gentle and kind in its complete indifference to those who wish to be left entirely alone. It is a place of second nativity to exiles from every land, because it is at the same time a summit and a sea—a mountain of light and an ocean of intellects. Certainly among those who dwell in Paris there are a great many who suffer, but the more they suffer the more they love the city, and the less do they think of leaving it. It is one of those kind of loves which may kill, for which there is no cure, and of which one does not wish to be cured. Paris was not built in a day, and it will take an eternity to destroy it. It offers this one strange peculiarity over every other city that I ever knew. If it is difficult to enter it as an enemy, it is impossible to leave it otherwise than as a friend.

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